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THE
PORT FOLIO.

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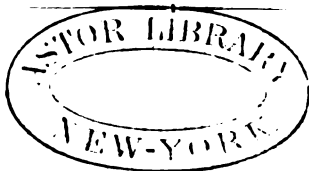
1819



Jan - June
Published by Harrison Hall

Nº 209 Chesnut St.

PHILADELPHIA.



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THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

JANUARY, 1819.

Embellished with an Engraved Title Page.

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PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 209, CHESNUT STREET:

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN MILLER

J. Maxwell. Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE visionary speculations of "C." are too wild for our pages; they are

Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words and tyranny of names,

which are evidently losing their influence. We feel no desire to prolong the existence of mischievous principles. "Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?"

"Mordax" is not to our taste. We hope "the deep-studying race" will not suffer the anvil to cool in these evil days. Let us smooth the brow by the lighter thoughts of Fancy; seek cheerful wisdom, and enjoy the honey of wit without its sting.

"Selvaggio" has not miscalled himself. He is, indeed,

A rough unpolished man; robust and bold,
But wondrous poor.

Is not Mr. J. Holt in an error when he states the dimensions of Solomon's Temple, (see our last, p. 456), to have been 90 feet in length and 30 in breadth? We have inspected three other estimates, and the lowest of them, which is that of Maimonides, makes them about 300 by 200 feet. A vast difference!

In the poetical lines in our last, addressed "to H." the word *corrupting* should be substituted for *corruptions*; and in l. 9, *gloom* for *tomb*; and there should have been no space between the 9th and 10th lines. As these verses have excited much attention, it is due to our own character, and to the reputation of this journal, to declare distinctly, that we are ignorant of the views of "D—r," the person by whom they were transmitted. Without reference to individuals, it occurred to us when the article was received, that personal motives were connected with the subject, which ought not to be gratified in our pages. An intimation to this effect was communicated to "D—r" in the "*Notes to Readers and Correspondents*" for last October, and our suspicions were removed by another note from the transcriber. If he be guilty of what has been imputed to him, (by public rumour, for we know nothing otherwise), he is welcome to all the satisfaction which can be derived from such flagitious conduct.

———— Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplet in arca.

A correspondent who writes on the subject of postage is informed, that the Act of Congress is explicit that sixteen 8vo. pages shall be considered as one sheet. A number of the Port Folio contains five and a half sheets, and therefore it is contrary to law to demand the postage of eight sheets.

The ode on the removal of the remains of Gen. Montgomery is in the hands of the printer.

The review of a chemical work recently published in this city, has not arrived.

"Wilfred" will always be welcome to the poet's corner. It is very rare that we find so much of the feeling of poetry as this writer imparts to his serious strains.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1819.

No. 1.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WRITINGS OF MACHIAVEL,

WITH A SLIGHT SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

‘Le Prince de Machiavel est le livre des republicains.’

Rousseau du Contrat Social.

[*Concluded from our last.*]

SECTION V.

To him who has read the extracts from two of Machiavel's political works, given in the last section, with any kind of attention, the infamy with which posterity has stigmatised their author must appear inexplicable. We have now to examine whether his principal political work, ‘*The Prince*,’ at all accounts for this infamy, and whether it be of such a nature as to warrant the severe censure which he has received. This work, at first sight, appears to be one continued series of the most wicked and abominable precepts; it seems to contain the very essence of king-craft, and the careless peruser of it will exclaim, ‘This surely is the manual of tyrants.’ But when this celebrated production comes to be attentively considered, its author will appear to be in reality the instructor of the people, though disguised under the mask of a preceptor of princes.

We must pay particular attention to the period at which Machiavel published ‘*The Prince*.’ At a time when the usurpation

of the Medici was in its full vigor, when the real sentiments of Machiavel would not have been tolerated, if he wished to instruct the people at all, he could only instruct them under a veil. That this was his intention will appear clearly to those who read the work with attention.

He dedicates the work to Lorenzo di Piero de Medici, and offers it as containing a faithful transcript of the actions of *great men*. Nothing surely can prove more clearly than the following passage, that '*The Prince*' presented to us by Machiavel, is meant by him to be a portrait and not a model.

"It being my desire to present myself before your highness with some testimony of my devotion, amidst all I possess, I have found nothing in my estimation so precious as *the knowledge of the actions of great men*, acquired by a long experience of modern times and a sedulous attention to ancient history. This *knowledge* anxiously sought for, and diligently examined, I present to your highness compressed into the present small treatise. And although my sober judgment tells me, that this work is not worthy of its patron, yet, from a knowledge of his benevolence, I doubt not he will be graciously pleased to accept it, particularly when I consider that there is no greater present in my power to bestow, than to enable him to become rapidly the possessor of that knowledge, which it has cost me so many years of labor to attain."

In the second chapter he unfolds the object of his work.

"I shall entirely refrain from the discussion of republican government, this matter being treated at large in another place.* I shall confine myself solely to monarchy, and direct my attention principally to *the means by which kingly government may, in the first instance, be introduced, and afterwards firmly established.*"

This being Machiavel's intention, it is clear that the means he recommends are those which he thinks most likely to produce the end he has in view. If, therefore, he enjoins treachery, perjury and assassination, it is not that he thinks these things right, but that they are the best means of attaining and securing kingly power. 'In long established monarchies,' continues our author, 'where the people are accustomed to regard with veneration the blood of their princes, the difficulty of maintaining this form of

* In his admirable reflections on the Decads of Livy.

government is less than in newly made monarchies, because it will be sufficient for the reigning prince *not to be worse* than his predecessors, and, in case of unusual events, to yield to the pressure of circumstances, and for a time float with the stream of public opinion.*

In order to ascertain whom Machiavel really means to instruct, I must desire my readers to attend to the *manner* in which he conveys instruction.

“ There is no method of keeping possession of a conquered country so effectual as to impoverish or ruin it. Whoever becomes master of a state accustomed to freedom, unless he adopts this method, may expect to be soon driven out of it. For the name of liberty and their ancient laws, of which no length of being nor no benefits conferred can ever efface the memory, will be to the conquered people the unceasing tocsin of rebellion. Whatever care the conqueror may take, unless the inhabitants are either destroyed or dispersed, that liberty and these laws will never be forgotten, but will burst forth at every favourable juncture. When, indeed, the conquered country has been accustomed to live under kingly government, and the race of the prince is extinct, the inhabitants being trained to the yoke yet deprived of their ancient master, unable to agree in the choice of a prince from among themselves, and with liberty being perfectly unacquainted, display no energy in their resistance, and the foreign prince may make a sure conquest without much difficulty. But in a conquered republic there will be an eternal hatred, an eternal thirst for revenge, an eternal *stimulus* in the memory of their ancient freedom, so that the most sure method of keeping them in subjection is to destroy or disperse them. ”*

In the chapter of which the above is an extract, it seems to have been the object of Machiavel to deter princes from aiming at the conquest of free states. He assures them, that if they are even successful in the first instance, the spirit of liberty, which can never be destroyed, will make the conquest very insecure. It is greatly to be lamented that there should still be princes not fully convinced of the truth of this opinion.

As precept falls infinitely short of example, Machiavel in the seventh chapter presents to princes a model for them to regulate their conduct by. And here, as has been well remarked by Rousseau, the very choice of his hero sufficiently proves the real object he had in view. It is the notorious Cæsar Borgia whom he

* Del Principe, cap. v.

holds forth as a model for princes. A short account of the life of this miscreant will be necessary in order to illustrate the hidden meaning of Machiavel.

Cæsar Borgia was the second of the five natural children of pope Alexander VI. by the celebrated courtesan, Vannozia. He trod in his father's footsteps, and, extraordinary as it may appear, even outstripped him in the career of fraud, cruelty, and every species of moral turpitude. With respect to the education and juvenile years of this monster we are entirely in the dark. It would have been curious to have known the gradations by which he marched to the summit of depravity. There can be no doubt but that the son of so wealthy a father was brought up as the children of the rich generally are; that those, who approached him, gratified with a servile eagerness all the wantonness of caprice and submitted to all the fury of his passions. In 1493, almost immediately after his ascension to the papal throne, Alexander invested his son with the purple, although the dissatisfaction of the conclave was sufficiently apparent in the loud complaints of some and the silent murmurs of others. Cæsar began his career of blood in 1497, by the murder of his elder brother the duke of Gandia, his rival both in love and glory. He gave a splendid entertainment to him and their common mother Vannozia, and the next morning the unfortunate duke was found in the Tiber pierced with nine wounds. In 1498 he threw off the cardinal's dress, was made by Louis XII. of France duke of Valentinois, and was presented with a company of one hundred men at arms and a pension of 20,000 livres. In 1500 he poisoned Alphonso of Arragon, who had married his sister Lucretia Borgia. In 1502 he strangled Giulio di Varano and his two sons the lords of Camerino, after fraudulently making himself master of their possessions. I do not here mention the splendid military achievements of Cæsar Borgia, because they are detailed in the chapter of '*The Prince*' which I shall soon lay before the reader, and because I wish not to dazzle his eyes with their false lustre, but present him with a view of his vices in all their native ugliness. On the last day of the year 1502 he murdered Paolo Ursino, the duke of Gravina, Vitellozzo Vitelli, and Oliverotto da Fermo, all sove-

reign princes of Italy, who by insidious caresses were drawn into his snare.

It would be impossible to detail the numerous murders committed by Alexander and his son, at Rome. Riches excited their avarice, reputation their envy, and the slightest opposition to their measures, the least effort to shake off their detestable yoke, brought down dreadful vengeance. Against this vengeance not even the sacred purple was a safeguard. Cardinal after cardinal expired under the dreadful torments of poison, or yielded to the stab of the midnight assassin: the swollen body or the gashed carcass, the starting eyeball or the livid wound, announced their fate to an enslaved and stupid people. It has been my task to describe wickedness, I should hope almost unexampled, revelling in all the insolence of triumph; I feel pleasure in adding that even in this world crimes like these did not go unpunished. It has been already seen that Alexander drank the poison prepared for another, and though Cæsar escaped immediate death, his torment was rather prolonged than ended. He who had dipped his hands in blood for the sake of acquiring possessions was stripped of every place he possessed: he who had kept so many of his fellow creatures pining in prison was himself imprisoned by pope Julius II. the successor of Alexander, and he was only released from his dungeon to meet a violent death at the siege of the castle of Viani in Navarre. Examples like this ought to make a very sensible impression on mankind; it is but too true that all *absolute monarchs*, though they may differ in degree, have the same object, and employ the same means as Cæsar Borgia. The lesson eternally transmitted from one to another is 'Acquire dominion my son, honestly if you can, but acquire dominion.' Some of them, indeed, may console themselves with the pharasaical thanksgiving. "Lord, though I have oppressed my subjects, though I have been the means of depriving thousands of my fellow-creatures of existence, I am not as Cæsar Borgia was a poisoner and a fratricide;" but this is all,

Tristius haud illis monstrum nec sævior ulla

Pestes et ira Deûm Stygiis sese extulit undis.

I now appeal to the good sense of the reader, whether it is likely that Machiavel seriously recommended such a monster as a mo-

del for imitation. I cannot indeed convey a better idea of the spirit in which the whole of '*The Prince*' is written, than by extracting the chapter in which Cæsar Borgia is pretended to be held forth as a model to tyrants.

'Chapter 7. Of new principalities acquired by fortune or by the arms of others.'

"Those who are raised to the throne, from a private station, through fortune alone, find of course little difficulty in ascending, but with great difficulty maintain their situation. They meet with no impediments in the road through which they hasten with winged speed, these are all reserved for hereafter. The persons I allude to are those who gain dominion by money or by the favor of the former possessor: examples of the first are those Romans who from a private station attained the imperial dignity by bribing the soldiery, and of the second the many private persons who in the states of Ionia and of the Hellespont were made princes by Darius, that they might contribute to his security and redound to his glory. These rest simply on the will and on the fortune of those who raised them, two things very precarious, and therefore their continuance in their exalted rank depends neither on their own ability nor on their own power. Their ability, unless it be of a very uncommon kind, will be of no avail; for how should men who have been accustomed only to a private station know how to reign? and their power can only rest on a very slight foundation. New states, like all other natural productions of quick growth, cannot take such deep root as to defy the power of storms. I always except those persons whose abilities are so transcendent, and energies so uncommon, that they immediately know how to adapt themselves to circumstances, and never suffer the favors of fortune to pass away unprofitably.

"I will bring examples, fresh in our memory, of the two cases of acquiring sovereignty by talent and by fortune. These are Francis Sforza*

* Francis Sforza besieged Milan in 1450 and compelled the inhabitants to acknowledge him as their chief. He was the second of the name, and the manner in which his father acquired the appellation is remarkable. He was the son of a peasant, and his name was Jacomuzio Attendulo. He was one day felling timber when a party of soldiers passed by; the enlivening sound of their martial instruments struck his ear; he paused from his labour, he weighed in his mind the license and pleasures of a military life against the tedious uniformity of rural employment, and he had already decided the point in his own mind, when, influenced by the superstition of the age, he threw his hatchet among the boughs of the tree he was felling, determining if it remained entangled he would continue his oc-

and Cæsar Borgia. The first, by the proper exertion of great abilities, became duke of Milan, and what he had acquired with infinite labour he retained with little difficulty. On the other hand Cæsar Borgia (called by the vulgar Duke Valentine) acquired his dominion through the fortune of his father, by whose death he was deprived of it notwithstanding he did every thing that a prudent and able man could do to secure the possession which he had obtained by the arms and fortune of another. For though, as has been already said, he who does not lay his foundations before hand, may by dint of great ability lay them afterwards, yet it must be with the most extreme labour on the part of the architect and with the greatest danger to the building. Whoever considers the whole progress of the duke will see what great foundations he laid for future power. I do not think it at all irrelevant or superfluous to enter into the detail of his actions; *for I know not how better to instruct A PRINCE than by his example*, and if in the issue he was unsuccessful, this is not to be imputed to his misconduct, but to the extraordinary malignity of his fortune.

“Alexander VI. in endeavouring to aggrandize the duke his son, had many immediate and probable future difficulties to encounter. In the first place he saw no means of making him master of any state independent of the church, and he knew also that the duke of Milan and the Venetians would not permit a dismemberment of the ecclesiastical states, because Faenza and Rimini were already under the protection of the latter. He saw besides that the arms of Italy, and those in particular that were capable of doing him any material service, were in the hands of those persons who were particularly interested in opposing any extension of the papal power, such as the Ursini, the Colonna, and their followers, on whom he could place no dependance. It became therefore necessary to break these connexions and attachments, and to throw the Italian states into confusion, that he might securely make himself master of some of them. This was not difficult, because it happened that the Venetians, moved by other causes, were endeavouring to introduce the French into Italy, and the pope not only did not oppose this, but dissolved the marriage between Louis XII. and his first wife on purpose to facilitate it. The king of France therefore entered Italy by the aid of the Venetians and with the

supplication, but if it fell to the ground, that he would become a soldier. The hatchet fell, and Jacomuzio was soon drilled into one of the first generals of the age. Like most military men, he became ferocious and overbearing, and the nickname of Sforza was given him from his continually talking of rapine and carnage, and employing no argument but *force*. This name, originally a term of reproach, soon became one of the most illustrious of Italy.

assent of Alexander, and no sooner did he arrive at Milan than he assisted the pope in his enterprise in Romagna, who obtained instant possession of it in consequence of the reputation he derived from his alliance with the king.

“The duke having thus acquired Romagna and defeated the Colonna, two things impeded his future, and even rendered his present, conquests insecure; the one the little faith he could repose in his army, the other the uncertainty of the French; that is, he feared lest the arms of Ursini, of which he had availed himself, not only should refuse to acquire him any more dominions, but that they should even deprive him of what he had already acquired, and he had similar ground of apprehension with respect to the king of France. Of the disposition of the Ursini he already possessed evidence in the coldness with which they attacked Bologna after the capture of Faenza. Of the disposition of Louis he was not less certain, having been compelled by him, after conquering the duchy of Urbino, to desist from any attempt on Tuscany. For these reasons the duke was determined not to depend any longer on the fortune or arms of others.

“The first step he took after this resolution was to weaken the party of the Ursini and Colonna in Rome by gaining over all their powerful adherents. Some of them he appointed to offices about his person, others he bribed by pensions, among others he distributed titles and honours with a lavish hand; and to others he gave commands and governments, so that in a few months all affection to their party was extinguished, and they became wholly attached to the duke. After this he waited for an opportunity to destroy the Ursini (having already disabled the Colonna) which soon presented itself and of which he made good use: for the Ursini perceiving, though late, that the aggrandisement of the duke and of the church was ruinous to them, convened an assembly of their friends at Magione in the territory of Perugia. The consequence of this was the rebellion of Urbino and commotions in Romagna, which the duke with infinite risk and peril at length quelled through the assistance of the French. The duke having thus established his reputation was still doubtful of the French: and in order not to be obliged to put their fidelity to the proof, he had recourse to artifice, and knew so well how to dissemble that a reconciliation took place between him and the Ursini through the medium of Paolo one of that family. When this was done he took care to lull them into a fatal security by presents of robes, money and horses, and so great was his address, and so profound their security, that they trusted themselves in his hands at Sinigalia, where they were all put to death. The heads of the party being thus destroyed, and the inferior partisans having transferred their attachment to him, the duke had laid a tolerably good foundation for future power, being in possession of Romagna and the duchy of Urbino, and

having gained the hearts of the inhabitants, who already tasted the good effects of his government. I shall dwell particularly on this part, as I think it well worth the attention and imitation of others.

“When the duke took possession of Romagna he found that it had been hitherto governed by petty lords who had employed themselves more in robbing than in governing their subjects, and had sown among them discord rather than union, so that the whole country teemed with robbers, feuds, and every species of anarchy necessarily consequent on a weak administration. In order to restore peace to this distracted country and to render it obedient to the arms of the monarch, he thought it necessary to constitute a good government; he therefore appointed Remiro d’Orco, a man, severe but full of energy, and gave him the most ample power: this man in a short time, *and with great reputation to himself*, restored the blessings of peace and union to the country. When this was done the duke took away this excessive power, lest it should become odious to his new subjects; he established a civil tribunal in the centre of the country headed by a worthy magistrate, and at which every town had its own proper advocate; being aware that the severities which had already taken place had generated odium against him, in order to destroy this impression and entirely gain their hearts, he determined to show them that if cruelties had been committed they proceeded not from his orders but from the savage nature of his minister. Having arrested him therefore on this account, he one morning caused him to be cut in two in the public square of Cesena, and to be exposed with part of a gibbet and a bloody knife at his side. The ferocity of which spectacle gave the people a joy mixed with dread, and satisfaction mingled with stupor.

“But to return where we broke off. The duke finding himself very powerful, and in part secure from present danger, by having arms in his own hands, and by having, in a great measure, destroyed those of the neighbouring powers who could hurt him, saw that France was the only obstacle to his future conquests, for he well knew that Louis, perceiving though late, his error, would no longer render him assistance. For this reason he began to seek new assistance, and to waver with respect to France, which he manifested when the French advanced into the kingdom of Naples against the Spaniards, who were besieging Gaeta. It was his intention wholly to have secured himself against the French, and this he would have easily done if Alexander had lived. Such were his arrangements in the present state of affairs, but with respect to future circumstances he had great cause for doubt and anxiety. In the first place he had reason to fear lest the next successor to the papal throne should not be his friend, and should resume such of the ecclesiastical possessions as Alexander had given him. This he strove to obviate in four different

ways: first, by exterminating the whole race of those princes whose dominions he had seized, in order that the future pope might have no appeal made for his interference. Secondly, by gaining over all the principal men of Rome, that by their assistance he might keep the future pope in check. Thirdly, by acquiring as much interest as possible in the College of Cardinals. Fourthly, by acquiring so much power during the life of the present pope, that he might be able of himself to withstand the first attack at least of the future pope.

“Of these four things he had brought three to bear at the time of Alexander’s death, and even the fourth he had nearly accomplished; for he caused the assassination of as many as possible of the dethroned princes, very few of their race escaping; he gained over the chief men of Rome, and he acquired great influence in the conclave. With respect to the acquisition of fresh power, he formed the design of becoming master of Tuscany, was actually in possession of Perugia and Piombino, and had become protector of Pisa. And when he had no longer occasion to keep terms with the French, that is, when they were driven out of Naples by the Spaniards, and when both parties needed his assistance, he threw off the mask and became sovereign of Pisa. After this Lucca and Sienna soon yielded, partly through envy of the Florentines and partly through fear. The case of the Florentines seemed desperate, and had he succeeded against them, even if his success had been deferred till the last year of Alexander’s life, he would have acquired so much additional strength and so much renown, that he might have rested secure in his own strength without at all depending on the assistance of others.

“But Alexander died five years after his son had drawn the sword, and left him firmly established in Romagna alone, in insecure possession of his other conquests, placed between two powerful hostile armies, and attacked by a singular and dangerous distemper. Yet so great was the energy of the duke, so well was he acquainted with the arts of gaining the affections of some and ruining others, and so massy were the foundations he had laid in such a short space of time, that if he had not had these armies to contend with, if he had not been paralyzed by illness, he would have surmounted every difficulty. That he laid a good foundation is clear from these circumstances: Romagna waited more than a month for his arrival; in Rome, though half dead, he remained secure, and though the Baglioni, the Vitelli, and the Ursini came to that city, they could form no party against him. Though he could not place the tiara where he pleased, he prevented it from decking the brow of an enemy. If at the death of Alexander he himself had not been enervated by disease, all would have been well. He himself told me the very day Julius II. was elected, that he had long foreseen and guarded against every event to which the death

of his father might give rise, except that he might at such a juncture be himself at the point of death.

"When therefore all these actions of the duke are investigated, I know not how to accuse him of want of policy, *but on the contrary think him worthy of being held forth as an example to those who have USURPED SOVEREIGNTY.* With his lofty mind and his ambitious spirit he could not act otherwise than he did; the shortness of Alexander's life and his own illness were the only obstacles to his designs. Whoever therefore, in newly acquired dominions, *thinks it necessary* to make sure of enemies, to gain friends, to conquer either by *force or fraud*, to make himself loved and feared by the people, followed and revered by the soldiery, to destroy those from whom injury is dreaded, to substitute new in the place of old customs, to be severe and grateful, magnanimous and liberal, to destroy a faithless soldiery and in its stead create a new military establishment, to maintain the friendship of kings and princes in such a manner that they may receive pleasure in being friends and may dread to be enemies, cannot have a more striking or a more recent model than the conduct of Cæsar Borgia. His only error was in suffering Julius II. to be elected pope: for it having been in some degree in his power to direct the choice of the conclave, he ought by no means to have consented to the elevation of any one of those cardinals whom he had injured, or who when elevated to the papal throne might have reason to dread his resentment, for men are enemies not only to those they hate, but to those they fear. Among those whom he had injured were San Pietro ad Vincula, Colonna, San Giorgio, and Ascanio. All the other candidates for the tiara had reason to fear him, except the cardinal of Rouen and the Spanish cardinals. The latter were attached to him by alliances and obligations, and the former was exempted from fear by the powerful protection of the king of France. The game the duke had to play, was to make the election fall on a Spaniard, and if he could not accomplish this, on the cardinal of Rouen rather than on San Pietro ad Vincula; for whoever thinks that acts of kindness obliterate the remembrance of former injuries in great personages is grossly deceived. The duke, therefore, erred in this choice, and this error was ultimately the cause of his ruin."

SECTION VI.

“Ut nemo doceat fraudis et scelerum vias *regnum* docebit.”*

By the extract from *The Prince* of Machiavel, given in the last section, the reader has no doubt seen the real drift of the whole work. To accuse its author of seriously recommending tyranny, would be as absurd as to say that Swift was serious in his advice to servants. The fact is, that Machiavel says, what princes do, not what they ought to do; he does not teach them dangerous politics, but they have taught him what he has written. If he ironically recommends them to be dissemblers, it is because the actions of princes long before the time of Machiavel had already proved, that *qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*. If there was a tribunal at which authors were obliged to answer for the contents of their works, I can conceive Machiavel pleading in his defence in terms something like the following:

“Far be it from me to defend the precepts contained in my publication of ‘*The Prince*.’ I here publicly declare them to be wicked and detestable. But whence did I derive, where did I discover them? Are these wicked precepts new, was this detestable doctrine invented by me? Examine the history of the reign of kings, and if the most execrable of my ironical instructions have not been put in practice by the most illustrious of them, condemn me to eternal infamy. But if my writings contain only a fair portrait of the actions of men, called illustrious, why adore the original, yet execrate the copy?† Did not the *great* Cosimo de Medici say that princes cannot govern their states with their beads in their hands!‡ that is to say, that princes must occasionally violate the holy laws of reli-

* “By the bare exercise of royalty the most innocent will learn to be guilty without any other tutor.” Seneca in *Thyeste*: act. 2. v. 313. Again, v. 217. “Sanctitas pietas fides privata bona sunt; qua juvat reges eant.”

† “The very name of a politician has connected with it the ideas of fraud, treachery, cruelty and tyranny; and those masters who have faithfully unveiled the mysteries of state freemasonry, have ever been held in general detestation. The case of *Machiavel* seems at first sight something hard in that respect. He is obliged to bear the iniquities of those whose maxims and rules of government he published. *His speculation* is more abhorred than *their practice*.”

Burke on *Natural Society*.

‡ Che gli stati non si tenevano con pater-nostri. *Mach. Hist.* 7.

tion, and what does '*The Prince*' say more? Let '*The Prince*' be burnt, answered, abused, or commented upon, it is all one with respect to the government of princes. By an unhappy and fatal necessity, their politics set themselves above morality. All of them do not confess it, yet, they all think like Achilles, '*Jura negat sibi nata.*' It was from my firm conviction of the incompatibility of kingly government with the happiness of the people that I endeavoured to make them disgusted with it, by describing it as necessarily connected with crimes, by painting it in all the native ugliness of its features. If I have conveyed my instructions to the people, under a veil of irony, under the color of instructing princes, it is because I had no other way of addressing them, because my real undisguised sentiments would not have been tolerated by the usurpers, who then tyrannised over my country."

Indeed, the great wonder is that any one acquainted with the life of Machiavel, should have mistaken the man, whose republican patriotism drew upon him the persecution of the Medici, for the teacher of tyranny and usurpation; that any one acquainted with his character should have thought so respectable a man serious in his applause of the two execrable Borgias; that every one, who has read his works with any kind of attention, should not have discovered that his '*Prince*' is meant to be a scare-crow. If any further proof than what has been already given be required, '*The Prince*' abounds in internal evidence of the opposition of Machiavel's ironical precepts, to his real sentiments. In the 8th chapter, speaking of Agathocles, he says, 'it cannot be called virtue to slay fellow-citizens, to betray friends, to be faithless, to throw off the social affections, to be without religion; these crimes, *conduct indeed to empire, but not to true glory.*' The fifteenth chapter is, however, of the most importance, it treats 'Of such things as render men, and more especially princes, the objects of blame or praise.'

'It remains now to show,' says Machiavel, 'what ought to be the conduct of a prince, towards his friends and his subjects, but since so many others have treated this matter, I fear the mode in which I shall treat it will be thought presumptuous; since in the discussion, I shall depart so widely from the maxims of my predecessors. But my intention being to write what may be really useful to *those who understand my drift*, it appears to me more proper to go directly to the real truth, than to amuse the imagination with visionary models of republics and principalities, as others

have done. Now, in my opinion, the actual conduct and the duty of princes are so far asunder, that he, who should abandon the former for the sake of the latter, would be ruined rather than benefited. For a prince who should in every instance square his conduct according to the rule of right, must necessarily fail of success, when all his crowned brethren act on opposite principles. Hence it is necessary for a prince who wishes to maintain himself on his throne, to know how to swerve from the right path, and to pursue or deviate from it as circumstances may require.* Leaving, therefore, whatever is imaginary, and confining myself to what is strictly and actually the existing state of things, I say, that men in general, and princes in particular, from being in a more conspicuous situation, are noted for some particular quality, which redounds either to their praise or dishonor. For instance, one is esteemed liberal, another parsimonious; one generous, another rapacious; one cruel, another merciful; one faithless, another faithful; one effeminate and cowardly, another rough and courageous; one affable, another haughty; one libidinous, another chaste; one ingenuous, another artful; one inflexible, another pliable; one serious, another full of levity; one religious, another incredulous; and so on. No doubt it would be highly praise-worthy in a prince to possess of the above mentioned qualities, only those which are good; but as this cannot always be the case consistently with the nature of human institutions, all that is necessary for him is to be sufficiently prudent, to avoid the infamy of those vices which would weaken his power. With respect to the other vices which do not affect his interest, he is to avoid them if he can; but if he cannot, he has little reason to fear indulging in them. He need not be at all anxious about the infamy attached to those crimes, which are necessary for the preservation of his power; *for when the thing is maturely considered, it will appear, that the practice of virtue will be attended with the ruin of the prince, and that security and advantage will result from the perpetration of crimes.*"

This is a very important chapter of '*The Prince*.' Machiavel says in direct terms, that, for a king to reign securely, it is absolutely necessary he should occasionally be a bad man. There is a Spanish proverb which says the same thing in fewer words. *Vicio es del principe no del hombre*. Surely Machiavel speaks plain enough; "*essendo l' intento mio scrivere cosa utile a chi l' in-*

* Plutarch says "that if the undeviating practice of every virtue and a strict adherence to justice in all cases could not be dispensed with in a kingly government, even Jupiter himself would not be able to rule the world."

tende," it being my intention to write what may be useful to *those who understand my drift*. What an important lesson to the people is contained in the conclusion of this chapter. It may be said that he ought to have entitled his work *Il Tiranno* instead of *Il Principe*, yet in what does the original acceptation of *tiranno* differ from that of *principe* in an Italian democracy?

The extracts which I have taken from the works of Machiavel, have been such as were rather calculated to show the real tendency of his writings, than to display his ingenuity and eloquence. With both one and the other, his writings abound; but I am obliged to content myself with laying before the reader, the following ingenious explanation of the reason why Chiron, the preceptor of Achilles, is painted by the ancients under the form of a Centaur. "It is necessary for a prince to be a beast, as well as a man. This necessity has been communicated to princes by the writers of antiquity, under a veil; for they tell them that Achilles and many other princes were given to the Centaur Chiron to be educated. Now what is meant by a preceptor, half beast and half man, but that princes should partake of the nature of both, without which their power will not be durable."*

The first systematic attack on '*The Prince*' was the Anti-Machiavel of Gentillet, a very contemptible performance. Gentillet clearly did not understand Machiavel, slanders him in many things, and is a very wretched scribbler. Clement VIII. censured the work at the instigation of the jesuit Pissevin, who declaimed violently against it. It is a certain and curious fact, which can be proved by the strongest internal evidence, that Pissevin never read '*The Prince*' of Machiavel; the very work which he condemns. In the first place, he supposes '*The Prince*' to be divided into three books: "Hæc quidem sceleratum illud satanæ organum prioribus duobus libris, quibus de principe agit, insipienti mundo obtrusit;" and in the margin, he refers to book the third. Now, the fact is, that Gentillet's Anti-Machiavel is in three books; and therefore Pissevin, who never read the original work, but only the answer to it, supposed its division to have been the same. In the second place, this jesuit charges Machiavel with several opinions which he never published, such as that paganism

* *Del Principe*, c. xviii.

is better than christianity, and that the doctors of this last are not to be regarded. Nothing in the least resembling this is to be found in Machiavel; on the contrary, he goes much further than most catholics, for he says, in the eleventh chapter of '*The Prince*' "That the papal power subsists not by human means but by some uncommon influence, and the particular favour of God." The Jesuit brings many other equally groundless charges. The fact is, that in the Anti-Machiavel, Gentillet censures these erroneous opinions, though not as belonging to Machiavel; and Poisevin, who borrowed all his knowledge of Machiavel, not from his own writings, but from the Anti-Machiavel of his enemy, was so clumsy as even to mistake the latter. The other writers who have attacked Machiavel are Paulus Jovius, whom I have already noticed; Varillas, a French historian, of little credit; Raynaudus, a jesuit of the 17th century; Clasen, the anonymous author of '*The Alarm against Massacre*;' Lucchesini, an Italian jesuit; Voltaire and the late king of Prussia. Of these antagonists, some have been candid enough to confess they never saw his works, and from the literal construction which others have put on them, it is plain they did not understand them. Leaving however the consideration of the works of the greater number of these antagonists, for fear of being too diffuse for the nature of the work in which these observations appear, I shall confine myself to a few remarks on the two last.

Amongst the numerous writers who have attacked Machiavel the late king of Prussia holds a distinguished rank. He published a French translation of '*The Prince*' with a refutation, chapter by chapter, and servilely imitating Gentillet, prefixed to the whole the title of Anti-Machiavel. It may appear extraordinary that one who squared his conduct in a pretty exact conformity with the principles laid down in this work of Machiavel should have undertaken its refutation. He either perceived not the drift of '*The Prince*' or thought that princes could use it more effectually if it had an ill name with the people. If the royal author was really so dull as not to see the drift of Machiavel, he should have applauded and not have attacked the work of his preceptor: but whatever may be the opinion of posterity concerning the moral character of Frederic, they will not accuse him of want of discernment. It is very clear that he did discover the veil in

which the salutary lesson conveyed in Machiavel's '*Prince*' was enveloped, but this veil it was his interest to draw still closer; he therefore published his Anti-Machiavel for the purpose of making Machiavel appear a hateful monster, for the purpose of deterring the people from reading his works, and benefiting by the salutary lesson they contain. It is extremely curious to examine this Anti-Machiavel of the king of Prussia, and to compare his conduct with the sentiments therein contained. In the preface the royal author says, that '*The Prince*' is with regard to morality, what Spinoza's works are with regard to faith. Spinoza sapped the foundations of faith, with a design to subvert religion, and Machiavel by corrupting politics, has struck at the very root of true morality. The royal critic would have said better that Machiavel, by tearing off the veil from the actions of kings, has struck at the very root of king-craft. No wonder the king of Prussia calls him a monster and regards '*The Prince*' as the most dangerous work ever published. It is indeed dangerous, but to whom?

The king of Prussia in his remarks on the first chapter of '*The Prince*,' principally blames Machiavel for not having treated of the origin of kingly government, which the royal author thinks was instituted for the protection of mankind, and for the distribution of equal justice. Possibly kings of very antient times, such for instance as good king Arthur, may have acted on principles like these, but as far as *authentic* history reaches we have very few of these examples. His majesty concludes his remarks on this chapter by saying, that there are but three justifiable modes by which dominion can be obtained. First, lineal and established succession. Secondly, election by the people. Thirdly, conquest in consequence of a war justly undertaken. Leaving the first of these just methods of acquiring dominion to withstand as well as it can, the forcible attack which Thomas Paine in his different works, and more especially in his last,* has made on all hereditary institutions, I shall confine myself to the last. Now this last maxim thus seriously given, and interwoven with what is really good, is as pernicious as any thing which Machiavel has enjoined ironically. It admits of a boundless extension of domi-

* On the Origin of Government.

nion. For who decides on the *justice* of a war but the party which undertakes it? No doubt our royal author thought the war which he undertook against Maria Theresa, when she was in a situation of danger and difficulty, and therefore unable to resist his attack, justifiable. No war is justifiable but a defensive one, and by this is meant simply a defence of one's own territory. Conquest is incompatible with such a kind of warfare. When the king of Prussia wrote his *Anti-Machiavel* he was a young man; after he was grown older and wiser, he discovered that there was another justifiable mode of acquiring dominion, that is, whenever a favourable opportunity offers. The cowardly and unprovoked aggression against the defenceless empress queen, and the partition of Poland were the result of this discovery.

In the examen of the seventh chapter, the king of Prussia draws a comparison between Fenelon and Machiavel. "The first," he says, "is one of those pure intelligences that Eternal Wisdom has appointed to superintend the government of the universe; the other is a composition of cruelty, perfidy and every species of wickedness. In *Telemachus* mankind resemble angels, in *Machiavel's* works they are like devils." Whether the representation of mankind as given by Machiavel or Fenelon be in general the most just, I shall not now inquire, but I may venture to say that the portion of mankind, who form the object of Machiavel's satire, do not in general much resemble angels.

In the examen of the eighth chapter, there is the following passage.

"It appears to me that when we consider the nature of the human mind, the difference of rank and fortune vanishes; *that kings are but men and that all men are equal*; the object is, only to consider the general impressions or modifications, which certain external causes have produced on the mind. All England knows what took place at London some years ago, when the *Beggar's Opera* was brought on the stage. The subject of this piece is the display of the juggling and roguery of robbers; the event was, that on leaving the theatre, many persons found their rings, watches and snuff-boxes gone. This proves sufficiently, I think, how dangerous it is to display bad examples. It is certainly much to be wished, that such characters as *Agathocles* and *Oliverotto da Fermo* had been buried in eternal oblivion, rather than have been quoted so ostentatiously, as by Machiavel."

The charge then brought by the king of Prussia against this chapter of '*The Prince*,' is, that the author has encouraged kings to commit those crimes which produced such brilliant advantages to Agathocles and Oliverotto da Fermo. It must certainly be conceded to the royal critic, that pictures of triumphant vice may increase the number of the vicious: the answer I make on behalf of Machiavel, is, that it was impossible to make kings worse than they were before, by any display of royal villany, however brilliant and successful; and that the end he had in view would be answered, if, by an animated picture of the crimes in question (the commission of which he proves to have been essential to the preservation of the usurped power of Agathocles and Oliverotto da Fermo) he could hold up the perpetrators and their fellows, as objects of horror and detestation, to an indignant universe. If it be objected that kings have been made worse than they were before, that is, that greater monsters have since existed, than were Tiberius, Cæsar Borgia, or Louis XI. and that this greater progress in crimes is the consequence of this chapter of Machiavel, even in this case, I contend that the evil is less than the advantage, and this is a sufficient justification of Machiavel.

The ninth chapter is entitled '*The Citizen Prince*;' the remarks of the king of Prussia on it, are most admirable; hear his own words.

"There is no desire more generally implanted in the nature of man, than that of liberty; for as we are born free, we think we have a right to continue so. To this unconquerable spirit, the world is obliged for so many great men; *this first gave birth to REPUBLICAN government, which restores EQUALITY to mankind, and re-establishes them in their native freedom.* It is impossible to persuade republicans to choose a master; they will always insist that it is better to depend on laws, than on the caprice of any one man. The law is just and immutable, man is unjust and mutable; equal laws are inestimable, but laws which depend for their existence on the caprice of an individual, instead of being remedies are fatal poisons; in short, liberty is a blessing and our birthright; why then should we deprive ourselves of it? If it be criminal to rebel against a lawful sovereign, it is equally so to be instrumental in enslaving a republic."^{*}

Compare this language with the subsequent conduct of Frederic, after he became king.

* Anti-Machiavel of the King of Prussia, ch. ix.

In the examen of the twelfth chapter by the king of Prussia, there is one remark, the truth of which has been wonderfully illustrated by the behaviour of the different armies belonging to the French republic. "Countries in a state of revolution are much superior to others in military establishments: every subject becomes a soldier, and as genius has then an opportunity of distinguishing itself without the favour of superiors; great abilities will always be advanced. Great men of all sects emerge in those times, and new life and vigour are infused into the whole nation."

Contrast with this the character he gives of other soldiers. "Armies in general are now composed of the vilest of the people; of idle fellows who will not work, debauchees, who expect to find license and impunity for their excesses in a military life, of such as are disobedient to their parents, and of giddy young men, who list out of mere levity and wantonness. It should seem that the soldiers of kings have always been of the same stamp, for when David had escaped from Achish 'every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented and bitter of soul gathered themselves unto him, and he became captain over them.' " 1 Samuel, xxii. 9.

The king of Prussia goes on to say, I cannot conclude this chapter without taking notice of a strange expression of Machiavel, "The Venetians suspecting Carmignola, were obliged to have him *sent out of the world*." I own I do not understand the meaning of this, except it be to get him poisoned or assassinated. But such are the artifices which this wicked politician is obliged to fly to; and in this manner is he obliged to palliate the most atrocious crimes by softening the terms; his heart seems here to revolt against his head, he is forced to vary the common forms of speech in cooking up his abominable maxims which he himself could not swallow without mincing.

Now this clearly proves that the king of Prussia was misled by Houssaie's French translation; which says "*de le faire sortir de ce monde*," for the original Italian does not at all mince the matter, it says *amazzare*, but if the Italian had been, as the king of Prussia supposed it to be, I contend the whole to be verbal criticism and mere cavilling, for every one understands what is meant by sending a man out of the world. The passage however is of

some consequence, as it proves that a professed writer against Machiavel never read his work in the original, but was liable to all the mistakes and interpolations of the French translator, and therefore as in the present instance, often attacks men of straw.

In his examen of the thirteenth chapter the king of Prussia remarks on the atrocious act of Hiero tyrant of Syracuse, in causing the destruction of his auxiliary forces. "Similar crimes," says he, "shock us when we see them barely recorded in history; what then ought to be our indignation when we see them praisingly spoken of in a treatise meant for the instruction of princes? Cruelty and barbarity are often retaliated on individuals, and are therefore seldom committed by them; *but princes who are placed by Providence so far above vulgar destiny, are less averse from barbarous and cruel actions in proportion as they are safe from retaliation.*" This passage appears in the first, but is omitted in the subsequent editions of the Anti-Machiavel.

The chapter of the Anti-Machiavel corresponding with the thirteenth chapter of '*The Prince*' is almost entirely a philippic against the chase. The king of Prussia inveighs against it chiefly on account of its cruelty, but this in a man who afterwards made the hunting of his fellow-men his principal pursuit, is like straining at straws and swallowing mountains.

In his remarks on the seventeenth chapter of '*The Prince*,' the king of Prussia agrees with Machiavel as to the necessity of severe military discipline, "For how," says he, "would it be possible to govern a motley multitude of libertines, debauchees, poltrons, hot-brained young fellows, in short, of *brutes and rascals* of every kind; if they were not hard reined and kept in obedience by the fear of punishment?" To prove that his majesty's political foresight is at least equal to his criticism, I select the following passage:

"The fashion of revolutions seems to be pretty well over in these times. There is no kingdom except England where the prince has any thing to apprehend from his subjects, and even there he has nothing to fear but from a storm of his own raising."

The eighteenth chapter of '*The Prince*' has for its object to prove, that a king cannot consistently with his interest keep his faith. The king of Prussia inveighs with proper indignation

against the system of hypocrisy and faithlessness, which this chapter contains. The apologist of Machiavel can only say in his defence, that he does not recommend hypocrisy and faithlessness as right in themselves, but as necessary to the political existence of a prince. The moral to be extracted from it by the people is, not to submit to a government which cannot exist unless founded on fraud. It is curious to observe the very wide loop-hole which the royal declaimer against Machiavelism provides for princes. "Nevertheless, I confess," says his majesty, "that there are some disagreeable and melancholy occasions which oblige a prince to break his treaties and alliances, but yet he should do it in as honorable a manner as possible." Poor man, he met with many of these disagreeable and melancholy occasions, but it must be granted that when he was perfidious his *perfidy* was as *honourable* as *perfidy* can be.

The above extracts will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of the nature of the Anti-Machiavel of the king of Prussia. Nothing can be more curious than to contrast his conduct with the principles which he here pretends to inculcate. Let the reader observe how the man who exclaims so violently against Machiavel for recommending fraud and falsehood, (done as has been already proved ironically) does himself seriously and solemnly, in instructions to his generals, which he knew would be obeyed, enjoin the very same crimes which he pretended to abhor.

"On choisit un riche Bourgeois qui a des fonds de terre et une femme et des enfans: on lui donne un seul homme travesti en domestique qui possède la langue du pays. On force alors ce Bourgeois d'emmener le dit homme avec lui comme son valet ou son cocher et d'aller au camp ennemi sous prétexte d'avoir à se plaindre des violences qui lui ont été faites, et on le menace en même tems très severement que s'il ne ramène pas avec lui son homme après qu'il se sera assez longtems arrêté au camp *sa femme et ses enfans seront hachés en pièces et ses maisons brûlées*. Je fus contraint d'avoir recours à ce moyen et il réussit."*

"Si c'est dans un pays protestant comme la Saxe on joue le rôle de protecteur de la religion Lutherienne et on cherche à inspirer le fanatisme au petit peuple dont la simplicité peut être facilement trompée. Si le pays est catholique on ne parle que de tolérance, on prêche la modération, on

* Instructions de Frederic II. à ses généraux publiées pendant son règne.

rejette sur les pretres toute la faute de l'animosite entre les sectes chretiennes qui malgré leurs disputes s'accorderoient ensemble sur les principaux articles de la foi. Tout ce qui nous reste encore est le fanatisme lorsqu'on peut animer une nation par la liberté de la religion, et lui insinuer adroitement qu'elle est opprimée par les pretres et les seigneurs. *Voilà ce qu'on appelle remuer le ciel et l'enfer pour son interet.*"*

Voltaire is another of the antagonists of Machiavel. It was he who published in 1740 the first edition of the king of Prussia's Anti-Machiavel, with a preface of his own. This preface is filled with the grossest adulation. The singularity is, that both Frederic and Voltaire censure Machiavel for irreligion; *risum teneatis*. The direct charge Voltaire brings against Machiavel is this; he acknowledges that he might possibly hate tyranny, for every man must hold this in abhorrence, but "Is it not base as well as horrible," says Voltaire, "to the last degree to hate tyranny, and at the same time to teach and recommend it?" Had this witty satirist an idea that no one could be ironical but himself?

LIFE VERY SHORT.

MAN is never so deluded as when he dreams of his own duration. The answer of the old patriarch to Pharaoh may be adopted by every man at the close of the longest life. "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage." Whether we look back from fifty, or from twice fifty, the past appears equally a dream; and we can only be said to have lived while we have been profitably employed. Alas! then, making the necessary deductions, how short is life! Were men in general to save themselves all the steps they take to no purpose, or to a bad one, what numbers, who are now active, would become sedentary?

SIN.

THIS word has been gradually banished the oligarchy of fashion, from the hour in which Charles II. and his profligate court trod down piety along with hypocrisy, to this day, when the new philosophy has accomplished its total outlawry, and denounced it a rebel to decency and the freedom of man.

* Instructions de Frederic II. a ses generaux publiées pendant son regne.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Backwoodsman. A Poem. By J. K. Paulding. Philadelphia: M. Thomas. pp. 200. 12mo. 150cts. boards.

THE author of this poem, according to his publisher's account, is "one of the most eminent literary gentlemen in America," and we are not disposed to question his title to this distinction. We had occasion to speak of him, in our review of the "*Letters from the South*;" (P. F. Feb. 1818.) and our readers may not have forgotten that we then gave him credit not only for the cleverness with which his book was *got up*, but also for the management with which it was *got off*. He now aspires to a more exalted character than that of a mere tourist, having employed himself since "more than five years ago," on a work the object of which is to "indicate to the youthful writers of his native country, the rich poetic resources with which it abounds, as well as to call their attention *home*, for the means of attaining to novelty of subject, if not to originality in style or sentiment." In allusion, no doubt, to his own power of commanding those fertile resources which the subject embraces, he acknowledges, and we readily agree with him, that he had but "scanty materials" for the undertaking. His praise, however, is of another description.

Manifold have been the labours of ingenious men among us to invite the muse of poetry from her secluded haunts. Of the perils and privations of our forefathers she has hitherto disdained to sing, and she turns a deaf ear to the rude exploits of our sylvan warriors. We have no ferocious giants, no frowning battlements, no lordly knights nor distressed damsels. With us, all is plain, simple, unsophisticated nature. The most terrible necromancer among us is the sheriff, whose gates readily open on the exhibition of a bit of paper. In such an utter absence of any thing like a hero or even a suitable scene for a poet's eye in a fine frenzy to roll upon, it required uncommon nerves and powerful motives to publish an epic lay. We say to *publish*, because it will not be disputed, even by those English incendiaries who burn down our manufactories, that the poetical furor has raged in the veins of our young republicans ever since the date of the Declaration of Independence, when we escaped

From all the countless *pack* of galling ills,
That slaves still suffer when the tyrant wills. p. 174.

It is positively affirmed by a learned critic, of whose erudition our author seems to have availed himself, that "there is hardly any human creature past childhood," who has not inhaled the ethereal flame. The same writer proceeds to show the pernicious effects of restraining the effusions of poetical aspirants, and he concludes by a solemn warning, which is worthy of all credit among the princes and potentates of the earth, that

"A suppression of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the state." MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, *Of the art of sinking in poetry*, chap. III.

It is in this important truth that we are to find the moving cause of the extraordinary production now before us. The writer has had the advantage of occupying an official desk at the seat of our government, where he had both the leisure and the opportunity to discern the signs of the times. For *five years* his patriotism has fervently laboured, and at length he has produced what will avert the disastrous consequences against which the genius of the immortal *Scriblerus* has cautioned all the world. Nor is this the first time that our author has laid so dear a sacrifice on the altar of dulness, in his ardent devotion to the public weal. During the late war, when, to adopt a phrase not uncommon with him, "the adverse foe was nigh," his "Scotch Fiddle," like the patriotic bird of Rome, preserved the capitol. And should he come again, we dare promise that whatever conduct may be pursued by other "imps of freedom" who "at home like women stay," our poet will be found at his publisher's door, ready to print the very worst poetry, rather than let the state suffer any detriment.

Some weak-sighted critics who have not penetrated the profound designs of our poet, and who dwell only on the lofty pretensions of the "address to the reader," point to the common places which abound in every page of this work, and deny its claims to originality or novelty. They aver that there is no "story" in it; that as to "diversity of character" they find none except in that comprehensive passage where it is said of the hero, after his emigration to the woods, that

Judge, general, congressman, and half a score
 Of goodly offices, and *titles* more
 Reward his worth, while *like a prince* he lives, &c. p. 71.

This Basil was found, at the opening of the work, a hard working day-labourer in the state of New York. Notwithstanding the grand canal and all the rest of the grand things which are to make the citizens of that commonwealth like the merchants of Tyre, our hero was in danger of starving. His industry

To *other's* boards gave plenty through the year
 While *he and his*, at home but *half* supplied
 Shar'd *all* the ills that poverty betide. p. 10.

He was pinched too by another cause, for we learn that

—————his house became too small!

Alarmed by this singular phenomenon he resolved to take his family to the western country. His wife, of whom we learn nothing, excepting that she seems to be peculiarly fitted for a new country, and his children, are put into "a little covered cart," which is dragged by "a right sturdy nag" to Ohio, where they all live happily the rest of their lives, surrounded by a numerous offspring, &c. after the most approved fashion of the Minerva press. This vehicle is denominated "a cavalcade" in one of our journals, and the author calls it an "equipage." Where two of "the most eminent literary gentlemen in America" differ, it is not for us to venture an opinion and we therefore leave it "to be arranged by one or more competent editors."

On one occasion the cart or cavalcade was in some danger in consequence of the carelessness of Basil, who, instead of minding his reins had suffered his attention to be drawn to a commanding station on one of the Alleghany mountains hitherto "unmapped," to use one of Mr. Paulding's "novelties," from which the pedestrian could see all the states

"The new and old, the little and the great,"

and descant, in the true spirit of modern philanthropy on the happiness of the whole American family, while his own is in danger of being dashed to pieces. The incident is thus related:

Hard was the tugging up that mighty hill,
 Full oft the sturdy pony stood stock still;
 And had not Basil watch'd the wheel right well
 Back they had tumbled—where, no *soul* can tell.

Some readers would alter the penultimate line of this extract so as to read,

And had not Basil watch'd the right wheel well, &c.

from which it is alleged that we should *guess* there was a precipice on that side, or that old Basil was not such a blockhead as to *watch the wrong wheel*, a mistake which poets as well as politicians are liable to make; and they add that the expression *right well* is at least childish, if not vulgar. Now this last reason convinces us that the printer is right, for, the viler the poetry, the more noble was the determination not to suppress it. The reader need not suspect that we are afraid of disturbing the text lest we should make it worse, a consequence not easy to be wrought with that or any other line in the book.

The hero having conducted his "equipage" to Ohio, we hear no more of him, except some matter of course particulars about his children growing up, his own hair becoming white, his private prosperity and his public honours. Besides the stations of judge, general and congressman, he held ten goodly offices, and more than as many *titles*, the constitution of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding!

Such is the contemptuous manner in which the enemies of American genius would treat the lofty pretensions of a writer, who is never so happy as when he is engaged in *vindicating the reputation of our country from the foul slander of European libellers*, in encouraging the modest merits of our candidates for literary fame, and in maintaining the exalted claims of our fair to respect, admiration and love. If we wished to establish the originality of this poem, either in the language, the ideas, or the characters, we might point to its title, and the name of the hero; we might demand triumphantly what epic poet has ever ventured to exhibit on the field of combat, after a disastrous conflict,

A strapping blade

Flat on his back!! p. 164.

and, who ever saw

Rough bears ashamed by day to show their face! p. 154.

a description of animals which certainly possess more modesty than some of our poets. Is it not a bold flight to represent our revolutionary heroes as begging at "every scoundrel's door," meaning by figure of speech, the members of congress, the hon-ourables of the land, to whom these applications have been made? Is there not something uncommonly liberal as well as original in the following passage—

———those who know

A surer path to peace on Earth below,
May keep it to themselves. p. 17.

Is there no novelty in the idea of *chasing away scare-crows*? p. 9. or in that lucky expedient of fate by which Basil escaped death in New York, and lived not only to become a "congress-man," but the hero of an epic poem, written by one of the most eminent literary men in America, and praised by another? But above all, where can be found, in the whole compass of poetry, a comparison so original as that in which the citizens of Lancaster and York are compared to a cabbage? Does not this simile alone, entitle the ingenious author to a conspicuous niche in the temple of dulness? If the powers of illiberality and bad taste are to be propitiated for the good of the state, according to the ingenious theory of the renowned critic, where shall we find so fit an offering? And how heartily ought we not to laud the patriotism of the poet, who, for five long years should have curbed his "mounting mind" and tamed his "mounting spirit," to the ignoble task of groping in the mire for similies to degrade a portion of his fellow-citizens and render them the objects of ridicule and contempt! His heart too, melting all the time with that warm flow of benevolence, "from petty local feelings free," which made him rejoice so significantly

In ALL the Land's combin'd prosperity. p. 42.

How remorseless must be the conditions of that sacrifice, and how ardent the devotion which would not spare this unworthy contumely? If the blood should mantle the cheek of any honest burgher of Lancaster or York, let him find an apology for the poet in the dictum of the illustrious critic, that the "*suppression*

of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the state;" because, by the publication of it we "attain to novelty of subject, if not to originality in style or sentiment," and in such vituperations some of our poets find themselves so much at "home."

Our author has taken particular pains to express his abhorrence for cabbage, otherwise we should have suspected that he was craving after those honours which were bestowed in former times on him who was emulous of becoming, to borrow a sly insinuation from one of the poet's friends, *the popular poet of a nation*. As the ceremonies on the election of a poet laureate, to which we allude, have long been discontinued and are now almost forgotten, it may not be amiss to transcribe a few passages from the critic, whose rules appear to have been so very carefully studied by our poet.

"I shall translate my author exactly as I find it," says *Martinus Scriblerus*, "in the 82nd chapter of his *Elogia Vir Doct.* He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all laureates, and called Camillo. He was a plain countryman of Apulia, (whether a shepherd or a thrasher is not material.) This man, excited by the fame of the *great encouragement given to poets at court*, and the *high honour* in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him *a strange kind of lyre* in his hand*, and at least some twenty thousand of verses. All the wits and critics of the court flocked about him, delighted to see a clown, with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long hair, *so toftfull of poetry*; and at the first sight of him all agreed *he was born to be a poet laureate*. He had a most delightful welcome in an island of the river Tiber, where he was made to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to every body. Then they adorned him with a new and elegant garland, composed of wine leaves, laurel, and brassica, (a sort of CABBAGE) so composed, says my author, emblematically, *ut tam false quam leptide ejus temulentia, brassicæ remedio cohibenda, notaretur*. He was then saluted by common consent, with the title of *archipoeta*, in

* Critics are divided as to the form of the *lyra* or lyre of the ancients. We should render the original, in this place a bag-pipe, or, as Mr. Paulding might prefer, a *Scotch fiddle*, for with this instrument *you have two strings to your bow*, and the Scotch are famous for making their way at court. *Rev.*

the style of those days, in ours, *poet laureate*. This honour the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drank with tears and gladness. Next, the public acclamation was expressed in a canticle, which is transmitted to us as follows:

Salve, brassicæ virens corona,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

Of which we subjoin the English for the benefit of those readers of the Port Folio who do not sing in Latin:

All hail, arch poet, without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage, fit to wear,
And worthy of the Prince's ear!

We are now tempted to give the reader some idea of an original homebrewed tempest, a novelty from the coinage of our author's brain. Here again the critic is as ready to give, as Mr. Paulding is disposed to receive advice. "Brew your tempest well in your head," says the renowned Scriblerus "before you set it a blowing." Agreeably to this precept our author, arranges all the elements in battle array, and he leads them up repeatedly to an attack on a collection of rocks and oaks, with that sort of obstinate perseverance by which *le grand Empereur* wearied out his adversaries. The note of preparation which precedes this fearful encounter, is given with such "dark obscurity" that it is very properly styled a "riddle," but no sooner is the riddle "read" by Basil's wife and children, than the fight begins. First he takes of sun-beams, *quantum suff.* to which he adds a few attractions of the moon, and seizing a favourable combination of the earth's motions, he produces a furious blast of WIND from the south-west.

The riddle soon was read—at last it came,
And Nature trembled to her inmost frame;
The forest roar'd, the everlasting oak
In writhing agonies the storm bespoke,
The live trees scatter'd wildly every where,
Whirl'd round in madd'ning circles in the air,
The stoutest limbs were scatter'd all around,
The stoutest trees a stouter master found.

*Crackling and crashing, down they thund'ring go,
And seem to crush the shrinking rocks below. p. 49.*

Some execution has been done here: the stoutest limbs, by which is meant the light troops, are dispersed, the stoutest trees have found a *stouter master*, and some recreant rocks are put *hors de combat* in consequence of their *shrinking*. The second attack is led on by RAIN.

Then the thick rain in *gathering* torrents pour'd,
Higher the river rose and louder roar'd,
And on its dark, quick eddying surface bore
The *gather'd* spoils of Earth along its shore,
While trees that not an hour before had stood,
The lofty monarchs of the stately wood,
Now *whirling round and round* with furious force
Dash 'gainst the rocks that breast the torrent's force,
And *shiver like a reed by urchin broke*,
Through idle mischief, or with heedless stroke;
A hundred cataracts, unknown before,
Rush *down* the mountain's side with fearful roar,
And as with foaming fury *down* they go
Loose the *firm* rocks and *thunder them below*. p. 49.

Here we find that the trees or *lofty* monarchs of the *stately* wood, as the regal phrase more reverently terms them, are *whirl'd round* with no more respect than the "live trees" received in the first attack. The rocks seem to stand the charge with more steadfastness than they did before, though, by a deep manœuvre which is not explained, those which were *firm* are shaken: Perhaps they were outflanked and dismayed by a *side-blow* from the WIND. The roaring and thundering continue as before, and those troops which formerly *writh'd* and *trembled*, now *shiver* like a reed. Upon the whole, the enemy does not seem to have lost ground, and we may apply to him what was said of the rebellious Roman, "He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken."

While "the hostile foes" are preparing for another "tug," we may take the opportunity of remarking the great care which is taken to keep the objects directly and constantly before the reader. On the stage when an act concludes in the midst of a storm, as soon as the curtain rises again, the bullets are again rolled over

our heads, and in like manner the poet keeps up the roaring and thundering throughout the whole tempest. So too, whenever Ohio is mentioned or Basil's "nag" is put in motion, we are immediately reminded of the "distant wilds." By the bye this same river conducts herself uniformly after the manner of other streams, excepting on one unfortunate occasion, when seduced by the

One endless, noisecless, woodland solitude, p. 66.

which reigned on her banks, she appears to have become

As level, and as lifeless as the sea! ib.

which is certainly an original prank for a river, and quite a novelty on the ocean. And it was in this same trance of "unsubdued Nature" that Basil took it into his head that "the land" which he beheld "was all their own!" *ib.* O wise young judge, exclaims Shylock, how I do honour thee!

The Indian who is introduced subsequently, was not quite so mad as the poet would have us believe, when, in his ravings, he complains that the white men intrude upon his domains, and by force or fraud eject him from his native woods. This "honest" Basil, this "learned Basil," thus turns out to be no better than a common *squatter*, and we are therefore no longer surprised at the rapid strides which he made in the road to wealth. But *au combat!*

The third onset is committed to a sharp fellow called *Lightning*, there being some originality in the idea of giving precedence to Thunder, who acted so conspicuous a part in the former charges. *Lightning*, however, does not appear to be more successful than his predecessors, although he had the advantage of *blue* lights. He makes the trees shiver as before, and there is pretty much the same sort of tumbling down and raving and crashing.

Blue lightnings from the dark cloud's bosom sprung,
Like serpents, *menacing* with forked tongue,
While many a *sturdy oak* that stiffly brav'd
The *threat'ning* hurricane that round it *rav'd*,
Shiver'd beneath its bright resistless flash,
Came *tumbling* down amain with fearful crash,
Air, Earth, and Skies, seem'd now to try their pow'r, &c. p. 50.

The poet being thus reduced to that perplexity which warrants a call for assistance, according to the established canons of

criticism, he invokes superior aid. By this means he extricates his hero to the no small relief of poor Mrs. Basil, who must have felt herself, during these "fearful tugs" somewhat in the predicament of John Rodgers's wife, "with nine small children and one at the breast." In this lame and impotent conclusion of an affair in which the author had the game altogether in his own hands, we recognize another instance of his willingness to *spoil the brewing* rather than diminish the value of the sacrifice. It requires but half an eye to see that Mr. Paulding comes off second best, yet he very properly boasts of his skill in *brewing a tempest*, and as long as the oaks and rocks do not contradict him, he will claim the victory. In the profound treatise which our author has followed so faithfully, the learned critic observes, "it is with the Bathos as with small beer, which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our rules confined and well stopped, nothing grows so frothy, pert and bouncing." If we open the second book of this poem we shall find our poet, in order to fulfil the main design, absolutely spoiling a very decent passage, that the goddess of Dulness may be presented with an oblation of the bouncing and the pert. The canto commences with that hearty wish of *luck*, which marks at once the time, (day-break) and the manners of that class of people with which the hero of this poem was associated. The wish, however, was somewhat superfluous, because Basil had Fate on his side, who had already extricated him from the baleful fangs of that fickle jade, "Perchance," in New York, and might therefore keep him harmless against the sins of omission or commission on the part of "Luck." We are next presented with another of our author's "novelties," viz. *a lifeless house*; and by way of tenant for it, a mother's heart "like" to be in the same predicament; out of doors, there is a dark dawn, a quantity of dim vapours, a veil of mist, day struggling and groping along, and a weary nag, ditto—all this is dismal enough: but the gas of Mr. Paulding's "mounting mind" no sooner finds a vent, than all is life and animation, and a gleam from his "lamp of Hope," which is always trimmed and lighted, irradiates the scene with the splendour of noon-day.

He begins with the *bouncing* and ends with the *pert*:

UP ROSE THE GALLANT SUN! the mists away
 Vanish'd, like spectres, at the dawn of day;
 No silence now was in the waken'd groves,
 For every bird began to chant his loves,
 And all the *liveried rabble insect crew*,
 That crawl'd upon the *jewell'd* earth, or flew,
Muster'd their merry notes and *frisk'd* away,
 In many colour'd vestments—WHO BUT THEY!

“The Infantine,” says the said critic, “is when a poet grows so very simple, as to think and talk like a child.” This is a capital figure in *attaining* to the bathos, and therefore it has not been neglected:

A little cover'd cart held all their store,
 And, sooth to say, it might have held much more. p. 20.

It must be borne in mind, that one of the reasons of Basil's emigration was that his house had become too small for his family. No wonder then that his “nag” had such “tugs” in drawing the cart which would have held *much more* than the family and furniture together!

Amplification is defined by Martinus “to be the making the most of a thought; it is,” says he, “the spinning wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and spreads it in the finest thread.” Basil being a hero of no common mould, is afflicted with “rheumatic agonies,” which it is the business of the poet to relieve. He be-thinks himself of the homely distich of poor Will's Almanack.—

What can't be cur'd,
 Must be endur'd;

and thus he administers consolation to the afflicted labourer:

But time, as *wise ones* say, can all things cure,
 Or what's as well, can teach us to endure;
 For ever tasting, our enjoyment cloy—
 For ever suffering, half our pain destroys;
 The prosperous, fear to lose what they possess,
 The poor man, hopes some future hour will bless;
 The happy, live in constant fear to die,
 The wretched, hope for immortality, &c. p. 14. 15.

All which “originality of sentiment,” must have been very vexatious to the sick man, who would most unpatriotically have voted

for its *suppression*, to the great detriment of the republic. Another manner of making the most of a thought is to trade with different booksellers, occasionally changing your dress or title. Thus, who would suspect a Backwoodsman of concealing a Scotch Fiddle under his frock?

Let us take another precept from the critic. "We must be exceeding careful of two things: first, in the *choice of low words*; secondly, in the *sober and orderly* way of ranging them." chap. xii.

Thus

"Old Basil *beat* the lazy sun next day." p. 44.

Meaning that Basil, whom we now find to be an old man at the very opening of the poem, rose before the sun, which is altogether "a novelty" among travellers.

Again,

We find, the art to govern mainly lies,
In throwing dust in man's deluded eyes. p. 100.

And in the following "bloody bitter" denunciation,

Oh England! thou a long arrear must pay,
When comes the bloody, bitter reckoning day.

Listen to an Indian warrior!

Eat up their hearts, hang their white flesh to dry,
And leave their bare bones in the sun to fry!

"Old Basil" in the woods becomes "learned Basil," surrounded by a colony of Backwoodsmen, to whom he sells lands on the most accommodating terms, which are here set forth in the manner enjoined by the critic:

Meanwhile, more prosp'rous grew each good man's lot,
Till each in time a *goodly* farm had got,
For their wise landlord knew his interest well,
And half his land for almost nought would sell;
Knowing the other would right soon repay
The half that he had almost given away. p. 80.

And well he might when he obtained the whole in a dream!

In the following lines we perceive the fine effect which is produced by a correspondence of sound and sense:

A sturdy nag, right rugged, rough and strong
Fitted to drag *such equipage* along, &c. p. 20.

The equipage, or as it is elsewhere called, the cavalcade, is neither more nor less than "the little covered cart" which Basil procured to convey *he and his* to the distant wilds.

From the beginning to the end of this poem we find a most laudable lack of every quality that would render it unsuitable for the purpose in view. The ideas are uniformly trite and often low; and the idiom is generally vulgar. The author discovers a very natural propensity to the use of "the anadiplosis," a figure used by "common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings or new ballads." By this means, what could not bring purchasers under the alluring title of a Scotch Fiddle, may *perchance* be vend- ed when hawked about in "Judge Basil's" "little covered cart."

Lest it may be discovered by some of our readers that we have left the latter half of this poem untouched, we may as well confess that there are six cantos in the book, and that we have only passed through three of them. We were indeed much at a loss in what light to view the latter part, as it has not the slightest connexion with the former, except what the bookbinder has created. From this dilemma, however, we were very fortunately relieved by the discovery of a brother critic, who informs us that "the three last cantos are *a sort of a digression upon Indian manners and hostility!*" This profound reviewer is quite charmed with *the sensibility* of our author to the tranquil forms of inanimate nature, and he enlarges in the most disinterested manner, page after page, upon the *pure taste*, the *sound political principles*, and the *descriptive talents* of this admirable poem.*

* "Literature, well or ill conducted," repeats this critic, from the Pursuits of Literature, "is the great engine by which all civilized states must ultimately be supported or overthrown." The plan upon which the journal to which we allude is conducted, is admirably calculated to produce effect. It professes to be supported by the most eminent literary gentlemen in our country, who are kept in drill by "one or more competent editors," and when one of the confederacy writes a poem, the rest can club their wits to give it reputation. They may salute their author as the *popular poet of the nation*, and consider his production as the *greatest acces-*

Against this judgment it is scarcely necessary for us to protest that it is a gross misrepresentation of the patriotic motives of the author, who was seriously apprehensive of the incalculable mischiefs which might flow from *the suppression of the very worst sort of poetry*, and therefore published this poem, "digression" and all; and who by this magnanimous self-devotion to the welfare of the State, has indeed *called our attention home* and compelled all those who read *the Backwoodsman* to confess with the author,

And who has worried through this world so lone,
But in his wanderings this sad truth has known,
Whate'er may happen, wheresoe'er we roam,
However homely, still there's nought like home. p. 29.

INVENTIONS.

- 1st. "*A new and improved method*" of—drowning eels.
- 2d. A steam engine by which the English grammar may be acquired in an hour, *as well* as in a year.
- 3d. A treble barrelled fowling piece, whereof one barrel will spring a partridge, the second shoot it, and the third pick it up and carry it home.
- 4th. A concise way of teaching writing by means of a one horse wagon.
- 5th. A rat trap for catching musketoes.
- 6th. A four wheeled sleigh, calculated for the West Indies.

non our poetry has received; and who will dispute an authority thus strongly fortified? Thus when Mr. Paulding mounts the great literary "engine," to throw the waters of Helicon among our "youthful writers," the rest of the "talents" are at the pumps labouring with might and main, to bear aloft his "mounting spirit."—"Happy," exclaims the author of *All the Talents*, "Happy is that country in having scribblers who call themselves wise! Happy, too, in having ministers (publishers) who keep the scribblers in countenance! And why should not I also assure my readers that *this* little performance contains all the talents of all the poets. I do beseech them to have no doubt of it. And, moreover, I do most earnestly exhort all corporations, whether of merchants or butchers, of aldermen or tailors, to follow my laudable example. *I would have the mechanic cram all the talents of mankind into his own especial occupation. I would have Dr. Solomon cashier his old puffs, and set up all the talents instead. Were I Bish and Co. I would draw forth all the talents in one capital prize. Were I Hope, I would actually stitch them in the sole of a boot.—Yes, my friends—let us make common cause. Let all the talents belong to us all.*"

ON THE POLITICAL STATE OF ALGIERS.

(Concluded from vol. vi. p. 425.)

"He," says M. Pananti, "who has not been at Algiers, who has not seen the lot to which the Christians reduced to slavery are condemned, does not know what is most bitter in misery, or into what state of debasement the hearts of the miserable sons of men may fall. I, who have seen, who have experienced it, cannot, by words, paint all that man feels and suffers when he is plunged into this horrible calamity. As soon as a man is declared a slave, he is stripped of his clothes, and their place is supplied by a coarse piece of cloth; he is left commonly without stockings and shoes, and his naked head is struck by the burning rays of the sun. Many allow their beard to grow in a horrible manner, in sign of grief and desolation; they live in a state of dirtiness, which excites equal disgust and compassion. A part of these unhappy men are destined to make ropes and sail-cloth for the fleet; these remain always under the eye and rod of the *Al-guazils*, who abuse strangely their barbarous authority, and extort from them the little money which they sometimes possess. Others remain slaves of the dey, or are sold to rich Moors, who destine them to the vilest uses; others, in short, are condemned, like beasts of burden, to transport wood and stone, and to execute all the roughest labours, while their steps are always weighed down by a chain of iron. Of all the slaves, these are the most unhappy. They have no bed to rest on, no clothes to wear, no food to support them. All their nourishment consists in two loaves, black as soot, which are thrown to them, as to dogs. In the evening they are shut up in the *Bani*, as malefactors in the galleys."

The galleys in fact were invented by Christians for captive Africans. The shameful commencement of this cruel and humiliating treatment is due to us; our fathers were animated by that religious hatred, of which our contemporaries are the victims; and it is because the punishment of Musulman captives appeared of all others the most cruel, that the idea was afterwards formed, of associating with them the vilest criminals in the banis of Rome, of Genoa, of Leghorn, and of Malta. Let us not hesitate to own, that we have been unjust, cruel, and persecuting: much more, it is we who have begun; but after having repaired our own offences against humanity, after having abolished the trade of the Negroes, and the *Bani* of the knights of Malta, we have a right to demand for ourselves the same justice which we render to men of a different faith. Europe condemns not, or will no longer condemn a freeman to slavery, for the single crime of being born a Musul-

man; no more ought she to suffer the African to condemn the European for the single crime of being born a Christian.

“The slaves lie heaped together in open corridors; they are exposed to wind, rain, storms, to all the injuries of the air and seasons. In the country, they sleep without shelter in the open air, or else shut up in deep pits, which they descend to by a ladder, after which the mouth of the cave is shut with an iron grate. At the dawn of the day they are abruptly awaked by the injurious cry, *To work, cattle*; then driven to the working place with whips, like beasts of burden, accompanied with blasphemies and maledictions. Many are condemned to clear out wells or dig privies; they remain there for whole seasons in water up to the middle, and breathe a mephitic air. Others are obliged to descend into frightful precipices, with death over their heads, and death under their feet. Others are yoked to a wagon, along with mules or asses; but it is upon them that the greater share of the burden falls, and upon them particularly that the strokes of the whip most copiously descend. Many in quarries are crushed by the falling in of the earth; many too, descending into their vast depths, never again see the light. Persons are counted by hundreds who die every year for want of nourishment or care, of the blows which they have received, or merely of regret, dejection, and despair. Wo to them if they dare to murmur, or to utter the slightest lamentation. For the smallest negligence they receive two hundred strokes on the sole of the foot, for the slightest resistance they are punished with death.

“There is in slavery a certain character of disgrace, of meanness, of bitterness, which chills the soul, disgusts the view, and revolts the thought. Men despise and reject this degraded being, as in India they despise and reject the proscribed and accursed classes of the Parias and the Pulkis. The slaves, accustomed themselves to be oppressed and despised, think themselves as contemptible as miserable. These iron chains, which are with us a sign of crime and dishonour, degrade the soul of him by whom they are worn. Servitude extends even to the soul. The son of civilized Europe learns to think himself of a nature inferior to these savages of the African Syrtes; and man, born free, who had learned to turn his eyes to Heaven, thinks himself born to serve, and views himself as sunk to the vile condition of a beast of burden. The soul is often purified in the furnace of adversity; but in the condition of the slave there is something dismal and abject, which makes courage lose its temper, extinguishes the fire of every generous passion, and deprives man of his intelligence and dignity. The greatest of all misfortunes is, that virtue, which triumphs over all afflictions, which sometimes renders them precious to us, virtue itself is often weakened or extinguished in hearts oppressed by the cruelty of men, or

overwhelmed by the feeling of a degraded nature. Gloom renders the heart bad, while it sinks the courage; the virtues are all derived from a noble and exalted soul, while meanness engenders only vice. Religion itself, that pillar of Heaven, on which the Christian rests, when all is shaken around him, religion affords no longer consolation to a wounded heart. The unhappy no longer turn towards Heaven, when they feel themselves abandoned on earth. It were well if, in suffering, they mingled their tears together, if these unhappy persons supported each other in their affliction; but friendship, the sweet consoler of afflicted hearts, becomes mute for beings who never meet with pity. Instead of loving and supporting, they hate and envy each other. He who has suffered too much from the cruelty of men, and from an iron destiny, feels the source of compassionate tears dried up within him, and the flame of amiable sentiments extinguished in his heart; that heart itself becomes hard as stone. The Italian language gives the name of *intristito*, saddened, to a tree or a field which, never seeing the sun, produces no fruit, and is clothed with no flowers; the same name may be applied to a man whose mind is coldly and deeply perverted."

Nothing appears to us more striking than this observation of an eye-witness on the moral effects of slavery; that sinking of character, that contagious contempt which is felt even by him who is the object of it; that confession of inferiority, which force alone extorts from weakness; that drying up of the heart which shuts it against pity, when our own misfortunes exhaust in ourselves all our power of suffering. Many other observations confirm this sad truth. We know that in great national calamities, in plagues, in famines, in great military reverses, the heart, amid suffering and danger, closes itself against compassion; and selfishness, called forth in all its force for the preservation of our existence, stifles every other affection. We know that a race is seldom viewed with universal contempt, without becoming really contemptible; that the government which secures liberty, renders men more virtuous, by rendering them respectable in their own eyes; that despotism renders them degraded still more than it renders them miserable. The experience dates from the time of Homer, and has never been falsified. Yet it is not without grief we are forced to acknowledge, that even this inheritance, the noblest and most precious which remains to us, that virtue itself, as well as riches and liberty, may be taken away by fortune.

We cordially join, then, in the noble wish of M. Pananti, for the abolition of slavery in Africa, and the destruction of a government

which, to the shame of European nations, is maintained only by a robbery exercised against them. May there be established over all the coast of Barbary, a liberal government, which may restore to happiness this beautiful portion of the world, which may call a numerous people to civilization and opulence, which may make new openings to European industry in the market which is richest and nearest to us, and which will receive our manufactures in return for new sources of enjoyment, and for the means of subsistence, of which Barbary will long be the granary.

M. Pananti leaves no room to doubt for a moment, that the bombardment of Algiers, executed by an English fleet, far from ameliorating the condition of those who navigate the Mediterranean, or trade to Barbary, has augmented their dangers. The dey, it is true, has been constrained to set at liberty the captives who were found at Algiers; but his hatred against Christians, his resentment, and his desire of vengeance, thenceforth no longer knew any bounds. He has received from Europeans the most sanguinary affront, while his power has not been at all diminished. For we must not imagine that the death of eight or ten thousand men, women, or children, who perished in the bombardment of Algiers, or the burning of a great number of the houses of the peaceable inhabitants, is a national calamity in the eyes of an African tyrant. It is to him only an insult; and the sentiment is the more bitter, from having been inflicted by that race which he calls infidel, and which he despises. Accordingly, from that moment, he has not ceased to prepare for vengeance. The African governments, formerly always divided, have been united by a close alliance. The superiority of the Sublime Porte, after being long disowned, has been invoked anew, that it may afford them protection. The most marked and incessant activity has been employed, in adding to the fortifications, in making new levies of troops, and in building new vessels. The time cannot be distant, when the consuls of Europe will be massacred at Algiers, the merchants settled there thrown into chains, and when new swarms of corsairs will infest the seas, and renew their system of piracy.

It is not by bombardment, a measure cruel, because useless, that the Barbary States must be punished; it is by an armed establishment fixed among them. The piratical governments must

be deprived of a country which they are unworthy to govern; the Moors must be rendered happy, instead of being punished for crimes which are not theirs, and which attach only to their masters. The whole tenor of history seems to prove that there is no region in the world, the conquest of which would be easier than that of Mauritania, since it has scarcely ever been attempted without succeeding. The Romans attacked Africa in the centre, and, after conquering Carthage, extended themselves along the two shores, and reduced Numidia and Mauritania into Roman provinces. The Vandals entered by the strait of Cadiz, and placed it entirely under their yoke, extending from west to east. Belisarius, with the Greeks, who called themselves Romans, attacked it anew in the centre, setting out from the ports of Sicily; he destroyed the power of the Vandals, and restored to Justinian those vast provinces, which it seemed ought no longer to belong to an empire so much weakened. Three times, in short, Africa was conquered from east to west by the Arabs; in 647, by Abdallah and Zobeir; in 667, by Akbah, lieutenant of the caliph Moaviah; and in 692, by Hassan, the governor of Egypt, for the caliph Abdalmalek. It appears to me, that none of these armies of conquerors ever exceeded forty thousand men.

The French and Spaniards had not, it is true, equal success in their attempts upon Africa. But the religious fanaticism which adds to the bravery of the soldier, almost always misleads the prudence of the captain. Nothing less than a miracle would have been necessary to render successful the expedition of St. Louis against Tunis in 1270; accordingly, it was a miracle which that pious king expected. The conquests of the Portuguese and Spaniards, at the end of the fifteenth and the commencement of the sixteenth centuries, were the work of a handful of men, whose success greatly exceeded the means by which it was attained, till the period when Charles V. wholly occupied by another train of ambition, renounced the empire which his predecessors had been on the point of founding in Mauritania.

The Spaniards had conquered Oran and Bugia, and had in 1509 rendered the kings of Algiers and Tremecen tributary; but the greatest obstacle to their success was found in the ferocity of their chiefs, and the fanaticism of their soldiers and priests. Their ge-

nerals deluged the shore of Africa with blood; they acted with so much perfidy and intolerance, that they united against themselves the various nations of Mauritania. They had found them divided, as they now are, and all equally ready to shake off a yoke which was insupportable to them, if another yoke, still heavier and more abhorred, had not been offered in exchange. It is well known what resentment was cherished by the Moors against the odious Hugh de Moncade, who boasted of having belonged to the school of Cæsar Borgia, whose vices he possessed without his good qualities. Philippino Doria, ready to give him battle, hesitated not to set loose from chains the Moors of his own galleys, and to give them arms. These ruffians, still covered with the blows which they had received from the Genoese, for whom they were going to fight, darted forward, half naked, and with sabre in hand, against the galley of the cruel viceroy of Naples; and they gratified their thirst for the blood of him who has shed so much on the coast of Africa.

Good policy, which is that of humanity, of benevolence, of religious toleration, will always easily separate the Moors, the Berebers, the Bedouin Arabs, and the cultivating Arabs, at the foot of Mount Atlas, from the Turks their oppressors. The latter are brave, it is true, but ignorant in the art of war; and European tactics secure to an able captain an immense superiority over such soldiers, notwithstanding the greatest disproportion of numbers. The glorious campaigns in Egypt prove it. M. Pananti would not wish the conquest of Africa to be attempted with less than a hundred thousand men. It is sad to think, that while so many hundreds of thousands have been put in motion by narrow and false views of ambition, by jealousy, by vengeance, and to stop the career of civilization, there is perhaps no chance that Europe will find a hundred thousand for a plan of conquest which humanity and philosophy could approve. Yet he calls for the formation of an European league to deliver Africa;—but we know what is the usual fate of leagues; how each member claims all the profit and all the honour of the enterprise, throwing upon others all the labour and danger. In an invasion of Africa, negotiation would be still more important than arms, since it would, first of all, be necessary to persuade the people, that their oppressors only were

to be attacked, and that the conquerors would respect their religion, their manners, their rights, and their happiness. But the contradictory projects of numerous allies, their injudicious measures, and their secret jealousies, would unquestionably thwart every negotiation.

Must we then banish every hope of redress to the land of chimeras, or, which is almost the same thing, to that of memory? We do not think so. France, Italy, and Spain, are particularly exposed to the provocations of the Barbary States. One of these nations, should it regain the vigour it once possessed, would be sufficient, with only a part of its force, to effect the conquest of Africa. In looking forward to an era which cannot be distant, though nothing yet shows its near approach, it is not useless to recall without ceasing the outrages of the piratical governments, to fix the attention of the public upon the advantages, and the probable success of a descent upon Africa; and to form such an opinion in Europe, that the moment a sovereign, from a just sense of offended dignity, should undertake a serious war against the Barbary States, no other would think it lawful to oppose him in so noble an enterprise. Under this point of view, M. Pananti appears to us, by his work, to have deserved well of humanity.

DUMB CREATURES.

All the notice that we lords of the creation vouchsafe to bestow on *dumb creatures*, is generally to abuse them. It is well, therefore, that here and there a man should be found a little womanish, or perhaps a little childish, in this matter, who will make some amends, by kissing and coaxing, and laying them in one's bosom. You remember the little ewe lamb mentioned by the prophet Nathan: the prophet perhaps invented the tale, for the sake of its application to David's conscience; but it is more probable, that God inspired him with it for that purpose. If he did, it amounts to a proof that he does not overlook, but, on the contrary much notices such little particularities and kindnesses to his *dumb creatures*, as we, because we articulate, are pleased to call them.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WERNER.

By M. Héron de Villefosse, Inspector of the Royal Corps of Mines, Associate of the Royal Academy of Sciences, &c. From *Annales des Mines*, Deuxième Livraison, 1817.

[SOME writers in this country, says the Editor of the Edinburgh Magazine, have more than once attempted to persuade the public, that the late illustrious Werner was a mere visionary, or, at best, a man fitted only for establishing distinctions amongst minerals. They have denied to him all originality of views in regard to the structure and formation of the earth,—his mode of investigating and tracing the connexions and relations of rocks and minerals, has been held in derision, and his talents as a useful practical miner, have been altogether disregarded. This presumption and ignorance have not failed to call forth the indignation of all those interested in the advancement of one of the most important departments of natural knowledge, and the attacks of Chenevix, and other philosophers, have been triumphantly answered by the general adoption of Werner's views in this island, and by the establishment of Societies,* whose object is not the support of any particular theory of the earth, but the investigation of its structure and composition, according to the method first pointed out by Werner. The members of these distinguished associations have, within a few years, brought before the public a vast body of important information in regard to the mineralogical structure of this island, which cannot fail to be of the greatest utility to the country in general, by the clue it will afford to the miner in his researches after useful minerals. This, indeed, is another proof of the value of Werner's ideas, that lead not, as has been contemptuously remarked, always into the mazes of German metaphysics, or physics,—but to those objects that add to the greatness of a country, and to the comforts of its population. Werner, indeed, was the most learned miner of his time, he was the greatest benefactor to the important art of mining the world ever saw,—from his lecture-room proceeded all the most accomplished miners of the time when he flourished,—and these valuable men carried from Freyberg to the farthest corners of the earth, an admiration of the virtues and of the extraordinary talents and acquirements of their illustrious master. It affords us much pleasure to have it in our power to add to our feeble testimony of the splendid talents of the ever to be regretted and excellent Werner, that of his pupil, M. Villefosse, one of the most eminent scientific and practical miners in France.]

* Wernerian Natural History Society,—Geological Society of London,
—Royal Geological Society of Cornwall.

Several months have elapsed since the journals announced the death of M. Werner, Member of the Council of Mines of Freyberg, in Saxony, Knight of the Royal Order of Merit, and Foreign Associate of the Royal Institute of France. More than one voice, doubtless, has been raised in Germany to pay homage to the talents and the virtues of this illustrious German. In many a subterranean mine-work the miners of Saxony will have been already melted into tears by the melancholy words, "Our Werner is no more!" This simple announcement must have excited the most lively regrets even in the remotest countries, where the success of the mines was in a great measure the result of the labours of Werner, as it will be, during many ages, the finest monument of his glory.

In one point of view, it would be of great advantage that Werner should be still better known in France than he generally is. For a long time, indeed, the reputation of the professor of Freyberg has been, so to speak, classical among the French mineralogists, but it appears to be confined to the cabinets of our men of science, and has scarcely found its way into our mines. This, however, in its proper place; it is from thence that we now propose to do homage to the memory of this true friend of the miners, who consecrated his life to the advancement of their extensive, important, and arduous labours, and who has thus acquired an incontestable right to the gratitude of every country which possesses mines.

Born about the middle of the last century in the iron-work of which his father was proprietor, in the vicinity of Werhau, in Lusatia, Werner perceived, almost from his infancy, that the miners stood in need of a guide capable of leading them into new luminous paths,—of enabling them to distinguish mineral substances with promptitude and certainty,—of enlightening them in their researches, and in all their labours,—of collecting, comparing, and classifying the facts observed in the bosom of the earth;—in short, of forming, for the benefit of the mines of all countries, a common treasure of acquired knowledge. He resolved to be that guide, and he speedily became so.

Having been appointed an officer of the mines at Freyberg, he constantly directed his studies towards that association which he

had proposed to himself to effect between the practice of the art of mining, and the numerous sciences from which it may derive assistance. Werner, from observations on the mountains and mines of Saxony, anticipated, in some measure, the identity of structure which has been since observed in so many countries, in the rocks and mineral masses which constitute the exterior crust of our globe. From that time the mines of the whole world presented themselves to his mind as a *subterraneous country*, where the same general principles ought to prevail,—where the same terms of art, whatever might be the difference of idioms, ought to facilitate a useful correspondence not only between the miners of all countries, but also, and above all, between the man of science and the workman. It was in the school of the mines of Freyberg, founded by the king of Saxony in the year 1766, that Werner occupied himself incessantly in laying down these principles, and fixing that language. He succeeded in this in the happiest manner, by attaching a precise and intelligible meaning to the expressions employed by him in describing objects, by adopting almost always the terms of common language: and he often did not even disdain to employ the phraseology in familiar use among the workmen.

To produce this important revolution in the art of mining, which has for a long time made Freyberg be regarded as the metropolis of that *subterranean country*, Werner has published two works, neither of which exceeds a small volume in duodecimo. The first treats of the knowledge of minerals according to their external appearance, the second of the arrangement of the repositories of minerals in the bosom of the earth.

These works, originally written in German, have been translated into almost every language, and particularly into French.* The principles of the first have been developed, with their application, in the "*Traité de Mineralogie*," which M. Brochant, chief engineer of the mines of France, has published, according to the school of Werner; the second has been the subject of a ju-

* The works above alluded to are, the Treatise on the External Character of Minerals, of which we have an English translation by Mr. Weaver of Dublin, the other is the work on the Natural History of Veins, which has been translated by Dr. Anderson of Leith.

dicious analysis, which M. Coquebert de Montbret has inserted in the *Journal de Mines*, No. 18, and for a complete translation of which we are indebted to the principal engineer Daubuisson. The peculiar excellence of these two works of Werner is, that they are quite intelligible to every miner. They have been sometimes compared with the works of other scientific mineralogists, but to be convinced that there is no room for such a comparison, it is sufficient to consider that the objects of these authors were very different. Werner wished to enlighten practical men; he wished to promote the prosperity of those mines and iron-works, which are the chief resource of so many countries; for that purpose, Werner brought down science to the level of the workman, who gratefully seized the hand held out to his assistance. If, on the contrary, he had attempted to lead the workman to the heights of science, the latter would have refused to follow his steps.

It is not only by his writings that Werner has deserved well of the *subterranean country*, by rendering science popular there; as a professor, equally skilful and indefatigable, he taught during many years in the school of mines at Freyberg, the knowledge of simple minerals (*oryctognosy*), of rocks, and of the repositories of minerals (*geognosy*); the art of working mines and of conducting iron-works. Those who were destined to direct the most celebrated establishments, not only in Germany, but also in distant countries, crowded to his lectures; and the audience of the professor of Freyberg had the appearance of a congress of miners from every nation.

His pupils, who all loved as much as they admired him, were soon dispersed throughout the mines of almost every country, full of ardour for the prosperity of these works, and possessed of the knowledge necessary to secure it. Every where they established by their success the utility of the doctrines of Werner. His school was no longer confined to Freyberg, but extended throughout all the mines of the world; and the result of that sort of apostleship which was exercised in the name of Werner alone, by so great a number of his most distinguished scholars, is, that his principles and his language have become familiar to the practical miners of almost every country, from the mines of the Altaian mountains, even to those of Mexico.

Many Frenchmen had the happiness of studying under Werner in the school of Freyberg. MM. Brochant de Villiers, Daubuisson, de Bonnard, chief engineers of mines, have enjoyed this advantage, as well as the author of the present Notice; and many others of our countrymen. None of us can recollect without emotion the engaging frankness with which Werner welcomed Frenchmen. In the journeys which he made to Paris, our most illustrious Savans had themselves an opportunity of appreciating all the amiable qualities which that celebrated man united to the depth and variety of his knowledge.

May the homage which we pay to his memory in a Journal devoted to the service of the mines of France, contribute to the success of the efforts which the royal corps of engineers of mines have already made, and of those which they still contemplate, for the purpose of giving to the French workmen the benefit of that practical knowledge for which so many foreigners are indebted to the instructions of Werner.

ARREST OF THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GERVAIS BY THE IN- QUISITION OF BARCELONA.

(From Stockdale's *History of the Inquisitions*.)

"AFTER dinner, I went to take a walk on that beautiful terrace which extends along the port, in that part called *Barcellona*. The sides of this walk, which is named the *Lonja*, are adorned with fine buildings. I was tranquilly enjoying this delightful place and the serene evening of a fine day, wrapped in dreams of my projects, of my future destiny, and of the beautiful Seraphine. The sweetly pensive shades of twilight had began to veil the face of the sky, when, on a sudden, six men surrounded and commanded me to follow them. I replied by a firm refusal; whereupon one of them seized me by the collar; I instantly assailed him with a violent blow upon the face, which caused him to bellow with pain; in an instant the whole band pressed on me so closely that I was obliged to draw my sword. I fought as long as I was able, but,

not being possessed of the strength of Antæus or Hercules, I was at last compelled to yield. The ruffians endeavoured to inspire me with respect and dread of them by saying that they were familiars of the Holy Office, and advised me to surrender, that I might escape disgrace and harsh treatment. I submitted to force, and I was taken to the prison of the Inquisition.

"As soon as I found myself within the talons of these vultures, I began to ask myself what was my crime, and what I had done to incur the censure of this hateful tribunal. Have these jacobin monks, said I, succeeded to the Druids, who called themselves the agents of the deity, and arrogated to themselves the right of excommunicating and putting to death their fellow-citizens? My complaints were lost in empty air.

"On the following day, a Dominican, shrouded in hypocrisy, and with a tongue of deceit, came to conjure me, by the bowels of Jesus Christ, to confess my faults, in order to the attainment of my liberty. 'Confess your own faults first,' said I to him, 'ask pardon of God for your hypocrisy and injustice. By what right do you arrest a gentleman, a native of France, who is exempted from the jurisdiction of your infernal tribunal, and who has done nothing in violation of the laws of this country?'—'Oh, Holy Virgin,' said he, 'you make me tremble! I will go and pray to God in your behalf, and I hope he will open your eyes and turn your heart.' 'Go pray to the devil,' said I to myself, 'he is your only divinity.'

"However, on that same day, Mr. Aubert, having in vain waited for me at the dinner hour, sent to the hotel to inquire about me. The landlord informed him that I had disappeared on the preceding evening, that my luggage still remained in his custody, but that he was entirely ignorant what was become of me. This obliging gentleman, uneasy for my fate, made inquiries concerning me over the whole city, but without being able to gain the smallest intelligence. Astonished at this circumstance, he began to suspect that some indiscretion on my part might have drawn upon me the vengeance of the Holy Office, with whose spirit and conduct he was perfectly acquainted. He begged of the captain-general to demand my enlargement. The Inquisitors denied the fact of my detention, with the utmost effrontery of false-

hood; but Mr. Aubert, not being able to discover any other probable cause for my disappearance, persisted in believing me to be a prisoner in the Holy Office.

"Next day, the familiars came to conduct me before the three Inquisitors; they presented me with a yellow mantle to put on, but I disdainfully rejected this satanic livery. However, they persuaded me that submission was the only means by which I could hope to recover my liberty. I appeared, therefore, clad in yellow, with a wax taper in my hand, before these three priests of Pluto. In the chamber was displayed the banner of the Holy Office, on which were represented a gridiron, a pair of pincers, and a pile of wood, with these words, *Justice, Charity, Mercy*. What an atrocious piece of irony! I was tempted, more than once, to singe, with my blazing taper, the hideous visage of one of these jacobins, but my good genius prevented me. One of them advised me, with an air of mildness, to confess my sins. 'My great sin,' replied I, 'is to have entered a country where the priests trample humanity under foot, and assume the cloak of religion to persecute virtue and innocence.'

"'Is that all you have to say?' 'Yes, my conscience is free from alarm and from remorse. Tremble if the regiment to which I belong should hear of my imprisonment: they would trample over ten regiments of Spaniards to rescue me from your barbarity.' 'God alone is master; our duty is to watch over his flock as faithful shepherds; our hearts are afflicted at it; but you must return to your prison, until you think proper to make a confession of your fault.' I then retired, casting upon my judges a look of contempt and indignation.

"As soon as I returned to my prison, I most anxiously considered what could be the cause of this severe treatment. I was far from suspecting that it could be owing to my answer to the mendicant friar concerning the Virgin and her lights.* However, Mr. Aubert, being persuaded that the Inquisition alone had been the

* "A mendicant having come to his chamber, with a purse, begging him to contribute something for the lights or tapers to be lighted in honour of the Virgin, he replied, 'My good father, the Virgin has no need of lights, she needs only go to bed at an early hour.' St. Gervais, *Voyage en Espagne*," page 135, vol. 1.

cause of my disappearance, placed spies upon all their steps. One of them informed him that three monks, of the Dominican order, were about to set out for Rome, being deputed to the conventual assembly which was to be held there. He immediately wrote to M. de Cholet, commandant at Perpignan, to inform him how I had disappeared, of his suspicions as to the cause, and of the passage of the three jacobins through Perpignan, desiring him to arrest them, and not to set them at liberty till I should be released.

“ M. de Cholet embraced, with alacrity, this opportunity of vengeance, and issued orders, at the gates of the town, to seize the three reverend personages. They arrived about noon, in high spirits and with keen appetites; and demanded of the centinel, which was the best hotel. The officer of the guard presented himself, and informed them that he was commissioned to conduct them to the commandant of the place, who would provide for their lodging and entertainment. The monks rejoiced at this lucky windfall, overflowed with acknowledgments, and declared they could not think of incommoding the commandant. ‘ Come, good fathers, M. de Cholet is determined to do you the honours of the city.’ In the mean time he provided them an escort of four soldiers and a serjeant. The fathers marched along with joy, congratulating one another and delighted with the politeness of the French. ‘ Good fathers,’ said M. de Cholet, ‘ I am delighted to have you in this city, I expected you impatiently. I have provided you a lodging.’ ‘ Ah Mr. commandant, you are too good, we are undeserving.’ ‘ Pardon me, have you not, in your prison at Barcelona, a French officer, the chevalier de St. Gervais?’ ‘ No, Mr. commandant, we have never heard of any such person.’ ‘ I am sorry for that, for you are to be imprisoned, and to live upon bread and water, until this officer be forthcoming.’ The reverend fathers, exceedingly irritated, exclaimed against this violation of the law of nations, and then said that they resigned themselves to the will of Heaven, and that the commandant should answer before God and the pope for the persecution which he was about to exercise against members of the Church. ‘ Yes,’ said the commandant, ‘ I take the responsibility upon myself; meanwhile you will repair to the citadel.’

"Now behold the three hypocrites, in a narrow prison, condemned to the regimen of the Pauls and the Hilaries, uttering the loudest exclamations against the system of fasting and the commandant. Every day, the purveyor, when he brought them their pitcher of water and portion of bread, demanded whether they had any thing to declare relative to the French officer. For three days they persisted in returning a negative, but at length, the cries, not of their consciences, but of their stomachs, and their weariness of this mode of life, overcame their obstinacy. They begged an interview with M. de Cholet, who instantly waited upon them.

"They confessed that a young French officer was confined in the prison of the Holy Office, on account of the impious language he had held respecting the Virgin. 'Undoubtedly he has acted wrong,' said Mr. de Cholet, 'but allow the Virgin to avenge herself. Write word to Barcelona to set this gentleman at liberty. In the interim I will keep you as hostages, but I will mitigate your sufferings, and your table shall be less frugally supplied.' The monks immediately wrote word to give liberty to the accursed Frenchman.

"During this interval, vexations, impatience and weariness, took possession of my soul, and made me weary of life. At length the Inquisition, reading their brethren's letter, perceived themselves under the necessity of releasing their prey. One of them came to inform me that, in consideration of my youth, and of my being a native of France, the Holy Office had come to a determination to set me free, but that they required me, for the future, to have more respect for La Madonna, the mother of Jesus Christ. 'Most reverend father,' replied I, 'the French have always the highest respect for the ladies.' Uttering these words, I rushed towards the door, and, when I got into the street, I felt as if I were raised from the tomb once more to life."

SCHOOL FUND IN NEW-JERSEY.

The state fund in New-Jersey, for the support of free schools, amounted to ninety-nine thousand four hundred and fourteen dollars.

RETURN OF THE PERSIAN EMBASSY.

(From Morier's *Second Journey*.*)

THE Persian ambassador, whom I had conducted to England, by Turkey and the Mediterranean, in 1809, and who was known here by the name of Mirza Abul Hassan, to which has since been added the title of Khan, was now to return to his own country. It was settled that he should accompany a British mission to Persia; and preparations were accordingly made for the reception of the two ambassadors, with their respective suits, on board the *Lion*, 64, capt. Heathcote,—the same ship which, eighteen years before, had carried lord Macartney to China.

A Persian, who had been feasted and exhibited in London for nine months, and had seen all its objects of curiosity, might almost have exclaimed, on his return to Persia, in the words of his countryman in Montesquieu, *Jamais homme n'a tant été vu que moi*. But a scene of new and distinct adventures was still interposed between him and his home; and he was to complete his probation by passing seven months on the sea,—an element to which he had all the antipathy of his ancestors. It must be remembered, to their honour, that no set of men ever submitted to such a trial with more resignation, or indeed with a better grace, than the ambassador and his suite. They all left London with lively emotions of grief; many of them shed tears as they took leave of their English friends,—who, on their part, appeared to be equally affected. Several would willingly have remained in England; and one in particular, who had been struck with the quiet and security of an Englishman's life, compared to that of a Persian, exclaimed, that he could not wish for a better paradise than Chelsea hospital

* A Second Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople, between the years 1810 and 1816. With a journal of the voyage by the Brazils and Bombay, to the Persian Gulf. Together with an account of the proceedings of his majesty's embassy, under his excellency sir George Ouseley, Bart. K. L. S. By James Morier, Esq. late his majesty's secretary of embassy, and minister plenipotentiary to the court of Persia.

where, for the remainder of his days, he could sit under the trees, do nothing, and drink as much porter as he liked.

The Persian embassy consisted of Mirza Abul Hassan, envoy-extraordinary, and of eight servants of different capacities:—Kerbelai Hassan, a nazir or steward, who also acted as cook; Abbas Beg, a scribe; Hussein and Haushim, valets-de-chambre; Mahomed Ali Beg, Mahomed Rakheem Beg, jelowdars or grooms; and Abdallah and Saudik, ferashes or spreaders of carpets.

RIO DI JANEIRO.—*From the same.*

We passed a fortnight at Rio di Janeiro, in the various employments of public visits and public dinners; and in the examination of the more curious objects in the town and its environs. The place is large, and well built for a colonial town; possessing several handsome churches and large monasteries. It ought, therefore, to afford a much better residence for the prince regent than the mean palace which he at present inhabits. It is not fortified, but has several detached works to protect its harbour; the most considerable of which is the castle of Santa Cruz, at the entrance, and a smaller castle on an island nearer the anchorage abreast of the town. Over the town on an eminence, is a fortification called the citadel; and another on the Isola das Cabros: however, nothing appeared sufficiently formidable to save the town from the dangers of a bombardment from the sea. A great quantity of fruit is produced in the gardens around the city, and much is also brought from the villages. Its oranges are highly esteemed; some of which, containing within them an incipient orange, were sent as a present from the prince regent to the ambassadors. They have all the tropical fruits here: but the mango and the pine-apple are said to be inferior to those of the East-Indies. Meat and poultry are dear; and we had great difficulty in recruiting our sea stock of the latter. Black pigs were to be seen in great abundance; and we observed a race of disgusting-looking dogs,—without hair, with a black skin, long body, long muzzle, short and crooked legs, and a long curling tail,—ranging about through all the filth of the streets, and apparently without masters.

Indeed, after England, we found the filth of St. Sebastian, and its inhabitants, quite disgusting. Even the Persians could exult;

for, with great truth, they said that their towns were clean to what they saw here. It must, however, be allowed, that this is greatly owing to the negro community, who are so much more numerous than the other classes; and who, in certain emergencies, have scarcely a restriction beyond that of the brute creation. Of this we could too well judge, because the Campo di Lampedosa, the large square that was situated before our house, was so constantly infested by them, at all hours of the day, that guards were placed to keep them at a distance.

During the time we were at the Brazils, the slave trade was in its full vigour; and a visit to the slave market impressed us more with the iniquity of this traffic, than any thing that could be said or written on the subject. On each side of the street where the market was held, were large rooms, in which the negroes were kept; and during the day, they were seen in melancholy groupes, waiting to be delivered from the hands of the trader, whose dreadful economy might be traced in their persons, which, at that time, were little better than skeletons. If such were their state on shore, with the advantages of air and space, what must have been their condition on board the ship that brought them hither? It is not unfrequent that slaves escape to the woods; where they are almost as frequently retaken. When this is the case, they have an iron-collar put about their necks, with a long hooked arm extending from it, to impede their progress through the woods, in case they should abscond a second time. Yet, amidst all this misery, it was pleasing to observe the many negroes who frequented the churches; and to see them, in form and profession at least, making part of a christian congregation.

We saw few of the aborigines, for they shun, rather than court, their rulers. Those we saw were of a low stature, of a coppery red colour, with jet-black hair, high cheek-bones, turned up noses, and broad unexpressive faces. The queen of a tribe, said to be cannibals, that bordered on the Portuguese possessions, was shown to us: her countenance was terrific. She was a prisoner, and attempts were made to humanise her; but hitherto, we were assured, without much success. The proportion of blacks to pure European whites, at St. Sebastian, is as nine to one: they have,

however, so intermarried, that there are complexions to be found of all tints, from downright black to dirty white brown.

ASTROLOGY.—*From the same.*

It was now near two years since the Persian ambassador had quitted his country; and as it was of great importance that he should set foot upon it under the most favourable auspices, he waited until the astrologers had fixed upon a lucky moment, which was at three hours after sunrise on the following morning, viz. the 3d of March. At that hour he quitted the Lion, with all the honours due to his rank; and when arrived close to the beach, he evinced a feeling that does credit both to his heart and understanding. Owing to the want of a regular landing place, he was obliged to be carried out of the boat on men's shoulders. A number of Persians pressed round him, offering their services; but he refused them, and desired that the English sailors might bear him on shore, saying, by them he had been brought thus far, and by them he would be landed,—a sort of attention well calculated to gain the hearts of the sailors.

Almost every town in Persia has its *munajem*, or astrologer; and frequently great men have one attached to their person, who regulates all the actions of their lives. It will be seen, during the course of this narrative, of what universal influence this dependence upon the aspect of the heavenly bodies has upon the lives of the Persians,—a custom which can only be accounted for by antiquity. The belief in astrology is not so universal with the Turks, who are greater predestinarians than the Persians; and, consequently take less precautions to avert what futurity might have in store for them.

ASPECT OF PERSIA.—*From the same.*

It would, perhaps, be impossible to give to an inhabitant of London a correct idea of the first impressions made upon the European stranger on his landing in Persia. Accustomed, as his eye has been, to neatness, cleanliness, and a general appearance of convenience in the exteriors of life, he feels a depression of spirits in beholding the very contrary. Instead of houses with high roofs, well glazed and painted, and in neat rows, he finds them low, flat-roof-

ed, without windows, placed in little connexion. In vain he looks for what his idea of a street may be: he makes his way through the narrowest lanes, incumbered with filth, dead animals, and mangy dogs. He hears a language totally new to him, spoken by a people whose looks and dress are equally extraordinary. Instead of our smooth chins and tight dresses, he finds rough faces, masked with beards and mustachios, in long flapping clothes. He sees no active people walking about, with an appearance of something to do; but here and there he meets a native just crawling along in slip-shod shoes. When he seeks the markets and shops, a new and original scene opens upon him. Little open sheds in rows, between which is a passage, serving as a street, of about eight feet in breadth, are to be seen, instead of our closely-shut shops, with windows gayly decked. Here the vender sits, surrounded with his wares. In a country where there is so little apparent security of property, it is surprising how a man so easily exposes his goods to the pilfer of rogues. Comparisons might be made without end; but, however distressing the transition from great civilization to comparative barbarity may be, yet it is certain that first impressions soon wear off, and that the mind receives a new accession of feelings, adapted precisely to the situation in which it is placed.

RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS.—*From the same.*

I went early in the morning to the ruins, which were situated about a mile from my habitation, attended by the stone-cutters. Considering the quantity of sculptured remains that had fallen from their original positions, and which were spread about the ruins in great profusion, I did not hesitate to appropriate such parts of them as seemed the most fitting to be sent to England. The most interesting part of the ruins, in point of sculptured detail, is certainly the front of the stair-case, which leads to the great hall of columns; and here I found many fallen pieces, corresponding to those still erect. I caused one large stone to be turned, upon which was sculptured the busts of two large figures. It was impossible to carry away the whole block, as I had no other mode of conveyance than the backs of mules and asses; consequently, the two figures were obliged to be separated: but, unfortunately,

a vein running across the upper part of the stone, the head-dress of one of the figures was broken off in the operation. The Persians do not know the use of the saw in stone-cutting; therefore my dissections were performed in a very rude manner. I was lucky to find the commencement of the arrow-headed inscription, the termination of which Le Bruyn has given in his drawings: so, if this character should ever be deciphered, we should be in possession of the whole of the inscription. I perceived the angle of a block just appearing on the surface of the ground, opposite to that part of the inscription which is now remaining, and concluded it must be the commencement of it. It may be imagined how happy I was to find, after the long toil of digging it up, that my conclusion was well founded.

Both Le Bruyn and Chardin have only given one line of figures on the left of the stair-case; but, as it was evident that, in order to complete the symmetry, there must have been the same number on the left as there are on the right, I hired some labourers from the surrounding villages, and made them dig. To my great delight, a second row of figures, highly preserved, were discovered; the details of whose faces, hair, dresses, arms, and general character, seemed but as the work of yesterday. The faces of all the figures to the right of the stair-case are mutilated,—which must be attributed to the bigotry of the first Mussulmans who invaded Persia; those of the newly-discovered figures are quite perfect, which shows that they must have been covered before the Saracen invasion: the nicety of their preservation would lead one to suppose that they had been so protected for many ages before that invasion.

On comparing Le Bruyn's, Chardin's, and Niebuhr's drawings with the sculptures, I found them in general correct in outline, but imperfect in the details of dress, arms, &c. Although the figures are in themselves ill-proportioned, inelegant, and deficient in anatomical drawing, yet they are prodigiously interesting in general character, and have not been done justice to in the works of those travellers. They furnish the best models of what were the nations that invaded Greece with Xerxes, and that were subdued by Alexander.

AMEEN-AD-DOWLAH.—*From the same.*

As the modern state of Ispahan is in great measure identified with the Ameen-ad-Dowlah, and as his history gives great insight into the vicissitudes of Persian life, the following account of him may, I hope, be found acceptable. He was originally a green-grocer in Ispahan, of which city he and his family are natives. His first rise from this humble station was to become the Ket Khoda (or deputy) of his *mahal*, or division; his next, to become that of a larger mahal. He then was promoted to be the *Kelantir* (or mayor) of the city; and thence he became the *Thaubit* (or chief) of a rich and extensive district near Ispahan, where he acquired great reputation for his good government. He afterwards made himself acceptable in the eyes of the late king, by a large *pecesh-kesh*, or present; and, as the then governor of Ispahan was a man of dissolute life, oppressive and unjust, he succeeded in deposing him, and was himself appointed the *Beglerbeg*. Here, from his intimate knowledge of the markets, and of all the resources of the city, and of its inhabitants, he managed to create a larger revenue than had ever before been collected. He became the partner of every shopkeeper, of every farmer, and of every merchant: setting up those with capitals who were in want, and increasing the means of others who were already in trade. He thus appeared to confer benefits, when, by his numerous monopolies, he raised the prices of almost every commodity. But, as this revenue was apparently acquired without the oppression of the peasant, his reputation as a financier greatly increased; and in spite of all the opposition of his enemies, he advanced rapidly in the confidence of the reigning monarch and in the honours to which it led. When the present king came to the throne, his zeal, his devotedness, and particularly his presents, secured to him a continuation of the royal favour; and at length he rose to be the Ameen-ad-Dowlah, the second vizier of the state. How he acquired the riches which first enabled him to emerge from his green-grocer's stall, is not exactly known. His enemies say, that during the last civil wars in Persia, a string of Jaafer Khan's mules were passing close to his house, in the middle of the night, when two of them by chance were detached from the rest; that they strayed into his yard; and that they happened to be loaded with effects in precious stones,

and other articles of great value; which, on the subsequent destruction of that prince, he appropriated to himself. This would make a good episode in an Arabian night's tale; and, at any rate, it may be said, that by these, or some other means, he made presents to Meerza Shefea, then the prime minister, for the sake of being permitted to stand in his presence.

There cannot be a stronger instance than he is, of the few qualifications, either of birth or learning, that are necessary to become a statesman in Persia. He is as illiterate as a green-grocer may well be supposed. Since his elevation, necessity has obliged him to learn how to read and write; but he has succeeded so ill, that he can scarcely make out a common note, or join two words together in writing. That "a little learning is a dangerous thing," was never better applied than to him: for once, at an audience of the king, being called upon to read a list of presents just received, he made so great a mistake, that his majesty grew wroth, and was about to inflict summary punishment, when he got out of the dilemma by offering on the spot a large sum of money, as an apology for his ignorance. Sancho managed these things better.

But in his particular department, that of raising money to feed the king's coffers, perhaps no man in Persia has ever surpassed him; and with all this, we found the people of Ispahan, from whom the greater part of the riches are derived, in general very well disposed towards him. He takes a pride in the improvement of the city and its environs; and his success is evident to my eye, since I was here last. The public buildings have been repaired and beautified, new avenues have been planted, the cultivation has considerably increased, and there is a more general appearance of affluence and prosperity.

Men are too much like restive horses, proud of their power and strength, they resist opposition and coercive treatment; but a little gentle stroking, a few coaxing manœuvres, rarely fail of producing the desired effect, both on man and beast.

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

On looking over the documents respecting the Bank, communicated to Congress at the present session, the most important appears to be that which gives a statement of the debts due to the bank at Philadelphia, and its several branches. From that statement we abstract the following account of debts now due for bills discounted at the bank and its branches respectively, viz.

At Philadelphia,	-	-	-	\$8,834,089 62
Portsmouth,	-	-	-	232,962 48
Boston,	-	-	-	410,257
Providence,	-	-	-	471,683 46
Middletown,	-	-	-	384,118 34
New York,	-	-	-	4,943,884 35
Baltimore,	-	-	-	8,482,379 77
Washington,	-	-	-	1,505,963 75
Richmond,	-	-	-	2,608,170 93
Norfolk,	-	-	-	1,286,673 23
Fayetteville,	-	-	-	623,379 70
Charleston,	-	-	-	2,681,709 33
Savannah,	-	-	-	1,083,247 04
Lexington,	-	-	-	1,656,247 41
Louisville,	-	-	-	1,034,513 18
Chillicothe,	-	-	-	631,211 99
Cincinnati,	-	-	-	1,863,529 63
New Orleans,	-	-	-	2,000,054 37
Pittsburg,	-	-	-	1,008,254 50

The total amount of notes issued by the bank and its branches has been 19,854,881 dolls. and the amount of said notes now on hand, at the bank and its branches, is 11,184,189 dolls. So that there remains in circulation notes to the amount of 8,670,692 dollars only.

AN old woman living on the boundaries of North and South Carolina, who, when the division line was designated, being informed that her house was on the North Carolina side, exclaimed, "I am *desput* glad, for I always heard that South Carolina was a mighty unhealthy place."

THE DRAMA.

FAZIO; OR, THE ITALIAN WIFE—A TRAGEDY. BY H. H. MILMAN.

WE have some difficulty in speaking of this tragedy. If we compare it with the wretched nothings that have reigned paramount in our theatres for these ten years past, we shall never have done praising it; but if we judge of it as of what it professes to be, "an attempt at reviving our old national drama," we shall never have done finding fault. Indeed this attempt to revive the old drama, has been the author's stumbling-block all through. He has powers that would have enabled him to construct a fine tragedy, if he had chosen to rely on them; but when he betrays a want of confidence in them, he must not wonder at their deserting him. Why should he have taken as a model "our national drama?" He might have gone a nearer and much surer way to work. There was still a better model to be found, the model from which the writers of that very drama constructed *their* everlasting works—nature. If Mr. Milman had studied nature as closely as he has the dramatists of the age of Elizabeth, he might have gone nigh to produce a work that should be to the nineteenth century what theirs were to the sixteenth and seventeenth; but, as it is, Fazio has the antiquated dress of the one, the stiff and constrained manners of the other, a body made up of something of each, and the soul of neither. There is a perpetual appearance of effort in this tragedy. The writer's poetry does not "ooze" from him "as a gum," but is distilled, drop by drop, by the alembic of art. He moves gracefully we admit; but he moves in fetters. In common life, the *endeavour* to be graceful, even if it succeed, always gives a tinge of affectation: and it does so in Fazio. We are never sure that the author is what he seems, or means what he says. In one word, he writes like an author.

To come to particulars, Bianca, the character which the author has laboured more than any other, is, perhaps for that very reason, the least of all to our taste. Mr. Milman endeavours to interest us in her favour, and yet he draws her with the two most fatal mental deformities that can befall a woman and a wife—selfishness and want of confidence. She loves Fazio, not because he deserves to be loved, not because he is *Fazio*, but because he is

her Fazio. After two years of undoubted and undoubting constancy and affection, when he but speaks of another woman, she suspects and threatens; she but conjectures that he is untrue to her, and instantly denounces him to justice, for crimes of which he was not guilty; she contemplates the murder of her own children, lest when she dies she should miss them in heaven—as if so violent and unfeminine a lady could find heaven any where! The character is drawn with considerable force and consistency; and we dare not say that it is an unnatural one: but we are sure that it is most unamiable. We mention this, because the author seems to think otherwise; and makes the whole interest of the piece depend on her. But he does not, we suppose, call this a part of his “attempt at reviving our old national drama.” Where will he find any hints at such traits of character among the females of that drama? We mean among those who are *intended* to be amiable. Is it in the divine Juliana, in the Double Marriage; or the divinely-human Aspasia, in the Maid’s Tragedy? Is it in Desdemona—the abused and injured, yet gentle, and obedient, and loving Desdemona?—She whose only answer to suspicion and outrage, is a renewed vow of love to the man who has inflicted them on her, even “though he should cast me off to beggarly divorcement;” and whose only return for a guiltless death at his hands, is expending her last breath in a wilful and deliberate falsehood to shield him from obloquy?—Is it in the quiet but deep-hearted Ophelia; or the gently heroical Imogen?—This “attempt at reviving our old national drama” was an unfortunate passage in Mr. Milman’s preface.

The character of Fazio is, with all its faults, more pleasing, and, we hope, more natural, than that of Bianca. His silent and deep repentance, his uncomplaining resignation, and, above all, his unupbraiding affection towards his wife, after the condemnation which she had brought upon him, almost make amends for his crimes. He utters no word of recrimination; but his first greeting, after her accusal of him, is “my own Bianca!” This is using “my own” in the true and beautiful sense of the words. How different from the meaning which she attaches to them in her peevish and passionate exclamations, when she but suspects

that he has injured her! "*My Fazio*"—mine own—mine only—not Aldabella's."

At present we have not room for further remarks on particular parts of this tragedy, except to say that all that is seen and heard of the short character of Bartolo seems to us to be totally unnatural and bad.

On reading what we have written, we find that by having been forced, against our will, to compare Fazio with works of such transcendent beauty in the same class, we have not conveyed any thing like so favourable an impression of it, or its author's talents, as we feel.

Some detached parts of it are very beautiful; such as the description of Aldabella in the first scene:

—————Aldabella!

The gracious! the melodious! oh, the words
Laugh'd on her lips; the motion of her smiles
Shower'd beauty, as the air-caress'd spray
The dews of morning; and her stately steps
Were light as though a winged angel trod
Over earth's flowers, and fear'd to brush away
Their delicate hues; ay, e'en her very robes
Were animate and breathing, as they felt
The presence of her loveliness spread around
Their thin and gauzy clouds, ministering freely
Officious duty on the shrine where nature
Hath lavish'd all her skill.

ACT 1, SCENE 1.

and the soliloquy of Bianca at the beginning of the third act:

Bian. Not all the night, not all the long, long night,
Not come to me! not send to me! not think of me!
Like an unrighteous and unburied ghost,
I wander up and down these long arcades
Oh, in our old, poor narrow home, if haply
He linger'd late abroad, domestic things
Close and familiar, crowded all around me;
The ticking of the clock, the flapping motion
Of the green lattice, the gray curtains' folds,
The hangings of the bed myself had wrought,
Yea, e'en his black and iron crucibles

Were to me as friends. But here, oh here,
 Where all is coldly, comfortlessly costly,
 All strange, all new in uncouth gorgeousness,
 Lofty and long, a wider space for misery—
 E'en my own footsteps on these marble floors
 Are unaccustom'd, unfamiliar sounds.——
 Oh, I am here so wearily miserable,
 That I should welcome my apostate Fazio
 Though he were ——

Now, but now

I went in to my children. The first sounds
 They murmur'd in their evil-dreaming sleep
 Was a faint mimicry of the name of father:
 I could not kiss them, my lips were so hot.
 The very household slaves are leagued against me,
 And do beset me with their wicked floutings,
 "Comes my lord home to-night?" and when I say
 "I know not," their coarse pity makes my heart-strings
 Throb with the agony.——

ACT III, SCENE 1.

and there are two or three fine touches of nature, particularly that where Bianca forgets the name of the old senator,—“him—him—him,” &c. Act III, scene 1;—and that where she keeps watching for the duke's order to seize the person of Fazio, and when it is given, rushes to the officer, and exclaims—

You'll find him at the marchesa Aldabella's;
 Bring him away—no mercy—no delay—
 Nay not an instant—not time for a kiss,
 A parting kiss. (*Aside.*) Now have I widow'd her,
 As she has widow'd me! Now come what will,
 Their curst entwining arms are riven asunder!

ACT III, SCENE 2.

Upon the whole, comparing it with the dramas of our own day, Fazio is undoubtedly superior to any that have been written for the stage, with the exception of miss *Baillie's* De Montfort, and perhaps Mr. *Coleridge's* Remorse; and quite equal to any that have been written for the closet only, with one exception—that of Count Julian, a work possessing rare and admirable beauties, though but little known, and most imperfectly appreciated.*

* Mr. Riley has just published the first Philadelphia, from the third London, edition of this tragedy.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Wm. Baldwin, M.D., a gentleman who has devoted much attention to the botany of our country, is preparing for the press *Miscellaneous Sketches of Georgia and East Florida*—to which will be added, a *Descriptive Catalogue of New Plants, with notices of the works of Pursh, Elliott, and Nuttall*; and an Appendix, containing some account of the *Vegetable Productions on the Rio de la Plata*.

Messrs. Carey & Son have published a *Description of the Character, Manners, and Customs of the People of India; and of their Institutions, Religious and Civil*. The author of this work, *Mons. J. A. Dubois*, as we learn from the *Edinburgh Review*, is one of those French emigrants who fled from their country during the storms of the revolution. He chose India for the place of his exile; and employed himself in the humble, but honourable and useful labours of a missionary. He himself informs us, that the present work was composed after "a residence of between seventeen and eighteen years among the people whom he describes, and a close and familiar intercourse with persons of every caste and condition of life, through the great number of districts which he had traversed." He adds: "during the long period that I remained amongst the natives, I made it my constant rule to live as they did; conforming myself exactly in all things to their manners, to their style of living and clothing, and even to most of their prejudices. In this way, I became quite familiar with the various tribes that compose the Indian nation, and acquired the confidence of those whose aid was most necessary for the purposes of my work." The abbé, with opportunities peculiar to himself, has been a pretty diligent observer, and bears all the marks of a sincere and faithful reporter. The manuscript of his work was offered to the Madras government, and by them very judiciously purchased; both because the author himself was destitute of the means of publishing it, and because the servants of the company, to whom the information it contained was of the highest value, have frequently so little means of acquiring it, that they must, in

many cases, remain in a state of the greatest ignorance, with regard to the people whose destiny is placed in their hands.

Nothing can be more laudable than the zeal with which the *Association for promoting the Discovery of the Interior parts of Africa*, has pursued the grand objects of that institution; yet the obstacles to its success are still so numerous and so formidable, that, aided though the members be by government, we dare hardly join Mr. Murray in the pleasing anticipation, "that in the course of fifteen or twenty years, Africa will lose its place in the list of unknown regions."* At all events, the progress of discovery in that continent will continue to be an object of peculiar interest to the friends of religion and science; and the humane exertions in its behalf, which have succeeded to the atrocities of the slave-trade, will, we may venture to hope, rapidly diffuse over this hitherto unfortunate portion of the globe the blessings of knowledge and civilization. Dr. Leyden, entering with the enthusiasm of genius and philanthropy into the views of this benevolent institution, undertook to "exhibit the progress of discoveries at this period in North and West Africa, by combining a delineation of the appearance of the country, an account of its native productions, a description of the peculiar manners of the African tribes, with a detail of the adventures of the travellers by whom these researches were accomplished." It was a subject in which his whole mind and soul were engaged; and for which he was peculiarly qualified, not merely by the romantic turn of his imagination, but by his unwearied patience of research, and by a vigour of intellect before which every obstacle gave way. His work, accordingly, soon attracted general admiration, and obtained a wide circulation, not only in Great Britain, but over the continent. It was translated into German, and is enumerated by Eichhorn among the most valuable materials for the African part of his learned work, entitled, "History of the Three last Centuries." It was only to

* Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa, by the late John Leyden, M.D., enlarged and completed to the present time; with illustrations of its Geography and Natural History, as well of the moral and social condition of its Inhabitants. By HUGH MURRAY, F.R.S. E. 8vo. pp. 512, 536. Edinburgh, 1817.

be regretted that his plan was too contracted; and he, himself, sensible of the defect, had undertaken a new edition of his work on a more extended scale to embrace the whole continent. His departure for India prevented the completion of this design; the task devolved on Mr. Murray, by whom the plan has been still further extended, so as not only to include the whole of Africa, but to trace the progress of discovery from the earliest ages; and the ability with which he has accomplished this arduous undertaking, leaves the public no room to regret that it has fallen into his hands. If Mr. Murray's pages do not glow with the same animated eloquence as those of his illustrious predecessor, they never fail to please us by perspicuity of narrative, and elegance of style. If he do not, with the same kindred enthusiasm, identify himself with the traveller whose adventures he is relating, he relates them with at least a warmth of interest in which his readers very readily sympathize. If his reflections do not always indicate the same comprehensive grasp of mind, they indicate at least a judgment clear, correct, and perfectly well-informed. His work is a most valuable accession to our geographical knowledge, and, if we may decide from the pleasure and information which it has imparted to ourselves, we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most agreeable and instructive collection of adventures and discoveries which, for many years, have been presented to the public.

Among the editors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the name of Dr. Thompson stands conspicuous. Of his indefatigable exertions in the pursuit of truth, the Supplement to this work gives some remarkable instances; though indeed all his investigations are conducted in a truly philosophical spirit. In the article *Brick-making*, he gives a hint which ought not to be neglected. He informs us, that he saw, at some of the iron founderies in Sweden, furnaces constructed of the scoriæ cast into bricks, which answered fully better than common bricks. "It would be easy," says he, "to make any quantity of such bricks in some of the large iron founderies of Great Britain. We are persuaded that such bricks might be brought into use for a variety of purposes, with great advantage, and might even constitute a lucrative article of manufacture. Bricks made from the scoriæ of iron and copper founde-

ries, would vie in beauty with marble and porphyry, and would possess a smoothness of surface, and a lustre, to which few marbles could reach."

A second memoir on *Babylon, containing an inquiry into the correspondence between the ancient descriptions of Babylon and the remains still visible on the site*; by C. J. RICH, Esq. will be published shortly. Also, a third edition of the first memoir on the *Ruins of Babylon*.

Mr. Southey has nearly ready for the press, *memoirs of the Life of John Wesley, the founder of the English Methodists*. It will be printed in two volumes octavo, and be illustrated by portraits of Wesley and Whitfield. Some time ago the Editor of the Port Folio saw a letter from this distinguished writer to a gentleman in this country, in which it was stated that the author was then engaged in writing a poem, of which the scenes and characters were drawn from the early history of Connecticut.

Mr. H. B. Fearon has published a volume of *Sketches of America*, being the narrative of a journey of more than five thousand miles through the Eastern and Western States, contained in eight Reports, addressed to the thirty-nine English families who deputed the author, in June, 1817, to ascertain whether any and what part of the United States would be suitable for their residence.

Our *Emigrant's Guide* has been republished in London; where has also been printed, *Letters from Illinois*, by Mr. Birkbeck. This little collection contains a great deal of useful information to wealthy emigrants. It has been published here by Mr. Carey.

Dr. HENRY is printing a new and improved edition of his *Elements of Chemistry*.

Dr. Thompson's System of Chemistry, which, with other works, has deservedly ranked him among the first of modern chemists, has lately been published here, revised and corrected by Dr. Cooper, one of the professors in the University of Pennsylvania. Of this work we have been promised a detailed account, from the pen of a gentleman who is well qualified to perform such a task.

The Fast of St. Magdalen, a new novel, by miss ANNA MARIA PORTER, is announced.

Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Literary Intelligence* for October, informs us that nobody reads such books as the *Quarterly Review*—and that the leaves would remain uncut, were it not for the curiosity of servants!

Three or four periodical works are announced in London, with the same title under which, for the space of *eighteen years*, this journal has endeavoured to amuse or instruct the American reader. By a recent magazine, we learn that the attention of French scholars had been invited to a *Porte-feuille Francais, ou Melange, Anecdorique Dramatic et Litteraire*; by L. Lemcmin.

We hear that a translation of Mr. Pitkin's excellent work on the Statistics of the United States, is about to be undertaken in Germany, for the benefit of that portion of Europe, the inhabitants of which, it is said, are anxious to possess every work of merit that relates to this country.

American Exploratory Expeditions. It will gratify the friends of science to learn, that the Secretary of the War Department regards these expeditions with the views of an enlarged mind. It is understood that he has signified to the American Philosophical Society the disposition of the government to facilitate the investigations of science; and we believe that one or two of the members of this institution will accompany the enterprising travellers, from whose researches we may expect no small additions to our natural history.

Some time ago (says the Editor of the Edinburgh Magazine) an application was made to government, by the University of Edinburgh, for the improvement of its museum of Natural History. For this purpose it was requested, that instructions might be issued to the different ministers and public servants abroad, recommending that they should avail themselves of every opportunity of collecting specimens, and should transmit them to the University, to be added to its museum. A favourable answer to this application having been received from lord Castlereagh, professor Jameson drew up the following directions as to the best mode of preserving the various objects of natural history. We gladly insert them, as we are per-

eraded that, besides answering the object immediately in view, they will be found eminently useful to all who pursue the different branches of this extensive and important science.

Quadrupeds and Birds.—Quadrupeds and birds to be preserved by taking off their skins, which may be easily done, by making an incision in a straight line, from the vent to the throat; and removing the skin by means of a blunt knife. The skull and bones of the legs and feet are to be left. The brain, eyes, and tongue, ought also to be extracted. The skin, in order that it may be preserved from decay, should be also rubbed on the outside with some one of the following compositions: 1st, tanners' bark well dried and pounded, one part; burnt alum, one part; and in a hot climate one part of sulphur; to be well mixed together.—2d, tanners' bark well dried and pounded, one part; tobacco, perfectly dried, one part; burnt alum, one part: add to every ounce of these ingredients one ounce of camphor, and half an ounce of sulphur. [N.B. No sublimate or arsenic ought to be put on the skins, as both substances destroy their texture.] These compositions to be kept for use in well corked bottles or jars.

Skins, when thus prepared, and perfectly dry, must be packed carefully in boxes, the lids of which ought to be pasted up, and in the paste used in fixing the paper, a little corrosive sublimate must be put, which prevents insects from eating through the paper.

Reptiles and Fishes.—Reptiles and fishes are best preserved in spirit of wine, rum, or whisky, some of which must be injected into the stomach, through the mouth, and into the other intestines through the anus. Before putting them into the bottles, jars, or barrels, they ought to be washed clean of slimy matter. If long kept in spirits before they are sent, the spirits should be changed two or three times. The jars or bottles ought to be closed by means of sheet-lead and bladders. The larger reptiles, as crocodiles, and the larger fishes, may be preserved in the same manner as quadrupeds and birds.

Animal Concretions.—Concretions of various kinds are occasionally found in the brain, lungs, heart, liver, kidneys, gall-bladder, intestines, and urinary bladder. The stomachs of many animals afford concretions of different kinds, particularly those known under the name of *Bezoar Stones*; and travellers inform us that stones are met with in the eggs of the ostrich. All of these bodies are interesting and valuable to the natural historian.

Skeletons—Collectors ought not to neglect to preserve the skeletons of the different species of animals. Of man, the skull is the most interesting part, as it varies in the different races of the human species, and is also frequently singularly altered by the practices of savage tribes. The best way of cleaning bones is to expose them to the air, and allow the insects to eat off the flesh. This being done, they ought to be washed with sea water, and af-

terwards freely exposed to the sun. The best skulls are obtained by putting the whole head in rum or whisky, or a strong solution of aleum; and both male and female heads ought if possible to be preserved.

Molluscos Animals—Vermes and Zoophytes.—Molluscos animals, such as cuttle-fish, the inhabitants of shells, &c. vermes, or worms, and zoophytes, or animals of the coral and other allied kinds, ought all to be preserved in spirits; and in the two former classes, viz. the molusca and vermes, the spirit of wine should be injected into the intestines, by means of a syringe, to prevent the putrefaction of the internal parts, and the consequent destruction of the organs of digestion, respiration, and of the nervous system. Many zoophytes, or corals, or rather their houses, may be preserved dry; but fragments of every species ought to be put into spirits, that the real structure of the animal may be discovered.

Shells.—Shells, or the coverings of molluscos animals, are anxiously sought after by the naturalists, not only on account of their great beauty, but also from their intimate connexion with the various fossil species met with in rocks of different kinds. The best live shells are collected by means of a trawling-net, such as is used by fishermen, if the depths are not too great; they are also brought up by the cable in weighing anchor, the log-line, and in sounding.

After a storm, good shells may be picked up on sea beaches or shores: the violent agitation of the ocean in a tempest separates them from their native beds, and often casts them on the shore. Shells that have been much tossed about by the waves, are of less value than fresh ones; but these, when other specimens are not to be got, ought to be carefully collected. Many interesting shells are found in rivers and lakes; and numerous species occur on the surface of the land.

Fresh shells, or those in which the animal is still alive, ought to be thrown into hot water, the temperature of which may be gradually brought to the boiling point, by the repeated additions of hotter portions, by which means the animal will be killed. The shells are allowed to cool for two or three minutes, and then the animal is picked out.

Insects.—Beetles of every kind are speedily deprived of life by putting them into boiling water, which does not injure those having black, brown, or any dark colour, but those which are covered with fine down, or have brilliant colours and lustre, should not be exposed to moisture, but are easily killed, if put into a phial, and placed in a vessel of boiling water for some time. When the insects are quite motionless, such as have been in the water should be exposed to the air and sun for a day or two, until perfectly dry. In this state they are to be placed in boxes with cotton-wool, along with camphor. Beetles may also be preserved in spirit of wine.

Butterflies, moths, and many other tribes of insects, with delicate and tender wings may be easily killed, by pressing the thorax or breast betwixt the finger and thumb; and it is preferable to have the wings closed, because they thus occupy less space, their colour and lustre are better preserved, and they can be expanded afterwards by the steam of hot water. Care should be taken that the antennæ or feelers and legs are not injured. A pin should be stuck through them, by means of which they are fastened to the bottom of a box lined with cork, or to one of deal, or other soft wood.

Camphor ought to be put into the box.

The Arachnides or spiders are best preserved in spirits.

In collecting insects, we use either the forceps or a net. The forceps are about ten or twelve inches in length, provided with fans of a circular or other form, and are covered with fine gauze. They are held and moved as a pair of scissors. The net is very easily made. It is of gauze, or any very fine open muslin, made upon a piece of cane of four feet long, split down the middle about the half of the length: the split part is tied together, so as to form a hoop, upon which the gauze is sewed in the form of a bag; the lower part serves as a handle, and with this, all flying insects may be very easily caught. When the insect is once within the rim of the net, by turning it on either side, its escape is completely prevented by the pressure of the gauze or muslin against the edge of the hoop.

Crabs.—Crabs, lobsters, &c. may be suffocated in spirits of wine or turpentine, and then dried in an oven.

Crustaceous Animals.—Sea Stars, after washing in fresh water, may be extended on boards by means of pins, and when dry, laid between folds of paper, and packed in a box with a little camphor.

In Echini or sea eggs, the soft internal parts are to be extracted by the anus; they are then to be stuffed with cotton, and carefully packed with tow or cotton. Particular attention should be paid to the preserving of the spines.

Seeds.—In collecting seeds, it is desirable that they should be well ripened, and dried in the sun. Large quantities should never be put together, but only a few, and these well selected. They retain their vegetative powers much better if tied up in linen or cotton cloth, than in any other substances; and if then packed up in small boxes, and placed in an airy part of the ship, there is every probability of their arriving in a sound state. The same remark applies to bulbous roots. Bulbs should never be put in the same box with seeds. The boxes with seeds, and with bulbs, ought never to be put into the ship's hold.

Dried Plants.—The greater part of plants dry easily between leaves of books, or other paper. If there be plenty of paper, they often dry best without shifting; but if the specimens are crowded, they must be taken out frequently, and the paper dried before they are replaced. Those plants

which are very tenacious of life, ought to be killed by the application of a hot iron, such as is used for linen, after which they are easily dried. The collections to be carefully packed in boxes with camphor, and closed in the same manner as directed for quadrupeds and birds.

Minerals.—1. Every mineral, from the most common clay or sand, to the gem, ought to be collected.

2. Specimens of rocks, such as granite, porphyry, limestone, &c. should, if possible, be broken from fixed rocks, and not from loose masses, which are generally decayed. In selecting the specimens, one set ought to represent the different varieties of appearance presented by the rock in the fresh state, another, the rock in its different states of decomposition.

3. When the specimens of simple minerals, or rocks, contain crystals, they ought to be wrapped in gauze-paper, then in cotton, and afterwards in several folds of strong wrapping-paper.

4. The specimens of rocks ought, if possible, never to be less than four inches square, and one inch in thickness, and of a square form. As soon as they have been prepared, they should be labelled, and wrapped in several folds of strong wrapping-paper. When paper cannot be procured, moss or other soft vegetable substances, may be substituted for it.

5. The sands of deserts, steppes, and rivers, ought to be carefully collected. The sands of rivers often contain precious stones and metals, and hence become very interesting objects to the naturalist. The sands of deserts and steppes throw much light on the nature of the surrounding country, and are much prized by the geologist.

6. Numerous mineralized animal and vegetable remains occur imbedded in strata of different kinds: all these ought to be very carefully collected, and preserved. Abundance of shells in a fossil or petrified state, are met with in limestone; of vegetables in slate-clay, sandstone, &c. and numerous bones, and even whole skeletons of quadrupeds, birds, amphibious animals, fishes, and even of insects, occur in rocks of various descriptions.

7. The mineralogist ought to provide himself with hammers of various sizes. One for common use of two pounds weight; others, three, four, and six pounds weight. He ought also to provide himself with chisels of various sizes and forms, and with a set of small boring-irons. A miner's compass, small magnifying glass, goniometer, and blow-pipe, ought also to form part of his equipment. The two first are indispensably necessary for the travelling mineralogist. Nor should he neglect to provide himself with a strong bag; the form that of a fowling-bag, lined with strong leather, covered with wax-cloth, and the outside of some durable cloth.

Antiquities, articles of Dress, Agriculture, Hunting, and Warlike Instruments, etc. of different nations and tribes.—The collection of the various articles just enumerated, is particularly recommended, as these objects il-

illustrate, in a very interesting manner, the past and present condition of the human species.

Drawings.—Drawings of zoological and geological subjects; also of the scenery of countries; the costume of different nations and tribes; form valuable documents for the natural historian.

Botta's History of the American Revolution. In consequence of the high estimation in which this work is held by Mr. Jefferson, it has been suggested in one of the daily papers that a translation might be worth the attention of some of our booksellers. It is scarcely to be expected that an author can be adequately rewarded for this species of labour, by the trade, because there are a great many books that ought to be republished, in which they can invest their capital without paying any copy-money. Hence an American author is subjected to a very disadvantageous competition, and he is compelled to resort to the odious scheme of a subscription. It is in this way that a translation of Botta is about to be offered to the public by a gentleman who has enjoyed a friendly intercourse with many of the most conspicuous actors in our revolution; and, as a scholar, is eminently qualified to give us a representation of the original with fidelity and elegance. We do not agree with Mr. Jefferson that this is the best account of the revolution, but it deserves to be naturalized in our country. It is a copious, though not a brilliant narrative of one of the most interesting struggles that history has recorded. The author of this work was, at one time, a member of the French national councils, under the fallen Napoleon, and therefore he could not indulge in that boldness of thought and freedom of expression which the subject demands. If we are not mistaken, it was written under the immediate auspices of the monarch, who aspired to the glory of being the restorer of the Italian language; and so far, the hopes of the patron must have been gratified, as the work is in the manner and style of the best historians of that nation. In imitation of the ancient classics, the narration is often enlivened and illustrated by speeches from the persons whose actions are described. These, we think, might be introduced in schools, with infinite advantage, in the place of some of those which are now repeated by our young declaimers. In our next we shall endeavour to give a specimen of the work, and the terms on which it may be published.

We have at length been gratified with the sight of a proof-sheet of the splendid copy of the *Declaration of Independence*; and we declare distinctly that it deserves the most liberal support. It far surpasses any thing that the pencil and the burin have hitherto produced in this country. It is not to be wondered at that so brilliant a design as this of Mr. Binns should excite the emulation of others. One individual claimed the patronage of the public, in behalf of his paltry attempt, because he said he was an American by birth, as if the *fine arts* did not belong to every country. An imposition of a more serious nature was meditated by a workman in the school of one of the artists who was employed by the publisher. This schemer occupied himself clandestinely in making a smaller copy from the original. An application to the Circuit Court failed, in consequence of there being no provision in the acts of Congress on this subject [acts of 1790 and 1802], where the parties belong to the same state. But what the law had not secured, the moral sense of the community protected. No man would exhibit in his house the inferior copy, lest he might be suspected of countenancing a fraud, and few of our artists will give employment to this unfortunate young man, lest they might be made the victims of a similar breach of trust. It is truly delightful to remark how immediately the public feeling is excited in this country at every instance of fraud or violence that is made known. It indicates soundness in the body politic. While many good and healthful airs are wafted from our mountains, long may our vallies exhibit the fruits of temperance, industry, and public spirit!

Dr. Drake, the industrious author of the *Picture of Cincinnati*, does not remit his laudable ambition to naturalize the sciences in the western woods. Of this we have a pleasing proof in an introductory lecture on botany, which he delivered last year in the flourishing metropolis of Ohio. The inhabitants of this town are not behind the professor in zeal and liberality, as the sum of forty-five thousand dollars was quickly subscribed for the benefit of an institution for the preservation, exhibition, and illustration of natural and artificial curiosities, particularly those of the *western country*. The first efforts of the managers of this society, as we learn from

a very perspicuous address, will be directed to the establishment of a permanent museum, on a scale so comprehensive as to receive specimens of every thing curious which they may be able to procure. In attempting to form this repository, they must of course solicit the aid of their fellow citizens in all quarters of the extensive region, whose ancient works and natural history they propose to illustrate. The following are the classes of objects that will especially attract their attention, and to which they are desirous, at an early period, of directing the views of the community.

1. Metals and minerals generally, including petrefactions.
2. Indigenous animals, embracing the remains of those which are now extinct.
3. The relics of the unknown people who constructed the ancient works of the Western country.
4. The various articles manufactured for ornament or use by the present savage tribes.

ELECTIONEERING.

THE following is the conclusion of an address to the people of New Orleans by a gentleman who was ambitious of serving in the office of state senator:—

“As to the steps which candidates take to secure their election, I must readily confess, that if sometimes their own merit alone calls men to offices, it often happens that cabals and intrigue may acquire a great influence, and as I had a very late opportunity of feeling that effect in my election as alderman for my ward, I am determined to leave no exertion untried. I have already spoken to three hundred persons: well—I shall speak to one thousand more. I have been for ten years past lanced into the political career, and I flatter myself that my conduct has been such as to deserve the approbation of my fellow-citizens. I have no lawyer’s or notary’s office to take up my time, and were I to be stricken out from the list of politicians, then I should feel quite unemployed, and would perhaps, as a *pass-time*, see myself obliged to undertake a journey to the Falls of Niagara, there to forget my own fall. I hope, therefore, that my exertions will be crowned with success.

B. MARIGNY.”

For the Port Folio.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Star of the night! whose friendly brilliance oft,
 Didst guide my weary wand'ring steps aright,
 When from my downy couch and pillow soft
 I flew, the child of sorrow and of night!
 How have I lov'd thee! not inconstant thou,
 Like earthly things, still glittering to deceive,
 Whose gleams alternate light and cloud the
 brow,
 And, while they gladden, give us cause to
 grieve!

Oh could my heart be taught by thee to fly,
 From worldly pleasure and from worldly
 care,
 Fix'd on a steady light my eager eye
 Would dwell untir'd and with rapture glow.
 Delusive hope no more—nor trait'rous love,
 With thoughts unholy should disturb my
 heart,
 My first, my only wish, to find above,
 An ark of refuge, and a couch of rest!

ORLANDO.

Pittsburg.

THE BANKS OF MIAMI.

In the following beautiful lines, the *Kentucky Herald* proclaims neither the ham of commerce nor the war-whoop of hostile hands. The piping times of peace have returned, and the breezes from the west are fraught with the sweetest inspirations of the Muse. These are native wood-notes, to which we shall always lend a listening ear.

In all the green groves of the wide spreading
 West,
 So rich and so smiling, so gay and so blest,
 I have walked no such fields—I have rode no
 such tides,
 As are seen in that vale where the Miami
 glides.

Oh! there is not in all this terrestrial scene,
 A soil more inviting—a sky more serene;
 Nor the soft rushing Avon, or wandering Wye,
 In wealth can surpass—or in beauty outvie.

And I thought, as I passed in a country so free,
 How sweet I could dwell, and how happy
 could be;
 And all memory of rural delight must depart,
 Ere that beautiful country shall fade from my
 heart.

Yet long shall each trace of that magical spot,
 Its groves, and its fields, and its streams be for-
 got,
 Ere time from my bosom one thought shall
 erase
 Of the beautiful stranger I saw in that place.

I knew not her name—she pass'd pensively by,
 'Twas a magical tread—'twas a mild beaming
 eye,
 Yet I spoke not—a stranger may fear to impart
 The passion he feels with such warmth at his
 heart.

Adieu lov'd enchantress—I thoughtfully go,
 Where the loud sounding waves of Ontario
 flow,
 Yet oft to the west shall I turn me to view,
 And think of Miami, of beauty, and you,
 Louisville.

H. R. S.

TIPPERARY.

Lines inscribed to Dr. Fitzgerald, on perusing the following energetic apostrophe to his birth place, the village of Tipperary, in his poem entitled the "Academic Sportsman."

"And thou, dear village, loveliest of the climes
 Fain would I name thee, but I can't in
 rhyme."

A hard there was in sad quandary,
 To end his rhyme with Tipperary.
 Long laboured he through January,
 But all in vain for—Tipperary.
 Told every day in February,
 But toiled in vain for Tipperary.
 Exploring "Byrne's Dictionary."
 He missed the rhyme for Tipperary.
 Searched Hebrew text and commentary,
 Yet found no rhyme for Tipperary.
 And though of time he was not chary,
 'Twas thrown away on Tipperary.
 For still the line would run contrary,
 Whene'er he turned to Tipperary.
 The stubborn verse he ne'er could vary,
 To that unlucky Tipperary.
 Strange that a wight so wise and wary,
 Could find no rhyme for Tipperary.
 He next implored his mother Mary,*
 To tell him rhyme for Tipperary.
 But she, good woman, was no fairy,
 Nor witch, though born in Tipperary.
 Knew every thing about her dairy,
 But not the rhyme for Tipperary.
 Drawing from thence a corollary,
 That ought would rhyme with Tipperary.
 And of his wild-geese chase most weary,
 He vowed to leave out—Tipperary!

Lines by Lord Byron.

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
 Sweet lady speak those words again!
 Yet if they grieve thee, say not so;
 I would not give thy bosom pain.

My heart is sad—my hopes are gone—
 My blood runs coldly through my breast,
 And when I perish, thou alone
 Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a beam of peace
 Doth through my cloud of anguish shine;
 And, for a while, my sorrows cease
 To know that heart hath felt for mine!

Oh lady! blessed be that tear,
 It falls for one who cannot weep;
 Such precious drops are doubly dear
 To those whose eyes no tears may steep.

Sweet lady! once my breast was warm,
 With every feeling warm as thine;
 But beauty's self has ceased to charm
 A wretch created to repine!

Then wilt thou weep, &c.

* His mother kept a dairy in Tipperary.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

From the Boston Centinel.

Thou exquisite thing, of cylindrical fame,
And angular mirror, and hard-sounding name!
Thou plaything for sages and mystery for boys,
Thou prettiest of wonders and gravest of toys!
Sure we never have seen, and we never shall
see

In this age of phenomena, aught like unto
thee.

The musical box, and the musical ring,
The invisible girl, who could prattle and sing,
Were but trifles to thee, with thy shapes and
thy hues,

And thousand of thousands of varying views.
Do look at it Tom! there, just shut one eye,
And close to this hole let the other draw nigh.
Now give but a turn, or a touch, or a shake,
And behold what new figures and forms you
can make!

Keep looking, keep turning, and looking. "Ye
powers,

You exclaim, and "Good gracious, what mil-
lions of flowers!

Methinks I'm unwinding a long roll of prints,
Which they stamp upon room paper, carpets,
or chintz,

Or such magnified snow-drops it seems to
create,

As the Encyclopedia describes in the plate.
Pray what is inside, that brings forth such cre-
ations,

And multiplies thousands of new combinations!
In the very same mould every figure is cast,
And yet each differs wide as can be from the
last.

Sometimes they begin from the centre to
change—

Sometimes from the border their parts they
arrange:

Sometimes they take leave with a lingering
motion,

Or dart into view like a fish from the ocean.
But tell me, how far will this long series run/
Say, is it not wound up? will it never be done?"

No, no, Tom, you talk like an ignorant goat,
Come hear me explain the philosophy o't.

Take a couple of mirrors,—no, stay, I forgot,
You've but one in the world—oh well that mat-
ters not.

I've another—now let them be set face to face,
Join'd below—but at top let them open a
space.

Now snatch from Maria the rose she is wear-
ing,

While I hold the mirrors (well done, you are
daring!)

Hold now the same rose, with its leaves all
complete,

Just where at an angle the two mirrors meet—
And then, where the mirrors reflect, under-
neath,

You will see a most perfect and beautiful
wreath.

And such is the myst'ry and principle, Tom,
Which they have borrow'd this wonderful in-
strument from.

Within that tin tube you will find by inspect-
ing,

At an angle two small looking-glasses reflect-
ing.

Then in lieu of the rose there are small bits of
glass,

Of all colours and sizes and shapes in a mass.
Now for ev'ry appearance these pieces pre-
sent,

A circular six-fold reflection is lent,
And the least agitation these pieces sustain,
Breaks up the old shapes, and forms new ones
again.

Why I've heard a great mathematician declare,
Who is deeper in such things than you and I
are,

That if ever since Adam was form'd from the
ground,

There was some one who turn'd a kaleidoscope
round,

And brought a new figure each second to view,
There might never in all points, resembling,
be two.

But now let us leave permutations and com-
binations for thoughts we like better, dear
Tom.

We are poets—and poets don't oft take to
counting,

But on tropes and similes love to be mounting.
Let us glance at this toy with a poet's fond
eye,

And to gather a moral we'll soberly try.
Say, what is this world that we live in below/
A kaleidoscope only—a plaything for show.

Like the vanishing figures before us, we men,
Just melt into being and melt out again,
Perhaps our whole lives, like those figures
supply,

A moment's amusement to some anxious eye,
That peeps from an opening in yon distant
sphere.

And listlessly views us while glimmering here.
But why, at this thought so subdu'd do you
seem?

We may wake up elsewhere—though 'tis here
but a dream!

Then, my friend, let us aim, with unwearying
strife,

To perfect this fleeting kaleidoscope, life,
And ev'n if 'tis figure and colour alone,
Let us shape it and brighten it well—till 'tis
flown!

CAMBRIDGE.

IMPROMPTU,

*On seeing the marquis of Anglesca at a
ball.*

To balls a victim, and to balls a slave,
He goes to balls with one foot in the grave.*

* He lost one leg at Waterloo, which was bur-
ied in form.

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.

WOTTON.

THE FINE ARTS.

From the London Examiner.

Historical Pictures voted by the Congress of America to adorn the capitol.—"The proposition of commemorating, on the first of January, the Independence of America, by adorning the capitol with four great historical pictures, representing the four great leading points of the war that secured their freedom, was passed through Congress by a triumphant majority, and the president was empowered to employ the president of the New-York academy to paint four pictures, eighteen feet by twelve, and limited to no price."

This is an extract of a letter from New-York, Feb. 14, upon which the editor of the Examiner makes the following remarks.

And how much longer will England turn her back with stupid apathy against all propositions for the public commemoration of great events by historical painting? Has she nothing worthy to commemorate? And even now, when there is an opportunity to employ the genius of the country to illustrate its greatness by pictures in the Waterloo and Trafalgar monuments, it is on the point of being decided that a senseless column, and a more senseless tower, are the most fit objects on which genius can display itself to illustrate such great events.

The American congress have done themselves honor by their energy and decision; and if they wish to do good to their country, they must not end here; they must not be content with one vote of four pictures, but persevere and adorn in succession all their public buildings by successive votes, so that the young American artists, studying in this country and in others, may go on with the glorious certainty of being employed, if they display genius on their return home. The American congress have done more for

the arts of America, by the confidence this single vote will give, than if they had founded academies in every town, or sent one hundred students to Europe for improvement. Success attend their energy and sense! Not all the examples in France and in Italy, to which our nobility crowd for refinement, and where every church and hall and public building is filled with pictures, have ever had the least effect! Is it not strange that they will return home without ambition to help their own glorious country, or to rival such examples? No; they leave their taste behind, and when they come to England, content themselves with filling their drawing-rooms with the boisterous bestialities of Dutch boors. Is it not strange that men educated with the utmost care, delicate to a pitch of pain—polite, sensible, accomplished, informed, spirited and honourable, should hang their walls with the drunken vulgarities of Dutchmen? Have they no desire to see the deeds of the country which they adorn developed by painting? Have they nowish to rival Italy or Greece? Not all the advice, not all the entreaty, not all the arguments, of all the enlightened part of the country, have ever had the slightest effect on the British government to protect painting; and now America, with a foresight and energy worthy of Greece, has set them an example, it should have been their glory to set her. In contrast to this promising state of American patronage, let us just state the consequences of the past and present, and probable continuance of English encouragement. See Stothard, with his beautiful fancy condemned the whole of his anxious life to drudge for booksellers, to feed his children and himself. Not all the pictures Northcote ever painted for the Shakspeare gallery, and which sold

as high as sir Joshua's, ever procured him a commission from government; and he has declined into the vale of life, forced for a subsistence to flatter imbecility and give expression to blocks. Opie died in a similar condition. Wilson escaped from starvation, by taking shelter as librarian to the academy. Proctor died of want; and Barry hopeless of all public support or employment from government, painted the *Adelphi* for nothing, and earned his food by making petty etchings for obscure print-sellers after his day's labour was over!—See Fuseli! his extravagancies of style sneered at by those who could not comprehend his beauties, after having made a gigantic effort in the Milton Gallery, was saved from ruin by a few friendly purchasers, and condemned to become the keeper of idle boys, to save himself from patrops and a jail!—Did West's picture, purchased by the gallery for 300 guineas, with all its success, ever procure its author a commission from government, any desire from any nobleman or gentleman or public body or corporation, to possess a production of his hand? Alas, no.—West was thirty years without a commission; and after being fifty years in the country, his salary from the king has been taken from him. Glorious condition for the president of the Royal Academy! And does Haydon, with all his devotion, expect a better fate, when his picture of Solomon hung for a week unsold, and would have hung so for ever, had not two Devonshire friends taken pity on such a reward for his enthusiasm, advanced the adequate price to save him from ruin, and took a picture they did not want, that the feelings of the artist might be spared?

Surely this condition of things is not just. Individuals have done all individuals can be expected to do: it is the government that ought and must assist the historical painters, commanding pictures, and giving situations, with which they abound. All the efforts by which the coun-

try has been proved capable have been the result of the spontaneous devotion of individuals without reward or without the hope of it. Barry painted the *Adelphi* for nothing! Hogarth gave a picture to the Foundling for nothing! and West, Barry, Dance, and Reynolds, offered to adorn St. Paul's without remuneration, and yet were refused! In no country can such instances of martyred devotion, such adhesive perseverance, such firmness, such enthusiasm, be shown; it is totally unexampled in the history of the art; and yet to the works of these neglected men are the government and prince obliged to refer, when asked by foreigners for the historical productions of the country. At one time you every where heard—(but this prejudice is fast dying away,) you heard every where that destruction must attend any one who became an historical painter. Apprehension generally produces the very effects it dreads; and thus the nobility incapacitated themselves from making any efforts, from the nervous notion that it would be without effect. "You are an historical painter," said the grand duke Nicholas to Haydon: "In what public building are your pictures?" What a natural question for a foreign prince! Had a British prince asked a foreign historical painter where he could see his works, it would not have been quite so difficult to have answered his royal highness.

—*Great National Picture.*—I have lately seen the painting by colonel Trumbell, "representing the Declaration of Independence," which is said to contain "portraits of forty seven of the members present in Congress on that memorable occasion."

This picture has been drawn by direction of Congress, and is now submitted to public inspection by permission of the government.

It is not my intention to examine the merits of this production as a

specimen of the arts. It may, perhaps, be a *very pretty picture*, but is certainly no representation of the Declaration of Independence. The errors in point of fact, with which it abounds, ought to exclude it from the walls of the capitol, where its exhibition will hereafter give to the mistake of the artist the semblance and authority of historical truth.

The manifest intention of Congress, in directing the preparation of this picture was to perpetuate accurate recollections of one of the greatest events in history, and to hand to posterity correct resemblances of the men who pronounced our separation from Great Britain. In tracing such a sketch, the fancy of the painter has a very limited indulgence. Some latitude is allowed him, as respects design and embellishment; but the very object of his effort enjoins a scrupulous adherence to fact, in all that regards the actors and main incidents of his subject. If he overleaps this boundary, he violates the plain rules of propriety and common sense; and his piece sinks from the grade of a great historical painting into a sorry, motley, mongrel picture, where truth and fiction mingle, but cannot be discriminated. To make the "national painting" in question subservient to a display of the likeness of any American, however distinguished, who was not both a member of Congress and present in that body when Independence was declared, is no less ridiculous than it would be to introduce into it the head of lord Chatham, or that of Col. Barre.

Among "the portraits of forty-seven of the members present in Congress on that memorable occasion," colonel Trumbull has given those of George Clinton of New-York, and Benjamin Rush and George Clymer of Pennsylvania.—Now, the truth happens to be, that neither of these gentlemen was present when Independence was declared, and never gave a vote for or against the Declaration. Mr.

Clinton, if I am not mistaken, was appointed a general in June, 1776, and was serving, when Congress pronounced our severance from Great Britain, in a military capacity, in the province of New-York,—Messrs. Rush and Clymer were not elected to Congress until the 20th of July, 1776, that is to say, sixteen days after the final passage of the Declaration, and nineteen days subsequent to its approval in committee of the whole. The names of the two gentlemen last mentioned, together with those of James Smith, George Taylor and James Ross, appear among the signatures to the Declaration of Independence in consequence of the following circumstances:—On the 19th day of July, 1776, (the day before the election of Mr. Rush, and his associates above mentioned) Congress passed a resolution that each of its members should sign that instrument. It was not, however, engrossed on parchment and prepared for signatures until the 3d of August. The new members from Pennsylvania having taken their seats in the interim, signed the Declaration in obedience to the resolution of the house.

The persons who are believed to have been present when the independence was declared, and whose portraits do not appear in the paintings of colonel Trumbull, are—

Henry Wisner, of New-York; John Hart, of New-Jersey; John Morton and Charles Humphreys, of Pennsylvania; Cæsar Rodney, of Delaware; Thomas Stone, of Maryland; Thomas Nelson, Jun. Richard Lightfoot Lee, and Carter Braxton, of Virginia; John Penn, of North Carolina; Button Gwinnet and Lyman Hall, of Georgia.

That portraits of these distinguished men are not contained in the piece is not a fault of the artist, who has been unable to obtain accurate likenesses of them. But it is particularly to be regretted, that an authentic representation of Cæ-

sar Rodney, of Delaware, could not have been found to substitute for one of the faces which have no pretensions to a place. To the vote of this gentleman, on the 4th of July, and to the accidental or intentional absence from their seats of Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, and John Dickenson, also of Pennsylvania, (not of Delaware, as the artist has it in his prospectus,) it is owing that *the vote of the states* was unanimous in favour of the national charter on its final adoption. The delegates of Delaware present in Congress on the 1st of July, when the Declaration of Independence passed in committee of the whole, were divided in opinion—Mr. Reed, one of the attending delegates from that state, being *against* the measure, and Mr. M'Kean, the other attending delegate, being *for* it. The vote of Pennsylvania, in committee of the whole was unfavourable to independence, Mess. Morris, Dickenson, Willing, and Humphreys, declaring against it, in opposition to Messrs. Franklin, Morton and Wilson.

I have thought proper to offer these few remarks, both because the permission given by the government to exhibit the painting in N. York, seems to be an invitation to dispassionate criticism, and because the artist still has time before the removal of his picture, to make it, if practicable, accord with historical truth. To exhibit it in its present form on the walls of the capitol at Washington, would be a severe satire on our ignorance of our own history, and would justly expose our legislative councils to the scoffs and sneers of every intelligent foreigner who may visit us.

DETECTOR.

MR. TRUMBULL returns his thanks to "Detector," for having given him an opportunity of laying before the public some account of the origin and progress of the Painting of the Declaration of Independ-

dence, which he could not otherwise have done, without being liable to censure for egotism.

After the termination of the war of the revolution, Mr. T. determined to study the art of painting, for the purpose of recording the great events and great men of that period. In the year 1786, the paintings of the battle of ~~Bunker's~~ *Bunker's* Hill, and the attack on Quebec, were finished, were seen by and received the most flattering approbation of, the first artists and connoisseurs in England, France, Germany, and Prussia. Considering the success of his general plan thus secured, he proceeded to determine the other subjects which should form his series; and among these the Declaration of Independence was considered as the most important.

At this time, Mr. Trumbull enjoyed the friendship and hospitality of Mr. Jefferson, then minister of the United States at Paris; and it was under his roof, and with the aid of his advice, that the arrangement and composition of this picture was settled. In the following summer of 1787, the head of Mr. John Adams, then minister of the United States in London, was painted, a few days previous to his return from his mission; and shortly after the head of Mr. Jefferson was painted in Paris.

The question immediately occurred, which "*Detector*" has so shrewdly discovered, who were the men actually present on the 4th of July? The journals of Congress are silent; it would be dangerous to trust the memory of any one—and the only prudent resource was to take as a general guide, the signatures to the original instrument, although it was as well known to Mr. Jefferson and Mr. T. then as it is now to the sagacious "*Detector*," that there were on that instrument the names of several gentlemen who were not actually present on the 4th of July; and also,

that several gentlemen were then present who never subscribed their names.

The record was therefore taken as a general guide; and with regard to all the most important characters represented in the painting, there was, and (begging my sagacious friend's pardon) there is no doubt.

In 1789 Mr T. arrived in this town from Europe, and passed the winter here, Congress being then in session. Here the portraits of Richard Henry Lee, Roger Sherman, Lewis Morris, Francis Lewis, &c. &c. were painted, and at this time he was informed that George Clinton, then governor, had been a member present in Congress on the 4th of July, although his name was not among those subscribed to the instrument. He therefore waited on governor Clinton to ascertain the fact, *and was by him assured that he was present on that memorable occasion.* The governor consented with pleasure to sit for his portrait—and on this testimony the portrait was painted.

This session of Congress was peculiarly important, and had collected in this city many eminent men; military as well as civil; and Mr. T. thus had a fair opportunity not only of advancing the picture in question, but of collecting the materials for other subjects. He was of course well known to president Washington, and to all the distinguished characters of the day. He made it his duty, and his business, to ask the advice and criticism of all those who did him the honour to sit for their portraits; and not only the Declaration of Independence, but the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and the surrender of Yorktown, were very much advanced under the eye, with the criticism, and with the approbation, of the men who had been the great actors in the several scenes.

In May, 1790, Mr. T. went to Philadelphia, where, during three months, he added considerably to his stock of materials.—Here he was

informed that Mr. Thomas Willing was a member present in Congress on the 4th of July, although his name was not on the list of signatures. On application to Mr. Willing, he assured Mr. T. that he was present but opposed to the measure, and therefore had not signed.—Mr. T. did not feel it to be his duty to record only those who had been supporters of the measure, and therefore requested Mr. W. to sit, which he did.

In November of the same year, Mr. T. went to Boston and New-Hampshire, and obtained portraits from the life of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, R. T. Paine, Josiah Bartlett, and many others.

In February 1791, he went to Charleston, S. C. and obtained from the life, portraits of Edward Rutledge and Thomas Heyward—and copies of pictures of Thomas Lynch, and Arthur Middleton, who were dead—as well as many heads of men eminent in other scenes, military as well as civil, which entered into his plan. On his return, he went to Yorktown, in Virginia, and made a correct drawing of the scene of lord Cornwallis's surrender—at Williamsburg, obtained a portrait from the life of George Wythe, &c. &c.

Mr. T. afterwards made two visits to the east, went to Saratoga, and passed the winters of 1792 and 3 in Philadelphia, where congress then sat—always endeavouring to obtain correct information; and when men whose memory it was desirable to preserve, were dead, using all the means in his power, to obtain from their surviving friends whatever memorial existed.

During this period Mr. T. had, and solicited, no other patronage or assistance in his arduous undertaking than subscriptions for those prints which have been long since published from his pictures of the death of Warren and Montgomery.

He was known, during these four years to be employed in this pursuit. He enjoyed the friendship and ad-

vice of the most eminent men in the country, and he was not idle. The men of those days are now almost all gone to their reward; and but for the indefatigable perseverance of Mr. T. in a pursuit which his friends often smiled at as visionary, it would at this moment be impossible to obtain even such imperfect pictures as "Detector" considers this to be.

One word more to this most estimable, kind and impartial critic. Two years ago Mr. T. was advised to submit the small picture of this subject (to which all that has been said refers) to the view of the government, in the expectation that it might attract their attention. In consequence, the Declaration of Independence, the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the battle of Trenton, and that of Princeton, were taken to Washington, and, by permission of the Speaker, hung up in the Hall of the Representatives, where they remained subject to criticism for several days—and there is no doubt that the honourable testimony borne to their authenticity and correctness by many cotemporaries in both houses of Congress, as well as by Mr. Madison, then president, and Mr. Monroe, then secretary of state, was the cause of that employment which is the source of undissembled satisfaction to Mr. T. and which, he proudly trusts, gives him a title to be remembered hereafter with the events which it has been the occupation, and is now the delight, of his life to have so commemorated.

Mr. T. still solicits candid and liberal criticism, and will thank any person who will point out an error in his work, and kindly supply him with the means of information by which he may correct it. But he holds malignity and envy in profound contempt.

New-York, 19th Oct. 1818.

Col. Trumbull's painting of the Declaration of American Independence, was exhibited in New-York one day for the benefit of the Deaf

and Dumb Institution lately established there—The receipts were 350 dollars, from 1328 persons.

In our number for Sept. 1817, the reader will find a very interesting letter from the late governor M'Kean respecting the names of the persons who signed the Declaration of Independence.

Reports from Washington mention a very civil and elegant letter from the Prince Regent of Great Britain, to the hon. J. Q. Adams, requesting him at the christening of the last child of the British minister, Mr. Bagot, to become the *proxy* of his royal highness, as *godfather* to the infant.

It is mentioned in a letter from Louisville in Kentucky, dated the 26th of October, that there are 25 Steam Boats now plying between that place and New-Orleans—and that seventeen more are on the stocks, of which one is of seven hundred, and several from three to five-hundred tons. The fare for passengers down from Louisville to New-Orleans, a distance of sixteen-hundred miles, is seventy-five dollars, and the fare for the same distance up is an hundred and twenty-five dollars. Children from two to ten years old, half price; those under two years, one fourth; servants half price; way passengers twelve cents per mile.

A boy asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, 'if he would have a light?' 'No, child' said the doctor, 'I am one of the lights of the world.' 'I wish then,' replied the boy, 'you were hung up at the end of our alley, for it is a devilish dark one.'

The lodgings of a Dandy were lately robbed of a pair of stays, a smelling bottle, two pair of artificial eye brows, and a white surtout, in a pocket of which there were three love letters, written to himself, in his own hand writing.

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1819.

Embellished with the Portraits of ROB ROY and LEBEID.

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PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 209, CHESNUT STREET;
AND IN LONDON, BY JOHN MILLER.

J. Maxwell, Printer

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

SOME additions and corrections to the valuable paper of Professor Jameson, at page 73 of our last number, have been supplied by the same eminent naturalist, which we request our readers to introduce. Under *Quadrupeds and Birds*, at the end of line 6, for *out* read *in*; and after the next paragraph, insert the following:

"*Eggs*.—Collections of eggs of birds form a very interesting and beautiful department of a museum. The fresh eggs should be blown, and carefully packed in cotton, or tow, or moss. Before blowing, it is advisable to make drawings of the eggs, as the abstraction of their contents frequently occasions a considerable change in their colour, delineation of colour, and lustre of the shell.

"*Nests*.—All the remarkable nests of the larger birds ought to be collected, and in every instance those of the smaller species."

Under *molluscous animals*, add the following paragraph: "As many of the molluscous animals rapidly change, even when put into spirits, it is advisable to make models and drawings of them before immersion."

Under *Crustaceous animals*, p. 76, l. 5, the first word should be *mouth*. instead of what is there inserted.

To section 3, on *Minerals*, p. 77, after "wrapping-paper," add, "when the crystals are very delicate, then the specimen must be glued to the bottom of a box, and fastened with strings."

Under section 7, after "blow-pipe," l. 9, insert, "and bottle with muriatic acid."

When the statements which we published last year under the express authority of General Dearborn, were contradicted, we should have vindicated his veracity and the character of our journal, if he had furnished proper evidence. But he changed the scene of the controversy; he left Col. Putnam without reply, and our editorial reputation to the kind construction of our readers. With them, we flatter ourselves, we stand fully acquitted. The question has long since been settled; and the General must therefore excuse us from *republishing five columns* of certificates from the Boston Patriot of 13th June, 1818.

In the "Night Thoughts," p. 81, of our last number, l. 13, for *care* read *wo*; l. 15, for *untir'd* read *untired*; l. 18, for *heart* read *breast*.

The article from *Botta*, and the review of Thompson's Chemistry, have not yet been received.

"An Old Fellow" complains of the dresses of the ladies: but fair play would require an inquisitorial investigation of the sins on the other side. A full length portrait of a CHESNUT STREET DANDY would furnish our country readers with food for a month's merriment. There is nothing in the costume of our ladies, howsoever ridiculous, that has not been surpassed by the present race of unidea'd Dandies. How then can we, who are sedulous to please the fair, indulge in such vituperation? To quote the retort of an old writer,

To the parting of theyr heare,
And showing of the same,
Since men do the lyke thyng,
Why beare then they no blame?
In combing of theyr berdes
In strokyng them full ofte,
In wassyng them with wassyng balles
In lookyng all alofte,
In plaitting of them divers wayes,
In bynding the in bandes,
Wherein their hole delyght
Always consystes and standes, &c.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—*COWPER.*

VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1819.

No. II.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—ON CHINA.

THE following letter from a gentleman of this city, now abroad, is the result of careful observation, during a long residence among the people whom it professes to describe. The author does not bewilder himself and his readers in dissertations on absurd ceremonies and ridiculous rites, nor does he appear to think it worth the trouble even to name the wretched drama of this country. He confines himself to those subjects, which, after all, are found to embrace the most interesting portion of the traveller's page, and we flatter ourselves that the lineaments of this picture will be perused by our readers with no ordinary curiosity. But while this passion is gratified, the view of barbarous manners and imbecile policy which it discloses, must exercise a lively compassion and awaken reflection on the miseries which the human race is doomed to suffer from ignorance and superstition.

IN China, the rich and poor, the high and low, the emperor or the boatman perform the same rites, and ceremonies, their customs, habits, manners, &c. corresponding in every particular, excepting only that difference which arises from the possession of wealth, or an exalted station. Almost every one, excepting those of the very lowest class, and even many of that description, can write and read. Education to a certain degree, amongst the poor, is more common than in other countries; but I would not have you imagine, that it is of that kind which much enlightens the possessor. The Chinese language is said to consist of one hun-

dred and twenty thousand characters.* Twenty or thirty thousand of these are now scarcely understood; the largest portion of the remainder is employed only in composing books on different subjects, and in the exposition of the laws; leaving but a very small part indeed, of this immense list, for ordinary purposes. A man who understands fifteen or twenty thousand characters is considered as learned, and with justice, for the acquirement of them, costs him perhaps, more than half the time allotted for human existence. Merchants, shopmen and mechanics, who are not ambitious of advancement, seldom learn more than are barely necessary for their ordinary pursuits, and what makes them the more negligent in this respect is, that the *shing shangs* are always at hand to write or decide on any difficulty. It will readily be perceived, that the education of the poor, much vaunted by several authors, is so extremely circumscribed, as to convey very little real instruction to the mind, merely exercising the memory to retain a few characters, only sufficient for the commonest purposes of life, or to read those numberless absurd, as well as obscene tales and fables,† with which the literature of China abounds. They are composed in the most vulgar language to suit the taste and comprehension of the lower class. In a country, where the means of existence are not difficult of access, to the industrious, and where teachers are numerous, the expense of having a few characters of the ordinary sort, imprinted on a child's memory, is so very trifling, that almost every person can afford something in proportion to his situation in life.

Most of the Chinese, are naturally quick and intelligent, and to those, who are dull, the pedagogues, who have a considerable portion of the despotic power of the father delegated to them, apply the bamboo unmercifully; this magical plant, in China, supplying the defects of genius, and keeping the whole nation in awe. I would not be thought to detract from any of their meritorious institutions. My object is to describe them as they exist,

* Mr. Morrison, the indefatigable author of *the Chinese Dictionary*, states that there are 214,000. ED. P. F.

† Books of this description, it is true, are interdicted by the law, but they are notwithstanding to be found daily exposed for sale in every street. The venders pay a trifling sum to the under police officers for this privilege.

and to prove that although there is much to admire, there is a vast deal to censure, and that the nation, is not so wise and enlightened, as some of their Asiatic neighbours, and certain enthusiastic writers would wish us to believe. From what I have been able to collect of the Japanese, they are a much superior people in every respect. It is a great national disgrace to the Chinese, that there is not a single public hospital, or humane institution of any description, in the whole empire; and crowds of beggars without house or home, live and die in the streets. The greatest part of the beggars are lepers, though there are many, who appear to be free from every disease, except laziness. There is a beggar mandarin or headman, chosen from amongst the beggars, who is another despot in his sphere, making misery and wretchedness groan beneath the weight of his bamboo. From his subjects he exacts a daily portion of the scanty pittance which they collect. I have seen many of these poor wretches, die before the factories, literally starved to death. No one dared to touch their bodies without the orders of the beggar mandarin, who, as he knew it would be an annoyance to the Europeans, would not remove the offensive object until he had levied a contribution on their feelings. Beggars go round in gangs, singing and dancing at every shop door, and the shopmen, to get rid of their noise, generally throw them a cash or two.* Some are most disgusting figures, parading the streets naked, their bodies covered with ulcers and vermin, their limbs deformed, and many lacerate themselves to excite compassion. It is in fact a horrid spectacle, shocking to humanity, and affords not only a strong proof of the absence of decency in the people, but an incapacity in their law-givers, in not having made such wholesome regulations in this respect as exist in almost every other country. No individual is suffered to punish a beggar, except a police officer, the beggar mandarin or his deputy; but I have seen them beat and abused by the lower class of people, for stealing trifling articles of food to preserve themselves from starvation. Many of the poor creatures die in the streets, from neglect and hunger, every one being afraid to touch or approach them in that state, lest they

* A cash is a small copper coin, the seven hundred and fiftieth part of a dollar, and the only current money in China.

should be accused of the death. I have several times requested my servants to give them food, when they were starving before my door, but could only prevail on them to carry it at night, and then in the most cautious manner, so as not to be discovered by any one passing. One whom I endeavoured to save from the jaws of death, in this way, expired a few minutes after eating, close to the factory. I sent for the head beggar man of the district, and, without explaining that I had given any food to the deceased, informed him, that the person had died at my door, a circumstance so unpleasant to my feelings, that I would give him ten dollars to remove him immediately. As he was not in the habit of getting such large presents, he expressed his thanks for my offer, and on receiving the money, complied instantly with my request, by taking the body on his shoulders and carrying it away. When I related the circumstance to the proprietor of the house where I lived, he was not only highly pleased with the precaution I had taken, but insisted on repaying the money, assuring me that he was greatly obliged, for that had the man remained on the spot, the mandarin knowing him to be rich, would probably have exacted from him a considerable sum of money.

It will be seen, by a reference to the penal code, that there is a strict law prohibiting persons from walking in the streets after a certain hour of the night; whoever infringes it, is consequently liable to be seized by the police officers. Every one is obliged to carry a lantern, with the name of his house and establishment marked on it, in large characters; and if he is questioned by the police, he must give an explanation of the business that called him abroad. Independent of the police established by the government, every street or parish has watchmen who are paid by the inhabitants and stationed at the entrance of each, where there is a gate which is locked at a certain hour. Those who wish to pass from one street to another, must have the consent of the guards and be questioned at every station. Each master of a family may be said to be a police officer, since he contributes so much to the preservation of good order, and is responsible for the conduct of those who inhabit his house. It is evident from these regulations that Chinese thieves must be exceedingly dexterous to be able to commit their depredations with success.

A vast number of houses and drug-shops, being only of one story, covered with tiles and not ceiled within, thieves often come in from the roof by removing the tiles, and retire with what they steal by walking on the roofs until they come to the house where it is to be deposited. In this manner, they frequently contrive to convey away considerable quantities of merchandize without awaking the inhabitants or alarming the watch. It is, however, not improbable, that the watchman participates in the plunder, and shuts his eyes and ears, until the affair is accomplished. I have been told that thieves make use of certain soporific drugs, mixed with charcoal, with which they fumigate the house which they intend to rob. This acts so powerfully on the nerves of those who are exposed to the effects of the smoke, that although they may awake, they have not the strength to move, and see their property carried off without power to exert themselves to save it. A merchant who was robbed in this way assured me, that he had seen the packages of merchandize taken up through the roof of his house, as if by magic, during which time, he lay, in a manner, entranced; he thought he had been dreaming until the morning's examination convinced him of his misfortune. This story shows the strong disposition of the Chinese to the fabulous, since I feel persuaded that nothing but extreme bodily fear, produced the wonderful effects which this man described to me. When a gang of Chinese thieves attack a house, they always commit murder, if any resistance is offered; the inmates, consequently must be well armed, and sure of their superiority, or tamely submit to the depredations. So many difficulties also arise when a man is killed, to involve them with the tribunals of justice, that they are generally happy, if they can frighten thieves away, without injuring them. Single night robbers enter houses stark naked, well oiled all over, and armed with two short swords for their defence; and they are so exceedingly skilful in their profession, that they are very rarely detected.

The establishment of pawn brokers' shops, authorised by and paying a heavy tax to government, as well as to the governors, where are deposited stolen goods, offers a very great encouragement to the vicious. Gamesters and all those who wish to raise money on an emergency are sure of being supplied immediately

at these places. The property pawned must be given at a value fixed by the pawn broker, and the money advanced on it with an interest of twenty, thirty, or fifty per cent. according to agreement, must be repaid within a given time or it is forfeited. Whoever holds the pawn broker's chop or receipt, and presents it before the term expires, can redeem the property on repaying the sum due and the interest. The owners of stolen goods are obliged to do this, unless they can prove a connivance between the thief and the pawnbroker; a circumstance which rarely happens, as the latter is generally a man of some respectability, a capitalist, engaging in the business merely to employ his money to advantage, and who is as cautious in preserving his reputation as he is diligent in the increase of his fortune. They are, however, of various *grades*. It is inconceivable the mischief arising from these establishments in a moral point of view. Considered in a commercial light, if properly regulated they might prove extremely beneficial, where they appear to be the only public institutions, that supply in some measure the want of banks. But they should be put on a very different footing from what they are at present, and under such restrictions as would prevent them from imposing on the necessitous and accelerating the ruin of the unfortunate. Merchants much in want of money have been known to buy property on credit and pawn it immediately at a heavy loss to get specie for some pressing purposes, continuing the game until completely ruined.

The first depot of European commerce was at a port called *Emouy* in the province of *Fokien*, where it would probably have remained to the present time, had not the misconduct of individuals and the plan of a monopoly induced the government to remove it to Canton: there it has been loaded with those restrictions and vexations so peculiarly embarrassing and degrading to Europeans. The monopoly was established at the instigation of a rich merchant named *Paunhkaigua*,* not long after the British East India Company commenced trading to China. From *Fokien*

* He got himself named chief of the company, and at his death his son succeeded him. The son is now at the head of the hong. He retired a few years ago with an immense fortune, but has since been obliged by an edict of the emperor to resume his situation.

the tea leaf was first transported into Europe, and the name by which it is there designated corresponds very nearly with the native pronounciation (tay). In Canton it is called *cha*; the *a* being pronounced as in French. The extreme jealousy and fears of the Chinese government, made them seize with avidity the plan of a company that would not only secure an easier and better collection of the revenues, but stand between them and the Europeans in case of disputes, which they were apprehensive might otherwise become matters of state and involve them in war. Added to this, they were sure, by making the hong merchants responsible in every way, that strangers would be more closely watched and few disturbances could arise which might not be readily settled without their interference. The sole right, therefore, of importing and exporting was vested in them, and no one but a hong merchant could export any of the productions or manufactures of the country except the vendors of China ware. The company is restricted also from exporting lead, copper, iron, tin, lime, gold, silver, gunpowder, saltpetre and salt, and no persons but the Salt Company are permitted to import salt, sulphur, saltpetre and gunpowder. There are not so many articles contraband, as it regards the importation, but a great number not allowed to be exported, and even those that are permitted, and which are not the production or manufactures of China, have such an exorbitant duty laid on them, that they are as much an object of profit to the smuggler, as if they were entirely interdicted. It was thought the enjoyment of an exclusive privilege of this nature, would prevent shopkeepers and petty dealers from interfering, and the company would reap all the benefit of the foreign trade. The contrary, however, has been the case, owing to the bad faith or cupidity of many of the members, who, for the sake of ready money, will receive the duties in advance; on which they have twelve months credit, and export under their own names the merchandize of shopkeepers, or any others who will give them the price they require. This system has proved highly injurious to the company of hong merchants, many Europeans from habit buying of the shopkeepers; they are always sure to have their goods exported with the same facility, as if they were purchased of the company, and they are often procured on cheaper

terms. There is not, in fact, a single institution in China, however good and noble the object, but what is rendered in a great measure useless, by the vicious schemes of those who have the direction of it.

Who is there that does not feel a glow of pleasure when he reads of the humane intentions of the Chinese emperors in opening the public granaries established to relieve the poor when there is a famine? And could it be imagined there is any one so corrupt as to impede the execution of so beneficent an order from interested motives? I wish, for the honour of human nature, I could make an exception in favour of this truly praiseworthy and bountiful custom, but it is well known, that such calamities are frequently augmented by the cruelty and avarice of those who are appointed to alleviate them. The emperor is often obliged to take off the heads of the mandarins who superintend the granaries, in order to suppress the popular tumults which are excited by the extortions of these faithless servants. Such a government is incorrigible, and nothing but a total subversion of the Tartar dynasty and the aid of an European army, can possibly relieve the Chinese from the misery and oppression under which they groan; unless, as I have imagined might happen, the people themselves be driven to desperation, and destroy their tyrants.*

I have been asked often, whether the Chinese are great travelers in their own country. That they are not so, may be attributed to the rigid police which is established here. Every father and master is responsible for his family, and he who travels must carry with him the history of himself and his business, and the objects satisfactorily explained which induced him to leave his home. It will readily be perceived, that the indulgence of mere curiosity can never be gratified, as he who should attempt a journey on such motives would immediately be suspected of designs against

* This is perhaps expecting too much from a nation so debased and abject, whose corruption is beyond any thing that a European can imagine. It would therefore be difficult to produce a unity of sentiments and action, even amongst the rebels, for any length of time, as they are constantly known to sell their chiefs when any difficulties arise, and most popular tumults are there decided by gold. Notwithstanding his flaming manifestoes, it is the emperor's money, and not his arms, that keeps him on the throne.

the state, and imprisoned as a dangerous person.* This is perhaps the only reason why the celestial sect has not long ago succeeded in overthrowing the Tartars, so many obstacles occur to prevent a regular communication and solid combination of their plans to carry such an enterprise into effect. The time, however, is not distant, when the flame of rebellion must burst forth with irresistible fury in every quarter of the empire, and the last feeble remains of the Tartar dynasty, refined only in despotism, will be crushed for ever, unless it becomes humble enough to implore succour from some foreign power. I hope whatever nation is called to this high office will assist the innocent and oppressed, by placing the ancient Chinese family, or rather its descendants on the throne, under whose mild auspices China might again, perhaps enjoy many years of peace and prosperity. There is little doubt if an army were to enter China, holding out the idea of placing the old dynasty on the throne, that instead of meeting opposition, it would be received with open arms, and every one would assist in the destruction of the Tartars. Sooner than aid the present government to continue its vile despotism, it would be mercy to the country to overturn it. Whenever I have mentioned the easy conquest of China, persons not knowing the people have contended that it was impossible, the physical force of such a populous country being sufficient to overpower the largest invading army that could be brought against it. Those who argue in this way, do not seem to be aware, that the physical force of a nation does not so much consist in its numbers, as in having a wise military system, disposing and arranging a certain portion

* It follows that very few except officers of the government or traders change their place of residence to any distance. The first are a privileged class, and the latter generally travel with their merchandize, or are furnished with proofs of their being engaged in commerce. Those who wish to be presented for mandarin titles may also journey freely, as their names and families are registered and well known. The few who visit Peking from the provinces, without some ostensible motive, such as I have mentioned, generally attach themselves to a party of merchants and appear as such. Amongst all my acquaintances in Canton, I never saw but two Chinese who had visited Peking, and they were of the higher class who held honorary mandarin titles.

of its strength in well organized armies and navies, so as to be a certain guarantee against disaffection as well as invasion. Does such a system exist in China? Is the government capable of enforcing its laws or defending itself by force of arms? Is it able to suppress the tumults and revolts that are daily occurring, without having recourse to the most disgraceful means, and purchasing what ought to be obtained by a military force? This is well known to every one who has lived any time in China, where in fact, every thing is bought and sold with the most unblushing effrontery, and so callous are the feelings of the Chinese, that they are surprised when an European complains of their venality. How easy then is the conquest not only of a divided and disaffected people, but a nation entirely ignorant of the arts of war, and as pusillanimous as unskilful? What is the physical force of the largest flock of sheep, opposed to the blows of a well directed club in the hands of a sturdy peasant, who knows how to wield it to advantage? The Chinese would fall in the same manner before the steady courage of a well disciplined European army. A cowardly disorganized multitude is literally what Bonaparte would call *chair à canon*, or food for cannon; and, I might add, amusement for the bayonet.

If you mention to a Chinese, the ease with which his country might be conquered, owing to their inferiority in the arts of war, &c. he laughs at the idea, boasts that his bow and arrow is a superior weapon, his matchlock far beyond a musket, and finishes by recounting a catalogue of feats, performed by a race of invincible giants existing in their northern provinces, who, with their huge axes, would cut up one of our armies as peasants mow down the grass! He ridicules every thing suggested by strangers with a view to rouse his pride by exposing his inferiority. Although many persons who ought to be capable of judging, were shown the military exercise of the English soldiery whilst at Macao, they could not be prevailed upon to admit the superiority of the European mode of warfare. Such a nation can only be convinced by stubborn facts, nor will the people ever be brought to acknowledge their insignificance until they feel it at the point of the bayonet. The government will probably discover their weakness sooner. Many sensible Chinese speaking on this subject have

said, "it was too old and depraved to be borne with much longer; and although they did not like revolutions, they could not but feel pleased at the destruction of a government, composed of a band of robbers and extortioners."

It would be an act of real humanity, if the powers of Europe were to combine against an usurpation and tyranny of the very worst sort; a ferocious despotism which has brought misery and wretchedness on a once happy people, perverted their native dispositions, ruined their morals, and made them slaves to vice as well as injustice. The industry, ingenuity, and economy of these unhappy people, are worthy of the protecting arm of a wise and good government, which would know how to punish their faults and reward their virtues. It is evident, however, that they never can become a great and independant people, because they do not possess that energy of soul and physical conformation, which are necessary to produce such a result. They are constitutionally, a feeble race of men, and where policy, habits and customs, all conspire against the growth of noble sentiments and physical strength we must expect to see much submission; but when it is joined to some native good and valuable qualities, we cannot help deploring their misfortunes and grieving to see mildness trodden under foot, instead of being cherished and encouraged.

The several provinces of this vast empire, have all different dialects, though the written language is precisely the same, and intelligible to every Chinese on paper. Their costume, differs so little, that it is easy to perceive, they are all of the same country, and their physiognomy varies even less, bearing a strong national resemblance not to be mistaken in the inhabitant of the city of Peking or in him who lives in Canton. There is a sameness throughout China not only in the human race, but in every thing it performs. The houses are seldom more than two stories high, and many, particularly those of the poorer class, only one, covered with tiles and rarely ceiled within. Those of the rich, that are only one story, are high, the appartments numerous and airy, spaces being left between the buildings to admit the air, as well as the light, that is seldom given at the sides, but in the front and back of each. A superstition, as well as a law, prevails against building high houses, and a man, who wishes to raise a roof

higher than his neighbours, must have their consent. Added to this, the schoolmasters must be consulted, the gods propitiated by offerings at the temple, and a number of ceremonies observed before it is considered *fortunate* to commence building. Moreover, the house must front the south if possible. Gardens are generally attached to the houses of the wealthy, even in cities; they occupy a very considerable space, and are expensively adorned with artificial rocks, pieces of water, buildings of various descriptions, walks, bridges, &c. I have witnessed innumerable quantities of flower pots, shrubs, trees, &c. disposed in different parts, altogether forming a very beautiful variety. They have a numerous assortment of *astres* of all colours. One species is white: it is nearly as large as a rose, with long drooping leaves. It is used by the Chinese for salad in the season, and is justly considered as a very great delicacy. At night, when the *astres* are all in bloom, and the pots are arranged with taste, the walks and alleys well lighted with lanterns, a Chinese garden has the appearance of perfect enchantment, and in no country whatever are they excelled in this sort of illumination. Fireworks are often introduced, in which they are likewise very ingenious. One sort, called by Europeans a drum, is curious and entertaining. They are generally about the size of half a puncheon, one end open, the other closed, containing from five to seven changes. There is a small match in the centre, and the drum is suspended from the ground ten or twelve feet. On lighting the match, one of the changes falls down below the drum, and as it explodes, it communicates fire to another, and thus in succession until the whole are burnt out. These changes represent battles by sea and by land, houses, gardens, flower pots, &c. &c. very beautifully composed of paper and bamboo, and managed with singular ingenuity.

As their gardens are so good, it is natural to ask about their fruits. Almost every month of the year has its particular fruit; but those most esteemed by the Chinese, are mangoes and lichens. They have also pears of several sorts, peaches, plums, pine apples; water melons, songans, guavas, jacks, oranges of very many kinds, shaddacks, grapes, figs, plantains, bananas, &c. Vegetables are carried through the streets for sale, and fruits are vended at stalls in every street. The seller arranges on his table or stall

what he has for sale, with the prices written on a piece of bamboo near them, so that he who wishes to buy knows what he is to pay, without asking the owner. He therefore helps himself, puts down his money, and the business is managed without a word being uttered. If it be something that requires to be weighed, the buyer weighs it with a pair of steelyards or tychen which he carries for that purpose, and the seller weighs it after him to see that he is right. This method requires no bargaining. Vegetables of all sorts are in great quantities, particularly those of the succulent kind, and in and about Macao very fine potatoes are cultivated. They do not succeed so well near Canton, only ninety-seven miles distant; though I imagine it is owing more to a want of care in the cultivation than any thing arising from the difference of soil and climate. The truth is, the Chinese themselves are not fond of them, and therefore they cultivate only enough for the European demand.

There are several markets for the sale of fruits, vegetables, fish, meat, &c. in Canton, but most of those articles are cried through the streets in plenty. Sellers of fish carry them in broad tubs, one at each end of a bamboo, nicely balanced on the shoulder, where there is water sufficient for them to swim, so that they are always to be had alive. Pork is their favourite meat, nor am I astonished they should prefer it, as it is far beyond their beef, mutton or veal in delicacy of flavour. They take more care of their pigs in the article of cleanliness than of themselves. Nothing but rice and water is given to them for food, the rice always boiled, the pen kept perfectly clean, and the animal washed and rubbed once a day at least, and oftentimes twice by those who are of the epicurean order. A pig destined for food though belonging to the poorest class, is not suffered to run about, but cautiously guarded from the possibility of getting injured by improper nourishment. This circumstance conquered the prejudices I at first entertained against pork, seeing it carried about the streets for sale, and before I left China, I preferred it to any other meat. Mutton is very dear in Canton, the sheep that are killed being all brought from the northern provinces. They arrive very poor, and by the time they are fattened sufficiently for the market, they cost the owner a considerable sum of money. When I first went to

China, it was impossible to buy a piece of mutton, as those who wished to have this kind of meat were obliged to purchase a sheep, the cost of which is never less than fifteen Spanish piasters, and frequently as high as twenty-five. They are of a large size with broad tails, generally very fat after being fed a while at Canton; and they resemble the sheep at the Cape of Good Hope in every respect. The flesh is rather coarse though generally juicy and well flavoured. It would be better if they were fattened with grass, but the Chinese use boiled beans, rice, and oil cake. Turkeys are also exceedingly dear in China; never to be had under four or five piasters, and sometimes as high as eight. They seem to be the only poultry the Chinese do not understand how to rear. They have a disease like the small-pox, that comes in large pustules on the head, and destroys them before they are half grown. Their capons are the finest in the world, and geese are also good but inferior to those of Europe. Ducks are in very great plenty, and next to pork seem to be a favourite food, though by no means comparable with those of any other part of the world, being neither fleshy nor well tasted. On the river Tygris are very large boats, called duck boats, having immense flocks of them kept principally for their eggs, which are considered a delicacy. They are salted and sent all over the empire. Some of the boats have from one thousand to fifteen hundred ducks that are managed by three or four men, who tend them as shepherds watch sheep during the day, whilst they feed on the rice fields, and they are quite as tractable and obedient to their voice. At night they are called to the boat, which they enter by a board placed for them, and run up with the greatest eagerness, those that remain behind being always beat with little switches. The boat has a kind of platform of wicker-work that projects on either side; it is fenced all around, and has little apartments in which they lay their eggs, &c. The people informed me they seldom lost a duck, for if perchance one strayed from the flock, he was easily recalled, and generally came back the moment he heard the keeper's voice. Ducks kept in this way are the stock from which they procure the eggs to produce others. The incubation is effected by artificial heat, which is communicated by stoves. The fishermen who trail their nets between

two boats to catch fish in Macao roads, also make use of large quantities of these eggs. They steep their nets in the whites, and then expose them to the sun, until perfectly dry, which gives them a shining appearance in the water, and perhaps has other qualities to attract the fish. The yolks are salted and serve for food.

Wild ducks, geese and teal are also in great plenty in China, and very high flavoured, particularly the geese and teal. The Chinese catch the geese with lines laid on the rice fields, in which they get their feet entangled and are unable to fly away. To take ducks and teal, nets are hung on bamboo stakes, placed across a rice field, which they are in the habit of flying over. In the night they fly into them, and getting their necks, legs or wings fast in the meshes, cannot extricate themselves before the person, who is concealed near at hand, comes and seizes them. The teal caught in this way are kept in small baskets completely closed, so as to prevent the light penetrating. They are then fed with rice in the husk, called in China a *paddy*, and soon become excessively fat. There are also fine pheasants, snipes, partridges, plovers, quails, rice birds, and other game in abundance to be had at Canton. In short, few places are better supplied with provisions of all sorts; but living is excessively dear to Europeans from the nature of their establishments. Those who serve them are obliged to see the mandarins, who enhance the price of every commodity.

The Chinese make great use of beans, not only to feed their sheep and cattle, but also as food for themselves, in what they call, *thow foo*, and *foo chack*, a kind of flummery exceedingly palatable and nourishing. Soy is likewise made from beans, with the aid of molasses and salt. The beans are boiled until nearly all the water evaporates and they begin to burn; they are then placed in large jars exposed to the sun, water and molasses are poured upon them and stirred well every day until the liquid is completely impregnated with their flavour; it is then strained off, salted, boiled and skimmed, until perfectly clarified. It will keep any length of time. Many persons have thought that gravy was employed in this condiment, which is not the case, it being en-

tirely a vegetable composition, and certainly very wholesome and agreeable. There are many qualities of it, and it requires much care and attention to make the best. Japanese soy is most esteemed, and is vastly superior to any made in China. Many shopkeepers have large platforms on the roofs of their houses, where a number of jars are placed, for the purpose of making this article of which there is an enormous consumption, since neither rich nor poor can breakfast, dine, or sup without it. It is sauce for every sort of food, gives zest to every dish, and is the *sine qua non* of a Chinese meal. They are very fond of sweetmeats, and make preserves of almost every fruit and many vegetables. Even the bamboo, when young, is employed in this way; in addition to the numerous and extraordinary uses before enumerated. The pine-apple, orange and ginger, are however the only Chinese preserves which are palatable to Europeans; most of the rest losing their native delicacy of flavour, by being surcharged with syrup. Indeed this excessive proportion of sweetmeats seems to be the fault throughout Asia, Manilla excepted, where there are some remarkably fine, and managed with such care as to retain in perfection the original taste of the fruit.

OF THE TEA LEAF.

The best account I have been able to obtain of the tea leaf, which is so generally consumed throughout Europe, as to have become an article of the first necessity instead of a mere luxury, I now present to you. For its correctness I will be answerable no farther than to say that my information is from four or five different sources, and some of them persons who have been in the tea country. The concurring testimony of several Chinese induces me to believe what I am about to state.

Teas are of four distinct families, I mean those generally known in commerce, namely, Bohea, Ankay, Hyson and Singlo: the two first are black and the two latter green teas. From these four stocks are derived, all the variety of qualities and names to be found in the Canton market.—They run in succession as follows:

BLACK TEAS.

Bohea and Ankay Bohea.

These are the commonest sort of black teas, but the Bohea is superior to the Ankay Bohea, the first bringing from 12 to 14 tales the pecul, and the latter only 8 or 10 tales per pecul.

Bohea, Congo, and Ankay Congo.

These are the next qualities, the best, or Bohea Congo, bringing from 18 to 22 tales the pecul, and the Ankay Congo from 15 to 18 tales.

Bohea Campoi and Ankay Campoi.

The next qualities will sell as follows:

Bohea Campoi 24 to 27 tales per pecul, and the Ankay Campoi at 22 to 25 tales per pecul.

Bohea Souchong and Ankay Souchong.*

The first sells at from 26 to 46 tales per pecul, and the second at from 20 to 32 tales per pecul.

There are, however, some qualities of Bohea Souchong of particular flavor, which brings as high as 60, 80, and 100 tales the pecul; and also some of the Ankay Souchong of very superior smell, &c. bringing from 40 to 50 tales per pecul. Those last mentioned teas have distinct names, such as, *Fa heung*, *Teha Powchong*, *Teha Sun*, *Chay Teha*, *Leung thune Teha*, &c. &c. Bohea and Ankay are the names of two districts of the same province, but the tea of the former is in much higher estimation than the latter, and always sells dearer at the Canton market.

Another quality of black teas are, Bohea Pecko and Ankay Pecko.

These are the young leaves gathered just when they begin to push forth, having still the white down upon them, which have been believed, erroneously, in Europe, to be the flowers of the tea tree. This sort of tea sells, at Canton, from 40 to 120 tales the pecul, and even higher prices have been given for the Bohea

* There are some qualities of Ankay Souchong that sell much lower, some even as cheap as 10 to 12 tales per pecul, and from that to 18 tales, in proportion to the quantity of white leaves found in it, that gives it a higher flavor.

sort, when the leaves are all very long and covered with white down.*

Black teas naturally, and also from the manner in which they are cured, are more wholesome than the green; they are much more esteemed by the Chinese, and the best sort fetch the highest prices in the Canton market. They are dried on bamboo baskets, whereas the fine green teas are dried on copper sheets or plates, and being rolled while wet with rice water, are certainly liable to produce verdigrise. The green teas are also unwholesome from being often coloured with Prussian blue or smalts, and are likewise extremely astringent and corrosive. The Chinese, I observed, very seldom drink of them, and then excessively weak, and most of those whom I conversed with on the subject, assured me they affected the nerves violently, and therefore very few persons in China ever made use of them. The wholesomest green teas are those of the most common qualities, such as Hyson Skin and Singlo.

GREEN TEAS.

Hyson, and Singlo Hyson, follow in succession thus:
Hyson Chulan and Singlo Chulan.

These qualities generally sell for 1 tale to 2½ tales the catty, according to goodness; but are oftener sold by the box, at the rate of 16 to 18 dollars for 10 catties, and 24 to 41 for the double box. In this is also included the price of the box, that is always of black Nankin lacker, inlaid with mother of pearl. The very best Hyson Chulan, treble flowered, is worth 40 dollars the large box. It seems to be the only green tea the Chinese drink, and they use it but seldom. Hyson Gomee is another quality of fine Hyson, that sells as dear as the Chulan. The Chulan is always dear or cheap in proportion to the number of times it has been scented with Chulan flowers. There is the single, double, and treble scented.

* Of the very first sort of this tea, there is rarely more than three or four peculs brought annually to the Canton market. Some of the finest of it is brought to *Ihiachla*, on the borders of *Siberian Tartary*, and sold to the Russian traders who carry it over land to *Russia*. It sells in *Moscow* and *St. Petersburg*, at from 30 to 50 roubles the pound.

Those of commerce of the green teas are as follows:

Hyson and Singlo Hyson.

The first sells at from 50 to 60 tales per real, and the second at 44 to 52, according to the plenty or scarcity and the demand.

Hyson, Gunpowder or Imperial, Singlo Gunpowder or Imperial from 80 to 120 tales per pecul—S. G. from 70 to 85: of the Singlo Gunpowder, there are some very inferior sorts, which sell as low as 58 to 60 tales per pecul.

Hyson, Young Hyson, and Singlo Hyson, from 30 to 40 tales per pecul—S. H. 28 to 36 tales per pecul.

Hyson Skin of Hyson, and Hyson Skin of Singlo, from 26 to 30 tales per pecul—H. S. S. 22 to 26 tales per pecul.

Good Singlo that is hardly inferior to what is called the Singlo Skin tea, sells at 22 to 25 tales per pecul. This is the lowest quality of green tea, unless it be a tea made at Canton to imitate the Singlo Skin, which is a mixture of very bad materials. It sells lower, as is the case indeed with all the teas I have mentioned, at particular times, and higher when the demand becomes urgent.

No people under Heaven know better how to manage those matters than the Chinese, who are deeply addicted to trade, and are the most determined speculators in the world. There are a number of fine flavoured high priced teas, sold at Canton on the spot, which are very rarely exported, but consumed at home, as at *Bordeaux*, in France, there are several very high flavored wines that are drunk there and rarely sent out of the country. The Chinese most generally drink their tea without sugar or milk, upon the leaves in a cup with a cover which they frequently take off, to regale their olfactory nerves with the odour of the tea, as well as to prevent its becoming too strong. Hot water is generally poured on the same leaves until all their flavour and strength is extracted. This is by far the most economical mode of drinking tea, as well as preventing its acquiring that strong, bitter, and astringent taste, that it often has when drawn in a tea-pot, and particularly one that is made of metal.

This is the beverage principally used in China to quench thirst both by rich and poor, and it is always drunk warm, even in the heat of summer. The *Chinchas* people from a district of the

province of Tokien, of that name, are the only Chinese I ever saw who drunk cold water.

It is seen by this account, that from four genera or stocks, are derived the various species of black and green teas which are found at the Canton market. The difference of quality in the several sorts, is evidently owing to the different seasons of gathering them, and sometimes likewise in the curing. Some are plucked just as they burst forth, with the down upon the leaves, as the Picho; others later, when the leaves expand, and some are cured by rolling them in the fingers with rice water and drying them on copper sheets. Others, again, are scented with flowers, and prepared also by hand in the nicest manner. All these different preparations and methods of curing and seasons of gathering, must produce a corresponding variety of qualities, even from the same tree. The last process the tea undergoes, and that is practised with all sorts indiscriminately, is firing. This is done by putting the tea into cylinders of sheet iron, and turning them round gradually before a hot fire, so as to toast them until they become perfectly dry. Tea never gives out its odour well, until after it has undergone this process, that finishes it and renders it fit to be packed in boxes immediately. Care is taken also in packing, not to do it if possible in damp weather, and in a place where the atmosphere is not perfectly dry and warm, so as to preserve it from losing its crispness. The first thing a Chinese tea tryer does, is to press, or rather crush some of the tea in his hand, to see whether it has lost its *fire*, and then he blows his breath strongly upon it, and afterwards applies it close to his nose. This is only to know whether the tea is fresh and well flavored. To ascertain its real value, he weighs a certain portion very nicely, and draws it in a covered cup of milk-white China ware, where it stands until it is cold, to show him the colour; but whilst hot, he tastes and smells it, to get the flavour. He is likewise very particular in having good water, and that it is boiling hot.*

In taking leave of this subject, I must beg your indulgence for having been perhaps too minute in my descriptions; but I have

[* Moreover, the kettle should never be used for any other purpose. NOTE, not by *Dr. Johnson*. ED. P. F.]

purposely mentioned every thing I could recollect that is likely to give any insight into the manners and customs of this extraordinary people. If I have attributed to their government, or the nation, a character they do not deserve, my ears and eyes deceived me, for I could not discover, with all my care, the slightest indications of that proud preeminence which they assume over Europeans, and which the Jesuits and others are so prone to concede to them. On the contrary, they exhibit a most deplorable contrast to every thing that is great, wise, noble and honourable; and their government, which has been so highly extolled, is the impure source from whence the black stream of vice flows to infect the whole nation. I therefore conclude, with repeating that I believe the Chinese generally, to be naturally deficient of courage; but in other respects, they are an excellent, mild, well-disposed people, who, under a good government, might be made most valuable subjects, and probably, by the force of education, good soldiers. At present they are literally a flock of sheep, in comparison with Europeans, and their armies of millions would be as easily routed and slaughtered.

PATIENCE.

If what we suffer has been brought on us by ourselves, it is observed by an ancient poet, that patience is eminently our duty, since no one ought to be angry at feeling that which he has deserved. If we are conscious that we have not contributed to our own sufferings, if punishment falls upon innocence, or disappointment happens to industry and prudence, patience, whether more necessary or not, is much easier, since our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterness of remorse to add to the asperity of misfortune.

He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day, will pass, in seven years, a space equal to the circumference of the globe.

TAYLOR ON AGRICULTURE.

(Continued from our last volume, page 438.)

INDUSTRY is the third necessity of a prosperous state of agriculture. The high authority which has declared "that idleness is the root of evil," decides that industry is the root of good. Yet it unfortunately happens, that wealth is too often considered as discharging us from an obligation, a compliance with which is necessary, to render us happy ourselves and useful to society. The mischiefs of this opinion are vastly aggravated by the consideration, that wealth bestows an ability to exert industry with discretion, and to extend its benefits with most effect. A consciousness of charity or generosity, sometimes founded in vanity, and often productive of evil, is the solace resorted to, for the neglect of a virtue, always productive of good. The rich who bestow money, may possibly nurture idleness, and never add to the general stock of subsistence. A monkey, possessed of a heap of guineas, might scatter the shining bawbles amongst his species; but one which by his labor should augment their food, would render them more essential services. Where is the mighty merit of giving money which we never earned; whether derived from our ancestors, or obtained by the dice; as an oblation to vanity or to fortune? Whether it shall excite the industry or feed the dissipation of the receiver, is a matter of indifference to the giver, when his object is either to gain popularity on earth, or to compound with heaven, by purchasing for himself an impunity for idleness, with the donation of casualty, or the virtuous labors of another. Whatever may be the motive for industry, its fruit is individual and general good. A mere exchange of money from hand to hand, creates nothing, and does not augment the national prosperity. Comfort, plenty, freedom and virtue all spring from industry. The surplus of its labors bestows power, knowledge, and morals upon a nation. Its loss would beget debility, cause the vices resulting from want, and lead to barbarism. The industrious man alone can exercise charity and liberality, from a principle radically founded in virtue, and unalloyed by vanity. Unlike a broker, between an ancestor and a beggar, he gives a portion of his own industry, to advance the happiness of others. Not seduced from honest duty, by the deceitful theory—"that idleness compensates society for its vices, by giving employment to industry," he feels that his idleness would produce an irretrievable loss, incapable of being compensated by his extravagance, and sure to settle somewhere in the garb of want and misery. If this reasoning did not conform to the general sense of mankind, the action of the caliph Motassem, who contributed his personal labor to advance the happiness of a poor man, by assisting him to raise his cart out

of the mire, would not have been commemorated for ages, whilst all his donations of money have sunk into oblivion. The temporal punishments attached to a deficiency of industry, prove that its nature is not neutral, and that it cannot gain the rewards of virtue. No success in any science or employment, useful to mankind, is experienced without industry: and in that of agriculture, its absence more certainly predicts calamity, than in any other. However skilful gentlemen farmers may be in theory, or however ingenious in conversation, let them not beguile themselves into an opinion, that they may dispense with this necessity of agriculture, and yet keep their estates. Without active efforts to produce substantial effects, they resemble astronomers who should feed their vanity, and waste their lives in considering the nature of comets, and calculating eclipses, without regarding their sublunary necessities. If productive industry was more painful than laborious researches in the regions of theory; if its solid fruits were too light to preponderate against the imaginary lading of the opposite scale; yet the injustice of shrinking from our due share of the burden, and of subsisting by accumulating its weight upon the shoulders of others, is still to be compared with the honesty of contributing our active efforts to the social treasury, and the beneficence of lightening the incumbrances of existence.

An election between the arts of employing or of killing time; between fleeing from the miseries of idleness to the pleasures of industry, or to an uneasy restlessness and vicious habits, would seem to present no difficulty, and to suggest no hesitation; and by this election the fate of agriculture in Virginia must be decided.

The remaining necessity of agriculture, to be noticed, is the want of houses for the comfort of man, the security of crops, and the preservation of beasts. The process from hollow trees to caverns, and from caverns to cabins, ought to inspire farther views, and to eradicate out of free and civilized countries, vestiges by which savages are designated. Yet the habitations of freemen, as well as of slaves, remain in a multitude of cases both insufficient for comfort and for health. They are therefore deserted without regret, and a pernicious wandering habit infuses itself into the mind, because nothing worth retaining is surrendered, and no evil, not already endured, is anticipated. Whilst men suffer, beasts perish in multitudes for want of a protection against the severities of the winter, which their involuntary domestication gives them a right to expect, and which it is the interest of their owners to bestow. But the loss of crops is yet a greater evil, arising from this deficiency. In the articles of small grain, fodder, and hay, it is so enormous, that when computed from some extent of observation, the conclusion, that it amounts annually to twenty-five per centum, seems within the fact. When it falls upon individuals who

make no profit, it often crushes them; and when it is deducted from profit, it impoverishes those classes of society which are not agriculturists. This will be demonstrated by the following considerations:

The competency of agriculture, in this country especially, is a phrase of infinitely greater scope, than would be conceived without an attentive examination. Its duties, like the duties of moral rectitude, spread from the narrow circle of providing sustenance for one man or one family, into a wide expanse, created by the obligations arising from society, and the interest interwoven with national prosperity. In the United States, the responsibility of agriculture does not stop at food for all eaters. It extends to the support of government, to the encouragement of commerce, to the sustenance of the learned professions, to the introduction of the fine arts, and to the support of the more useful mechanical employments. This responsibility, the sponsor for knowledge, for good manners, for liberty and for national power, constitutes a demand upon agriculture, which must be paid, to win and combine blessings, in which, if she is wise, she will largely participate. Being the source from which all classes, and particularly the numerous family of the *nati consumere fruges*, must derive their subsistence and prosperity; all classes have a deep interest in rendering it more copious, because the success of each must expand with its growth, and contract with its decline. Its exuberance cannot, like an exuberant treasury, or a pecuniary speculation, be monopolized by idleness or corruption, but must be diffused to excite industry and nourish virtue. Whatever shall cripple its capacity for rendering to society services, in comparison with which, even those of the hero and the patriot become diminutive, ought to be avoided by every wise politician with care, and resisted by all, who understand their own interest, with firmness. Every stab given to agriculture reaches their own vitals; and every folly by which she is injured, must be expiated by their own suffering. Where then can be found a difference of interest between agriculture, and the other useful occupations in society, when their prosperity must result from hers, and she can only reap the blessings of a well organized social state, by providing for them? As agriculture is not an isolated interest, like a political project, or a fraudulent artifice, capable of being dis severed from the body politic, without producing its death; rendering it less productive by measures, however honest, or by the dexterities of avarice or ambition, however plausible, must gradually produce the impoverishment they promise to prevent, and prevent the common good they promise to produce. A common interest ought to suggest the national policy in regard to agriculture. As it is worthy of an universal patronage, on account of its universal benefit, every intelligent individual, however distantly removed from its labors, may perceive the strongest motives for exerting his

republican influence, and uniting with agricultural societies, to increase a profit, by which his own prosperity must be graduated. In a scale combining agriculture with its effects, barbarism stands opposite to its utmost incompetency; and the most perfect state of society, to its capacity for discharging its various duties: and between these extremities lie the several correspondencies inseparably linked, compounded of accessions of competency and advances towards social happiness. To what object, more glorious, can the powers of the mind and of the purse be directed, than to one which with oracular certainty, deals out happiness or misery in extremes, and in all the intermediate gradations? In considering the competency of agriculture, we have seen that its profit and benefit to society, must begin and proceed together; must exist or perish together; and that neither can contract or expand, without a strict concomitancy of fate. Hence results a demonstration, that any policy is erroneous by which the profit of agriculture is diminished, to foster a personal or local interest. As agriculture is a national property, such a policy is simply that of a farmer who should starve some of his family for the sake of poisoning a few with ice cream and syllabub. As our country is one great farm, and its inhabitants one great family, in which those who work the least receive the greatest share of the profit, those who are not farmers have a deeper interest for increasing the profit of agriculture, than the farmer himself; because his subsistence must precede theirs, and theirs can only be supplied from this surplus; the larger this surplus, the greater will be their gain. An expectation therefore of benefiting the other classes of society, by laws tending to diminish agricultural profit, though they may have a personal or local effect upon some partial selection, must be injurious to the rest of the family.—Agricultural profit, being the aliment of the whole family, every member of it except the patronized, loses a portion of his share by its diminution, and every partiality to a co-heir inflicts the injustice, in some degree, suffered by those beggared to enrich one, under the policy of primogeniture.

To illustrate these opinions, I shall refer to the two cases of taxing iron and barns. An enhanced price of iron, during embargos and wars, has constantly suggested a degree of economy in its use, from whence has resulted bad agricultural tools to a vast extent. This generates habits of long duration, and hard to eradicate. Bad tools impoverish the soil, diminish crops, and check or obliterate improved modes of cultivation. The poorest farms require the best tools, but as they also require the greatest economy, the evil becomes aggravated by a necessity for submitting to it; and retrogradation ensues, where an advance in improvement is most needed. Whether the price of iron is enhanced by war, embargos, or taxation, this effect will be commensurate with the extent of such en-

hancement. In the same mode the taxation of barns operates. It prevents to a great extent the erection of houses for the preservation of that portion of the profit of agriculture, upon which the prosperity of the other classes of society depends. The frugality in iron diminishes crops; the frugality in houses loses them. Whatever is lost by bad tools or want of houses comes out of the surplus upon which all other classes must subsist. The loss falls almost exclusively upon them, as the farmer must first live upon what he can save. If there is good ground for computing the loss from bad tools and want of houses at twenty-five per centum of the crop, how erroneous must be the arithmetic which adopts a loss so enormous for the sake of acquiring a pittance so inconsiderable, as that which is produced by taxing iron and barns? And how miserable the policy of the other classes of society, which is unable to discern, that the endowment of some few individuals with this pittance, inflicts an enormous loss upon themselves? Other instances of this political arithmetic are omitted, as being less evident, though founded in the same principles; and because it is sufficient merely to suggest the subject in a country, abounding with patriots more able to explain it.

One intention of this essay, is to impress the error of beginning at the wrong end to improve our agriculture. It would be premature to wander away from its primary necessities after some brilliant discovery, before we have established a sound foundation for beautiful superstructures; and would be probably nearly as useless as the compass to the hull of a ship without rigging. Fertility, tools, industry and houses, cited to illustrate this intention, are indispensable portions of the tackle, by which agriculture must prepare for being steered by the rudder of chymistry, into the harbor of opulence.—I mean not to decry the labors of the learned in discovering new sails for accelerating the voyage, but only to insist upon the necessity of fitting the ship for withstanding storms, before she is launched into an ocean of theory, after new discoveries.—A beautiful feather may be pleasing, and the entire plumage of a beautiful bird may be admirable; but a fine feather stuck into the young bird, just as its down begins to spring, might retard its growth to maturity, and become a deterring example.

Among the necessities of agriculture, tools occupy the second place, and their improvement is recommended with solicitude, because if the society should happily acquire pecuniary means adequate to the object, its accomplishment is evidently more attainable than the accomplishment of many other objects, of infinitely less importance. A large sum lent to a capable and enterprising individual for several years, without interest, under conditions ensuring the erection of the works, and securing the payment of the principal, might guarantee success, both by enforceable stipulations and private interest.

The universal range or the benefits diffused by agriculture was adverted to for the purpose of soliciting an effectual patronage for the efforts of the society, by the eloquence of self-interest, and the prayers of national prosperity. A conviction that national prosperity and individual comfort, can only flow from its competency, would unite even an oppressive government and avaricious confederacies, in the policy of increasing the profit of agriculture, however they might differ about its distribution; what then must be its influence on a government which loves the people, and subsists to advance their happiness? A policy calculated to diminish the profit of agriculture, would be precisely equivalent to a project for preventing the accumulation of rain, invariably distilled in refreshing showers over the earth. Agriculture without rain, would flourish as all other occupations of society would, without agricultural profit. The staple occupation, upon which all others are engrafted, must flourish, or its scions will dwindle.

AN EUNUCH.—*From Morier's Journey through Persia.*

An Ethiopian eunuch, among the rest, became quite intimate with us, and scarcely let a day pass without calling upon us. He had been brought very young a slave into the country, and had been placed in the harem of the prince, as a guardian over the women. All his ideas partook of the nature of his employment, and of his constant intercourse with women. He used to evince the greatest incredulity at the account which we gave him of the liberty of our women; and he particularly expressed his horror, when we told him that they walked abroad unveiled, and talked with impunity to other men besides their husbands. I once showed him a miniature picture of my mother: after looking at it for some time, he exclaimed, "Then I suppose your father is a painter?" When I answered "No," in great astonishment he said, "Then who could have painted this picture?" He could not, in fewer words, have given me an insight into the whole of his feelings upon this subject.

LOCUSTS.—*From the same.*

On the 11th June, whilst seated in our tents about noon, we heard a very unusual noise, that sounded like the rushing of a

great wind at a distance. On looking up we perceived an immense cloud, here and there semi-transparent, in other parts quite black; that spread itself all over the sky, and at intervals shadowed the sun. This we soon found to be locusts, whole swarms of them falling about us: but their passage was but momentary; for a fresh wind from the south-west, which had brought them to us, so completely drove them forwards, that not a vestige of them was to be seen two hours after. The locusts which we saw at Bushire, were like those which Shaw saw in Barbary, in 1724 and 5, with legs and body of a bright yellow, and the wings spotted brown. These were larger, and of a red colour; and I should suppose, are the real predatory locust,—one of the Egyptian plagues; they are also the great grasshopper mentioned by the prophet Nahum, no doubt in contradistinction to the lesser, (c. iii. v. 17.) As soon as they appeared, the gardeners and husbandmen made loud shouts, to prevent their settling on their grounds.

The strength and agility of these animals made me suppose that this was their first flight, and that they could not have come from any great distance. The Persians said they came from the Germesir; which is likely enough, as that was the direction whence the wind blew. They seemed to be impelled by one common instinct, and moved in one body, which had the appearance of being organized by a leader. As all was dry in the plain of Shiraz, the same instinct seemed to propel them forwards to countries of more vegetation; and with a small slant of the wind to the westward, they would get into the mountains of Louriston, where the corn was not ripe; and where, as the prophet Joel says (xi. 3), after comparing them to a great army,—“they had the land of Eden before them.” Their strength must be very great, if we consider what immense journeys they have been known to make. Pliny says they came from Africa to Italy; they have been known in Scotland. Mandelsloë saw them in the island Madagascar, the nearest point of which from Mosambique, on the Continent, is 120 leagues. This proves them to exist in the southern hemisphere; and if Arabia be their native country, as naturalists affirm, they do not always travel northward, as Shaw seems to think; but, perhaps, take the impulse which the first wind may give them after they are ready to fly.

I have had opportunities, from time to time, to make observations on the locust, particularly at Smyrna, where in 1800, they committed depredations. About the middle of April the ledges and ridges of the fields began to swarm with young locusts; which then wore a black appearance, had no wings, and were quite harmless. About the middle of May they had increased triple the size, were of a gray cindery colour, and had incipient wings about half an inch long. They still continued to be harmless: but at the end of June, they had grown to their full size, which was three and a half inches in length; the legs, head, and extremities, red; the body a pale colour, tending to red. They appear to be created, for a scourge; since to strength incredible, for so small a creature they add saw-like teeth, admirably calculated "to eat up all the herbs in the land, and devour the fruit of the ground." Psalm, cv. v. 34. They remained on the face of the country during the months of July and August; sometimes taking their flight in vast clouds, and, impelled by a strong wind, were either lost in the sea, or were driven into other countries. It was during their stay that they showed themselves to be the real plague described in Exodus. They seemed to march in regular battalions, crawling over every thing that lay in their passage, in one straight front. They entered the inmost recesses of the houses, were found in every corner, stuck to our clothes, and infested our food. It is an extraordinary circumstance, that the barn-door fowls eat them before they are quite full grown; and that, when such was the case, the yolk of the eggs which the hens laid was of a dark reddish colour, partaking of that of the locust. The locusts lay their eggs in the autumn, which they do frequently before they take their flight. Sometimes they deposit them in countries where they alight after their flight; gestation and generation going on during their excursion; for, even on the wing, the male and female locust are frequently found together.

The husbandmen and vine-dressers knew whether eggs had been deposited by them, and were most active in discovering them. Sometimes it would happen that none had been deposited at one village, whilst they were found at the next; and they calculated their harvests and vintages accordingly. The operation of the female locusts in laying her eggs is highly interesting: she

chooses a piece of light earth, well protected by a bush or hedge, where she makes a hole for herself, so deep that her head just appears above it. She here deposits an oblong substance, exactly the shape of her own body, which contains a considerable number of eggs, arranged in neat order, in rows against each other, which remain buried in the ground, most carefully and artificially protected from the cold winter. When that is over, several male locusts surround and kill her.

The eggs are brought into life by the heat of the sun. If the heats commence early, the locusts early gain strength; and it is then that their depredations are most feared,—because they commence them before the corn has had time to ripen, and they attack the stem when it is still tender.

Harmer would probably have derived some help from what has happened to fall under my observation on this subject, in his illustration of the 17th verse of the 3d chapter of the prophet Nahum; for I conjecture, that “champing in the hedges in the cold day,” may be explained, by the eggs being deposited during the winter; and, “when the sun ariseth they flee away,” may also be illustrated by the flying away of the insect as soon as it had felt the sun’s influence.

ISPAHAN.—*From the same.*

The great city of Ispahan, which Chardin has described as being twenty-four miles in circumference, were it to be weeded (if the expression may be used) of its ruins, would now dwindle to about a quarter of that circumference. One might suppose that God’s curse had extended over parts of this city, as it did over Babylon. Houses, bazaars, mosques, palaces, whole streets, are to be seen in total abandonment; and I have rode for miles among its ruins, without meeting any living creature, except perhaps a jackall peeping over a wall, or a fox running to his hole.

In a large tract of ruins, where houses in different stages of decay are to be seen, now and then an inhabited house may be discovered, the owner of which may be assimilated to Job’s forlorn man, “dwelling in desolate cities, and in houses which no man inhabiteth, which are ready to become heaps,” chap. xv. verse 28. Such a remark as this must have arisen from scenes similar

to those which parts of Ispahan present; and unless the particular feeling of melancholy which they inspire has been felt, no words can convey adequate ideas of it.

But if the ruins, when examined in detail, are saddening to the sight; yet, as they are not distinguishable from the inhabited houses, when seen in masses from afar, they tend greatly to magnify the extent of the city, and to give it the appearance now of what must have been its former greatness. The view which breaks upon the traveller, when he arrives from the southward, is in the finest style of grandeur; and one may excuse the Persian who, in his exultation at the sight, exclaims, that his *Ispahan* is *nisfeh jehan*.*

In forming his idea of this city, let not the reader bring it into comparison with any of the capitals of Europe. Here are no long and broad streets, no architectural beauties, and few monuments of private wealth, or public munificence. At Ispahan, indeed, (and it is nearly the same in all despotic countries) the interior of houses is much better than their exterior would indicate. Indeed, where scarcely any thing of the house is to be seen from the street, but a dead wall, as in the case with the generality of Persian houses, there is not much room for exterior ornament. This constant succession of walls, unenlivened by windows, gives a character of mystery to their dull streets, which is greatly heightened by now and then observing the women, through the small apertures in the wall, stealing a look at the passengers below.

The entrances to the houses from the street are generally mean and low. A poor man's door is scarcely three feet in height; and this is a precautionary measure to hinder the servants of the great from entering it on horseback; which, when any act of oppression is going on, they would make no scruple to do. But the habitation of a man in power is known by his gate, which is generally elevated in proportion to the vanity of its owner. A lofty gate is one of the insignia of royalty; such is the *Allah Capi* at Ispahan, and *Bab Homayan*, or the sublime Porte, at Constantinople. This must have been the same in ancient days. The gates of Jerusa-

* Ispahan—half the world.

lem, Zion, &c. are often mentioned in the scripture with the same notion of grandeur annexed to them.

The houses of Ispahan are one story in height, but are composed of so many compartments, that even the meanest of them occupy a considerable area; for the extent that we occupy in our high houses, is in Persia laid out horizontally. They are built either of earth or brick, and their uniformity in height and colour produces a very dull appearance when seen collectively.

The bazaars are very extensive, and it is not impossible to walk under cover in them for two or three miles together. The trades are here collected in separate bodies, which make it very convenient to purchasers; and, indeed, we may from analogy suppose the same to have been the case from the most ancient times, when we consider the command of Zedekiah to feed Jeremiah from the "baker's street." Jeremiah, xxxvii. 21.

To a stranger, the bazaars are the most amusing place of resort; for here is a continual concourse of people, in which characters of all descriptions, each busied in their different avocations, are seen to pass in rotation. Many of the scenes, so familiar to us in the Arabian Nights, are here realised. The young christian merchant; the lady of quality riding on a mule, attended by her eunuch, and she-slave; the Jewish physician; the *dalal*, or crier, showing goods about; the barber Alnascar, sitting with his back against the wall, in a very little shop: and thus almost every character may be met with. The Mollahs, or men of the law, are generally to be seen riding about on mules; and they also account it a dignity, and suited to their character, to ride on white asses,—which is a striking illustration of what we read in Judges, v. 10, "Speak ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment."

CATHOLIC CHURCH AT ISPAHAN.—*From the same.*

It was not until we were one day accosted in the Italian language, by a little, fresh, cheerful-looking man, that we were aware of the existence of a Roman Catholic church at Ispahan. He was its priest, and the last of the missionaries of the Propaganda, who had long been established in Persia. His name was *Padré Yusuf*, a Roman by birth; and he had lived fifteen years at Ispahan,—during which time he had scarcely acquired a word of the Per-

sian language; but could converse fluently in Armenian and Turkish. We seized the first opportunity of paying him a visit; and we had no difficulty in finding where he lived,—for he seemed to be known by every inhabitant of Julfa.

Padré Yusuf informed us, that his flock does not at present amount to more than fourteen or fifteen souls; but that, in the better days of Persia, large numbers of Europeans formed a part of the congregation on Sundays and holidays. We could almost imagine ourselves to be in Europe; conversing, as we were, in Italian, in a church so like in its interior to those of Catholic countries. The Padré informed us that, as long as the Pope was in power, he used to receive succours in money; but now his necessities, were so great, that he scarcely knew how to live. He said that like the other monks, he would long ago have returned to his own country, but that he felt himself bound in duty to take care of the small flock of Catholics still existing at Ispahan. During the commotions of Ali Mahommed Khan's reign, he used to keep watch on the roof of his church, with a gun on his shoulder; and whenever he was in fear of being attacked, he did not fail to make a show of resistance.

He then opened the library, a small square room, with shelves all around, upon which were heaped book of all descriptions, covered with dust. The floor also was spread with books, old papers, letters, accounts, all relating to the business of the former missionaries, written in a variety of languages, and some of a very old date. The books were in French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, mostly on religious subjects; but so much neglected and out of order, that to us it did not appear that there was one complete work throughout the whole collection. What the Padré prized the most, was a Polyglot Bible, containing the Old Testament in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Greek, Latin, German, and Italian. We put some books aside, and asked whether he would not name a price for them; but the good man, although nearly starving, and without a probability of any other priest succeeding him, decidedly refused our offer, saying that they belonged not to him, but to the church.

CULTIVATION.—*From the same.*

About the 23d of August, the peasants began to plough the ground in the vicinity of Ispahan. An old ploughman, who was at work near the village of Sheheristan, informed us that the field which he was ploughing belonged to the government, but that he had rented it from the Ameen-ad-Dowlah upon the following terms:—he provided his own oxen and plough, and the Ameen-ad-Dowlah the corn-seed and the ground. At the harvest, Ameen-ad-Dowlah got three-fourths of the produce, and he the remaining fourth. We afterwards learnt that the whole of the land about Ispahan was farmed in the same manner; and that its irrigation, which was made by cuts from the Zaian derood, was at the expense of the Ameen-ad-Dowlah. The manure which is used for corn-fields, is generally the produce of a flock of sheep and goats, a small sum being paid to the shepherd, who keeps them upon the appointed ground for whatever length of time may have been the agreement.

MANUFACTURES.—*From the same.*

The richest manufacture of Ispahan is the *zeri*, or brocade. We visited a house in which three looms were at work: the brocade which they were manufacturing had a rich appearance, but did not equal the *kincobs* of India, or the gold-stuffs of France. The rich Persians wear the *zeri* for their outer garment on gala-days; and of this the *kalaats*, or dresses of honour, which the king and his sons confer, are made. A piece of brocade, three-fourths of a *zer* in breadth, and five *zers* in length, is worth, according to the quality, from five to ten tomauns. We also visited a manufactory of satin, called in Persian *atlas*, which appeared a very fine stuff, and which the Persians also use for their outward coat, the *caba*. Ispahan possesses many manufactories of silk,—a commodity which is brought for the most part from Ghilan. The spinning-wheels of the Persians are constructed like those of Europe. We visited a house where fifty skanes of silk were spun in one day, and were then conducted to seven looms belonging to the same manufactory; where long black silk handkerchiefs, which the Persian women wear as turbans, were wove. These seven looms employed thirty men. The weavers are paid by the piece,

and not by the day; and for completing one handkerchief, which is two *zers* and a quarter square, they receive two piastres (about three shillings and eight-pence.) We were informed that they could finish one handkerchief in two days; but it seemed to us difficult to do so much.

Cotton is also manufactured at Ispahan in cloths of different qualities, from the plant which grows in the neighbourhood of the city. Nine-tenths of the Ispahan cotton is consumed on the spot, and the rest is exported. Their principal cotton manufacture is the *kadek*, a strong and excellent cloth, which resembles nankeen, and which is worn by all ranks of people, from the king to the peasant. It is also exported to Russia by the Caspian sea, and is there used for the undress of the Russian soldiery. The *kerbas* is another cotton cloth, of which the shirts and drawers of the lower orders are generally made: stronger qualities of it are used for tent-coverings, &c. They paint cotton stuffs with a hand stamp, and they then are called *chit*, (perhaps from our chintz,) and wash them on the banks of the Zaian derood; which they do by beating the stuff on a stone, and then spreading it on the sand to dry.

Paper, gun-powder, sword-blades, glass, and earthenware, are also manufactured at Ispahan, but not in great quantities.

MANUSCRIPTS.—*From the same.*

No regular bazaar for books is established at Ispahan, as at Constantinople; but we were well supplied with manuscripts by the *delals*, or brokers,—men who are useful, though dishonest, who generally procured for us the books we wanted, by searching for them in shops, or in private houses. Several very fine manuscripts were brought to us, besides a great variety of Persian drawings. The Persians are not so bigotted with respect to the pollution of the Koran, by the touch of infidels, as the Turks; for many copies were brought to us for sale. But they hold it in great respect; for one day a Mollah brought us some books for sale, which he spread upon the ground before us,—one of us by chance placed his foot upon a Cuffick manuscript, containing sentences of the Koran, was reprimanded by the Persian, who exclaimed, “beware, that is the word of God!”

DUFIEF'S NATURE DISPLAYED.

Nature Displayed in her Mode of Teaching Language to Man; being a New and Infallible Method of acquiring Languages with unparalleled rapidity, deduced from the Analysis of the Human Mind, and consequently suited to every capacity: adapted to the French: By N. G. DUFIEF, Author of the New Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of the French and English Languages, &c. &c. To which is prefixed, a Development of the Author's Plan of Tuition; differing entirely from every other; so Powerful in its Operation, and so very Economical, that a Liberal Education can be afforded even to the poorest of Mankind; by which is obtained the Great Desideratum of enabling Nations to arrive at the highest degree of Mental Perfection: Containing also Curious Anecdotes concerning the Origin of this important Discovery: Official Documents; and Fac Similes of Letters, addressed by his Majesty Louis the XVIIIth, the present King of France, and Thomas Jefferson, Esq. late President of the United States of North America, to the Author and his family, &c. &c. &c. Dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness George Prince Regent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Printed for, and sold by, the Author, &c. London, 1818.

[From the *Edinburgh Magazine*.]

If we rightly understand Mr. Dufief, in his elaborate introduction to "Nature displayed," of which the title prefixed to this article holds out such splendid promises, one of the chief advantages of his new method is, that it teaches language, *without the aid of grammar*.

The horror with which we still think of "*quæ maribus solum*," made us hail with delight the prospect of our sons being taught Latin without the drudgery, and the hard blows that it cost us,—when, to our utter astonishment, we discovered that this voluminous work was nothing more than a grammar, eked out with copious lists of phrases, (a thing of no very new invention,) and selections, in prose and verse, from various French authors. So far well; but it is not what it pretends to be; and, in the bitterness of our disappointment, we could not help exclaiming, "a most extraordinary mode of teaching language, without grammar, when the preliminary step is to purchase a grammar, price

11. 8s." In justice to Mr. Dufief, however, we must say, that the method has its advantages, but we cannot help telling him that he has thrown an air of quackery round the whole, by informing us, that its superiority over other systems consists in its being independent of grammar, when, in fact, a hundred and five pages of his book are devoted to the inflections of the verb alone, and a hundred and fifty to syntax. The reader will remark, that we are not at present considering the comparative merits of teaching language with the assistance of rules, or without them, but whether or not this system fulfils its promises in one important point; and here we had almost said that there is a want of good faith, for, in truth, the volumes in which this boasted discovery is explained *is* a grammar, such a one as Mr. Dufief (fortunately for mankind) left behind him at Philadelphia, only greatly more ponderous and higher priced.

But, that he may not say that we have misrepresented him, we shall give an abstract of his first lesson as nearly as possible in his own words: It begins with the alphabet. The master reads, in a loud and distinct voice, A, the whole class in unison repeat A. In the same manner the master and the scholars go through the whole alphabet, and the accents, the *cedille*, and the orthographical signs, are explained. The first twenty numbers are read by the master, and repeated by the class as before, and twenty short phrases upon them, thus,—*Master*, "Il m'en faut un;" *Class*,—Il m'en faut un;—*Master*, "I must have one of them;" *Class*,—"I must have one of them;" *Master*,—"Il m'en faut un;" *Class*,—repeating the English and the French, "I must have one of them, Il m'en faut un." Twenty propositions with phrases, part of the verb *avoir*, four French phrases, the definition of letters and words, the nine parts of speech, are read by the master, and repeated by the whole class at the same moment, and the lesson concludes with the explanation of a few sentences from "*Lecteur Francais*." Here the author triumphantly remarks, "as time is valuable," (a novel piece of information verily!) it cannot but be interesting to see how much of it has been *consumed* in the above series of exercises; and he sums up the whole in the following table;

	Minutes.
Reading the alphabet, and spelling the orthographical signs	10
Spelling and giving phrases on the first twenty numbers	15
Spelling and giving phrases on twenty propositions - -	15
Pronouncing part of the verb <i>avoir</i> , and four phrases -	12
Nine parts of speech - - - - -	10
Translating - - - - -	15
	<hr/> 77

which he very obligingly informs us is "one hour and seventeen minutes."

It will be obvious, on the first glance, that whatever the novelty of Mr. Dufief's plan may be, it is not in teaching languages without the aid of grammar, for a prominent part of the first lesson consists in the explanation of letters, and their divisions, and of the nine parts of speech, with the inflections of the verb *avoir*. We know not how he may choose to designate these exercises, but we are old-fashioned enough to call them grammatical; and as to the phrases added to each word, there is not much new in that. There is hardly a Latin school in the kingdom where, in the course of parsing the lessons, a great variety of phrases are not given on almost every verb, and at the same time, the principle explained; which is rather more than can be said for this new method. We think, withal, that there is a display quite unnecessary in the summing up of the various parts of the lesson, with the time required for each, and after all, they have been merely prescribed for next day; but the table has a taking appearance, and common readers do not examine such matters too nicely. The novelty of the method then, must be sought elsewhere, than in teaching language without grammar, for it does no such thing; or in teaching it by phrases, for the late Dr. Adam, whose name can never be mentioned but with respect, taught to his class almost every phrase connected with the Latin language, though he had the good sense not to confine his labours to these; yet it has novelty, and perhaps importance, and to these we shall now examine its claims.

The first thing that strikes a person who has been accustomed to the usual methods is, that every student, at the same moment,

and in the same key, repeats what has just been read by the master, pitching the voice by his, in all the varieties of loudness and lowness. The most obvious advantage that it *seems* to possess over the common mode, for it is rather *seeming* than reality, is, that every scholar being employed at the same time, the class proceeds in its business without any of those interruptions that are elsewhere unavoidable, from the restlessness of those who are not immediately occupied. In this respect, it may perhaps claim the superiority over the Lancasterian system, where so much time is thrown away in marching and counter-marching, and all the parade of the mechanical economy of the school; for, from the time that the scholars enter the school till they leave it, there is not a moment lost. It is calculated, besides, to give delicacy of ear, and flexibility to the organs of speech. These are the advantages of the mechanical operations of the system; but even these are not peculiar to Mr. Dufief, for we understand that several respectable teachers of this city have practised them for some years.

But however much this method may be adapted for teaching a language by the ear, and consequently the speaking of that language, we think it inadmissible, or at least of dangerous experiment, in a large school, and altogether inadequate to convey any knowledge of the literature of a country. When a hundred young people (we shall suppose) are required to chant the same phrase in unison, how can the master be certain that many of them are not idly silent, or, at best, merely catching the sounds from those around them, while they have been at no pains to commit the lesson to memory, and, of course, forget it as soon as it has ceased to sound in their ears? We believe, that in schools conducted in the common way, the master has frequently cause to complain of one boy prompting another, for thus the most idle may blunder through the task, of which he really knows little; what then is to be expected when all prompt all? Indeed, it is quite conceivable, that a scholar may in this way attend a whole course and join in the chant, or seem to do so, and remain in total ignorance of every thing that is going on. In a small class there is not much danger of this happening, but in a large one, and Mr. Dufief proposes classes of a thousand and upwards, it is scarcely possible that it

should not occur, and *that* frequently. Another great defect of the system is, that the master cannot be acquainted with the individual progress of his scholars, nor have any knowledge whatever of their respective characters. They are, as far as he is concerned, merely a set of puppets, of which he regulates the motion, and makes them perform feats at which the multitude may stare, perhaps, but there subsists not between him and them any of those delightful ties that ought to link the scholar to his master. They have never individually heard the music of his praise, nor has he ever seen one of the most delightful sights in nature, the beautiful countenance of an ingenious boy lighted up by the smile of conscious desert, kindled by well earned applause, nor the tear that is sometimes shed from a temporary failure, perhaps no less interesting. By this means, the powerful stimulus of a generous ambition is completely extinguished; and unless Mr. Dufief can make it appear that all are, in respect to talent, alike by nature, many of a large class must, by this mode of prescribing lessons, have too much to do, and many too little. Now, we happen to think that it should be the object of a good education, to make every one cultivate his talents to the utmost, without a reference to others. To aim at producing an equality of improvement in a numerous class, so far from following the order of nature, is diametrically opposite to it. This would be to allow a large portion of talent to lie dormant in one mind, and to endeavour to kindle in another what does not exist there.

Mr. Dufief places his chief glory in teaching a language by phrases, and seems to consider memory the only valuable faculty of the mind. "The Greeks," says he, "that ingenious nation, were very correct in conferring on the muses the title of the Daughters of Memory." We suspect that this gentleman has no great intimacy with the Greek muse, else he would easily have seen, that she was so called, because she was employed in the recording of glorious deeds, not because the Greeks considered the memory a nobler faculty than imagination or *judgment*, which last it would have been well if he had cultivated a little in himself. In truth, the main deformity of the system is, that it exercises the memory at the expense of the other powers of the mind. The scholar is, indeed, in the hands of Mr. Dufief, a mere parrot, who repeats

what he hears, and with little more understanding of it. But we shall quote his own words: speaking of the importance of phrase-teaching, "The present is the *only mode*," he remarks, "of acquiring a correct acquaintance with language." Consequently, before its invention, no one ever knew any language correctly. Unfortunate Buchanan, who had not the advantage of learning Latin by Mr. Dufief's system!

The author of the work before us, who seems to be endowed with the very spirit of prophecy, with respect to the universal adoption of his system, proposes that in London four schools should be established, one in each quarter of the city, calculated to contain 2500 each. One master and an assistant, he says, are amply sufficient to discharge the duties of these four schools, and we cannot conceive that the world will be so ungrateful as not to appoint Mr. Dufief to this important charge. This notable plan is to be carried into effect at the expense of one shilling of school-fees from each scholar for ten months, in which time it communicates to the "meanest capacity" *a complete knowledge of the French language*. This brings to our mind a memorable speech which we heard a few days ago in an obscure street of this city, made by one of those orators called raree-showmen. "Here," said he, to the gaping crowd of young ragamuffins around him, "here you will see the whole world, and the emperor of Russia, the most beautifullest man in the whole world, and all at the moderate expense of *one penny*." This will give our second Newton a salary of L. 500 a-year, and he says, if any think this sum too large, he must remember that a considerable share of it will be expended in coach hire for the purpose of conveying the exhausted philanthropist from one school to another. We were actually wondering at the man's moderation, as he might with equal propriety have charged four shillings, instead of one, for his important services, which would have given him an income of L. 2000 a-year, instead of the paltry sum of L. 500, when the price we had just paid for his *Grammar* occurred to our minds. In calculating the expense, he alludes, rather reluctantly, to this tremendous item, but the truth at last comes out. "I must mention" says he, "*an indispensable* article of expense relating to this work." He laments that it cannot be abridged, but contemplates printing it in

stereotype, *for no other reason than to reduce the expense as much as possible.* Generous man! We regret that we cannot calculate the profits on ten thousand copies of "Nature Displayed" annually, but we really imagine they would make these national schools no bad *adventure.*

He *humanely* recommends it to the present race of teachers, in whose certain downfall he *sincerely* sympathizes, to adopt his system, if they wish in the mean time either to preserve their present pupils, or to gain new ones; and, as to their final ruin, he consoles himself, that in a few years, they will die out, and so their miseries will end.

He expresses a hope that some patriotic and enlightened individual will prepare a "Nature Displayed," for the Latin and Greek languages, and thus confer an invaluable benefit on mankind. As he declines the task himself, we must infer that he is unfit for it, for, seriously, we do not think modesty one of his failings. But, if he can teach a language to others in a few months, why does he not learn these languages, and perform the task himself, and thus have another claim on the gratitude of mankind? It were wasting words to pursue this part of the subject. Every one who knows any thing at all of the matter, is quite aware that a thorough knowledge of the inflections of words, and of the laws that regulate their arrangement, must be gained before the scholar can construe a single sentence or construct a single phrase, and the very proposal shows monstrous ignorance.

As it is always necessary for a man who aspires at distinction to surpass his predecessors, we remark that some of Mr. Dufief's scholars are advertising to teach French to the good people of Edinburgh in three months. These gentlemen know the importance of high sounding promises. At this rate they may teach the four principal languages of Europe in twelve months. Bell and Lancaster (or Lancaster and Bell, for we really care not which of them take the precedence,) shall now be no more heard of, for in the glory of these men they will suffer a total eclipse. It is unfortunate for us, that with the very best intentions of preserving our good humour, the gall will flow to the point of our quill; and we must beg the indulgence of our readers when we assume a grave tone, and ask these gentlemen, if they really pretend to im-

part to foreigners and children, in three months or ten months, a language that a native cannot be expected to have acquired in any degree of perfection under sixteen or eighteen years of age. If, with the fate of Logier's system before our eyes, these persons find parents who are weak enough to be gulled by their impudent pretensions, we shall expect that they will next commit the care of the health of their children to Dr. Solomon.

One word more, and we have done. Much less depends on the systems on which schools are conducted, and more on the character of the master, than the world have been lately led to believe. Something good, perhaps, may be gotten from all of them, but every man of merit must form a plan for himself. The Lancasterian system was hailed as an infallible machine for the manufacture of intellect, of which, when the wheels were once set a-going, it was impossible that they should ever go wrong. Experience has, however, shown that its success depends greatly more on its superintendant than the inventor was willing to allow. So true is this, that wherever *he* has not been a man of great energy and talent, the plan has failed. It was, however, the exertions of Lancaster that first turned the public attention strongly to this important subject, and it is his glory that through them several hundred thousand children have been taught to read the Bible, that otherwise would have been ignorant of it. This is a wreath that will bloom long after the laurels of emperors and conquerors shall have faded. Mr. Dufief lets loose the whole weight of his indignation on the system of monitors; but, begging his pardon, we must say, that Lancaster has conferred a lasting benefit on schools by the introduction of them. As seminaries of useful knowledge, our Scotch parochial schools have long been so respectable, as to require no eulogy of ours; and Mr. Dufief's sneer at country school-masters excites only our pity.

Of Mr. Dufief's book we can only say, that it is an immense collection of facts, without taste and without arrangement, and is indeed, altogether, one of the most flagrant specimens of book-making and quackery we have ever seen, even in this book-making age.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STANCES IRREGULIERES,

Sur la translation des restes du Gen. Rd. Montgomery, de Quebec, dans
l'Eglise de St. Paul à New York, Juillet, 1818.

I.

Quel voile obscurcit ta beauté?
O de Columbia, la fille la plus chère!
Toi! que l'onde envie a la terre,
Que Neptune et Cybele ont, à l'envi, doté,
L'un de son trident redouté,
L'autre des nobles tours qui, sur ta tête altière,
S'élèvent avec majesté!
New York! opulente cité!
Quel nuage offusque tes charmes?—
Cette morne douleur, ce silence, ces armes,
Ce concours solennel, ces funèbres apprêts,
Rendent plus touchantes tes larmes,
Et ta mélancholie, ajoute à tes attraits.—

II.

De quelles régions arrive
Cette nef que l'Hudson voit, le long de sa rive,
Filer, en vomissant la vapeur des Volcans,
Et qui semble porter le Ténare en ses flancs?
Libre du joug de l'Eolie,
Et de ses fantasques enfans,
Elle n'obéit qu'au génie
Qui dirige ses mouvemens—
Aux crêpes flottans qu'elle étale,
Aux cyprès, aux lauriers, réunis en faisceaux,
Ombrageant sa poupe et les flots—
A son apparence idéale,
Je crois voir la barque fatale,
Convoyant à travers les redoutables eaux,
Aux champs Elyséens, les mânes d'un héros.

III.

Il le fut.—Veuve infortunée!
Et depuis quarante ans, aux regrets condamnée—
Solitaire habitant de ce lointain château,
Dont les sombres bosquets se projettent sur l'eau,
Et que longe, à présent, le sinistre bateau—
Toi! qui du plus tendre Hyménée,
Vis, dans l'espace d'une année
S'allumer et s'éteindre hélas! le doux flambeau!
Avant cette brillante et fatale journée
Où, sur Montgomery, se ferma ce tombeau
Que la gloire et la mort, ont empreint de leur sccau—
Epouse de sa renommée!
Tu sais si dans toute l'armée,
Il en fut un meilleur, ou plus brave, ou plus beau.

IV.

Compta-t-il ses soldats?—calcula-t-il les chances,
 Les obstacles ou les distances?
 Quand, fort comme sa volonté,
 Prompt comme son intelligence,
 Jeune comme l'indépendance,
 Et grand comme la liberté,
 L'homme de notre antiquité
 Ouvrit et balaya cette carrière immense,
 Qu' aujourd'hui l'Amérique avec sécurité
 Parcourt, foule, et remplit de sa vaste influence—
 Souriant elle même à sa prospérité,
 Et surprise de voir, si près de son enfance,
 Les jours de sa virilité.

V.

Vous le vîtes dans les batailles,
 Vous! dont il forga les murailles,
 St. John! Chambly! si fiers de vos remparts!
 Et de nos ennemis, orgueilleux boulevards!
 Pûtes-vous soutenir sa valeur indomptable?
 Vous savez si la foudre était plus redoutable,
 L'Ouragan plus rapide, on le sort plus fatal?
 A son vol, tu prévis ta perte inévitable—
 Il donne le signal—
 Et déjà, sur tes tours, superbe Montréal,
 Le drapeau de l'indépendance
 L'Emblème de notre union,
 Etonne l'Ourse qui s'avance,
 Frémit de l'apparition,
 Et de l'éclatante apparence
 De cette constellation.

VI.

Comme la brûlante comète
 Qui se montre vers l'horison,
 Trainant après soi la tempête,
 La guerre, ou la contagion,
 Annonce au laboureur que sa moisson est faite,
 Et répand dans les champs, une terreur muette—
 Tel aux yeux de Quebec, parut cet étendard
 Au loin se déployant, et menagant sa tête—
 L'Aigle a charmé le Léopard—
 Tu ne peux éviter le sort de ta rivale;
 Comme elle, il faut tomber, seconde capitale.

VII.

Montgomery s'avance—avec lui le trépas—
 En vain invoques-tu, pour arrêter ses pas,
 L'hiver et son cortège,
 Le pôle et ses frimats,
 Les glaces et la neige
 Et les monts et les lacs,
 Et tout ce qui protège

Ces âpres climats
 Que la nuit assiège
 D'éternel verglas
 Où l'Aquilon siège
 Soufflant le fracas—
 Vaine résistance!
 Il vole, il s'élance;
 Les monts sont gravis,
 Les lacs sont franchis,
 Les neiges, les glaces,
 Fondent sous ses traces,
 L'Aquilon s'est tû,
 L'Hiver est vaincu,
 Et déjà le vainqueur est entré dans la place.

VIII.

Le peuple, en foule, accourt des différens quartiers
 Au devant du héros, pour implorer sa grâce—
 Déjà l'on se mêle, on s'embrasse,
 Magistrats, soldats, officiers—
 Quand, par un coup soudain—O douleur! O disgrâce!
 Montgomery, frappe, tombe sur ses lauriers—
 Et reste enseveli dans ses propres trophées—
 Qui peindra les regrets—les cris de ses guerriers?
 Leur bruyantes clameurs? leur plaintes étouffées?
 La muse jette le pinceau
 Et se détourne du tableau—
 Pleuré de son pays—craint, admiré des autres—
 Modèle des soldats—adoré par les notres—
 Ainsi perit, hélas! dans les champs de l'honneur—
 Au matin de sa vie—
 Et dans cette saison d'amour et de bonheur—
 Bien loin de son amie—
 Le héros triomphant—de nos guerriers la fleur—
 De nos belles l'envie—
 Et de nos ennemis, le fléau destructeur.

IX.

Plus de quarante hyvers ont endurci la terre
 Qui couvre son tombeau—
 Autant d'étés brûlants, ont roulé leur tonnerre,
 Sans troubler son repos—
 Mais aujourd'hui, forte et puissante,
 L'Amérique reconnaissante,
 Fière d'offrir à ce héros,
 Dans son sein heureux et tranquille,
 Le plus inviolable asile,
 Où puissent reposer ses os,
 Des rives lointaines, rappelle
 L'Urne du champion fidèle
 Dont l'écu convrit son berceau.

X.

Ainsi, des portes de l'Aurore,
 Dans la Grèce, deux fois, les Pertes descendus,

Pour submerger, sous leurs flots répandus,
 La liberté, naissante encore,
 Avaient, déjà deux fois, repassé le Bosphore,
 Ne laissant, après eux, qu'un méprisabie nom—
 Platee avait, déjà, vû succomber Mardon
 Avant que ses cités—républiques altières,
 Eussent encor rendu les honneurs funéraires,
 Aux héros morts à Marathon—
 Mais quand la Grèce triomphante
 Et sur la terre et sur les flots,
 Se vit heureuse et florissante,
 Sans ennemis et sans, rivaux—
 Periclès! ta voix éloquente
 Appaia leur ombre sanglante
 Par des tributs et des tombeaux.

XI.

Vois-tu sur cette Nef, ces phalanges guerrières
 Qui furent l'accueillir jusques sur nos frontières?
 Quel tableau, pour ton cœur, pour tes sens éperdus,
 Constante épouse, hélas! de celui qui n'est plus!
 Dieux! que dut éprouver ton ame,
 En la présence de l'absent!
 Comment, de tes vieux jours, la délicate trame
 Résista-t-elle à ce moment?
 Ah! d'une existence sans blâme,
 Tu sentis vaciller la flamme,
 A ce spectacle, ensemble et doux et déchirant
 Et toutes les douleurs de tes longues années,
 A la fois, sur un point, tout-a-coup ramenées,
 Vinrent s'accumuler, comme un poids, sur ton cour.

XII.

Quand tu vis ce dais, ce trophée
 Le pompeux appareil de mort et de grandeur—
 Quand de Mars, la voix étouffée
 Sous les crépes de la douleur,
 Fit frémir l'air et ta pensée,
 Semblable au roulement d'un tonnerre lointain—
 Quand la mousqueterie et les foudres d'airain
 Ebranlaient la rive allarmée;
 Effrayaient les échos des Bois,
 Et de noirs, tourbillons, couvraient l'onde enflammée,
 En mémoire de ses exploits—
 Sans doute, dans les airs, à travers la fumée,
 Son ombre t'apparut une seconde fois.

XIII.

Le bateau suit sa course—et d'une marche sûre,
 Avec la même pompe et le même murmure,
 Par un peuple immense escorté,
 De l'Hudson atteint l'embouchure—
 On l'aperçoit bientôt des murs de la cité;
 En un instant la plage
 Est couverte de gens de tout rang, de tout âge;

On accourt des hameaux, des champs, de toutes parts—
 On encombre les tours—on gravit les remparts—
 Chacun à ce cerceueil, veut payer son hommage—
 Chacun veut l'approcher—y fixer ses regards—
 Du flux et du reflux de la foule empressée,
 Les chemins sont remplis—la ville est oppressée;
 On est vingt fois porté de l'un à l'autre bout—
 On se presse, on se croise, on se heurte partout—
 Brindes! ton rivage célèbre
 Offrit un aspect moins funèbre,
 Quand tu vis arriver, dans la froide saison,
 Le vaisseau qui portait l'urne de la victime
 De la plus lâche trahison,
 Et sa veuve attestant à l'univers, le crime
 Et de Tibère et de Pison.

XIV.

Mais, à peine à la batterie,
 La nef est arrivée au milieu des brouillards
 Et des flots sulfureux, vomis de toutes parts
 Par la nombreuse artillerie
 Tonnant des forts et des remparts.
 En monotone et lugubre harmonie—
 Que le calme succède à la confusion—
 Toutes clameurs sont apaisées—
 Ce n'est que dans les cours qu'est l'agitation—
 Le trouble que dans les pensées—
 Nulle part la rumeur—partout l'émotion—
 Mornes, comme la paix nocturne,
 La tristesse est sans voix—la douleur taciturne—
 Tout peint le sentiment, la vénération—
 O Rome! un moins vaste silence,
 Moins de regrets, de révérence
 De désolation, de sentiments confus
 Regnerènt, autrefois, dans ton enceinte immense,
 Quand, des mains d'Agrippine, en tes murs, tu reçus
 Les cendres de Germanicus.

XV.

Où vont d'un pas si lent, ces troupes rassemblées,
 Marchant par escadrons, par bataillons entiers?
 Gardes, infanterie, artilleurs, cavaliers—
 Les enseignes baissées—
 Les armes renversées—
 Promenant sur la mort des regards familiers
 Et dans ces apprêts funéraires
 N'apercevant que les lauriers—
 A leur suite, je vois les nombreux officiers—
 Les corporations—civiles—militaires—
 Les ordres différents, distincts par leur bannières—
 Les diverses sociétés—
 Tous les chefs de l'état—tous les grands dignitaires—
 Et les nations étrangères,
 Présentes par leur députés,
 Concourir à l'éclat de ces solennités.

XVI.

Quel déploiement de deuil et de magnificence!
 L'océan est couvert de vaisseaux pavoisés—
 Des tentures de l'opulence
 Tous les chemins sont tapissés—
 Partout, en splendide apparence,
 Voiles, tableaux, trophées, emblèmes, attributs,
 Aux yeux étalent confondus,
 Et la richesse et l'élégance
 Le luxe, avec orgueil, pare de ses tributs
 L'autel de la reconnaissance—
 Et l'esprit indécis, balance,
 Et ne sait qu' admirer le plus,
 Le service ou la recompense.

XVII.

Mais, déjà, de Cincinnatus
 Les chevaliers en corps, d'écharpes revêtus,
 Fiers du dépôt qu'on leur confie—
 Et dans leurs regards abattus,
 Portant l'affliction, le respect—et l'envie;
 S'approchent du cercueil pour la cérémonie—
 Tout le convoi s'ébranle, et le peuple le suit—
 La troupe vers St. Paul, l'escorte et le conduit—
 De loin en loin des forts les foudres martiales,
 Grondent, en accens solennels.
 Le Washington tonnant répond par intervalles,
 A ces formidables appels—
 Comme à l'éclair succède une nuit plus profonde;
 Ainsi l'épouvantable bruit
 Du bronze, mugissant de la terre et de l'onde
 Rend plus lugubre encor le calme qui le suit.

XVIII.

Jamais—Sion! jamais, sur la Montagne sainte,
 Le temple du seigneur—même en ses plus beaux jours,
 Ne vit se diriger, vers son auguste enceinte,
 Un si prodigieux concours—
 Et jamais Israël, de retour d'Assyrie,
 Ne fit, dans ses parvis, éclater des accens
 Plus expressifs ou plus touchans.
 Une plus sublime harmonie—
 La voute retentit, et brille, en même tems
 De l'éclat de mille bougies,
 Des concerts de mille instruments,
 Et de mille voix réunies
 En accords les plus ravissans.

XIX.

Poursuis, Columbia! c'est ainsi qu'on honore
 Et qu'on fait les héros—
 Ce monument sacré, que le marbre décore—
 Qui longtems attendit le plus saint des dépôts—

Et qui, dans ses muets caveaux,
 Reçoit, en ce moment, les os
 De celui, dont la perte, aujourd'hui, se déplore—
 Ce monument que ta main, jeune encore,
 Lui consacra, pour prix de ses travaux—
 Et qui sur lui vient de se clore—
 Te promet un essaim de défenseurs nouveaux;
 A lui des successeurs, et de dignes rivaux
 Ce monument public, dont tu poses le Socle,
 Ces honneurs, ces tributs, aux mânes du héros—
 De plus d'un autre Thémistocle
 Troubleront le repos.

XX.

Poursuis, Columbia! ta haute destinée—
 Heureuse par tes mours—puissante par ton bras—
 Marche à la tête des états,
 De simple chêne couronnée;
 Laisant le diadème au front des potentats,
 Et les lauriers à tes soldats—
 Par de nouveaux progrès, marque chaque journée,
 Et, de ton gigantesque pas,
 Franchis un siècle chaque année—
 Unique et sûr azile, ouvert au genre humain,
 Contre le fracas des tempêtes,
 Contemple, avec fierté, tes paisibles conquêtes,
 Les arts et l'industrie, accourant dans ton sein.

XXI.

Poursuis—de tes enfans agrandis l'existence,
 Que l'émulation te prête ses ressorts:
 Verse, répands la récompense
 Sur les plus grands, sur les plus forts—
 Ne crains jamais la conséquence
 De ces distinctions que l'on prodigue aux morts.
 Par leur salutaire influence,
 Sans faire incliner la balance,
 La nation s'élève en corps—
 La liberté ne sauroit prendre ombrage
 D'un public mais tardif hommage
 Qu'on n'obtient que dans le tombeau—
 Par ce posthume honneur que l'on rend au mérite.
 L'égalité n'est pas détruite,
 Mais elle exhausse son niveau—
 De la lice n'exclut personne,
 Seulement, place la couronne
 Et le point de mire plus haut.

XXII.

Le service est fini—la foule est écoulée—
 Et dans son mausolée,
 Montgomery repose enfin—
 Pourquoi te vois-je encore et pensif et troublé?
 New York! n'est-il pas dans ton sein?
 Relève, ô Tyr du nord! ta tête échevelée—

Fais voir à tes amans ta face consolée,
 Détourne la de ce cercueil—
 D'un long abattement crains le funeste ecueil—
 Eteins ces torches funéraires—
 Quitte ces vêtemens de deuil;
 Reprends tes travaux ordinaires;
 Et de la plus tendre des mères
 Sois encor l'amour et l'orgueil.

XXIII.

Que tes ateliers retentissent—
 Que le fer et l'airain frémissent—
 Que mille et mille bras fournissent
 Au complet de tes arsenaux—
 Que les chantiers gémissent—
 Que les vagues mugissent,
 S'entrouvrent et se glissent
 Sous tes nombreux vaisseaux—
 Unis à l'active industrie,
 Les conceptions du génie—
 Et pénétrant les profondeurs
 D'une mécanique sublime,
 Dis nous, comment, aux nefs, le mouvement s'imprime
 Par la seule action, la force des vapeurs—
 Enrichis de tes découvertes,
 Le sein qui t'a porté—
 Ces nouvelles routes ouvertes
 A la commune utilité,
 Et que je vois déjà couvertes
 Des fruits de la prospérité,
 Conduisent à la gloire—et peuplent de nos pertes,
 Les régions presque désertes,
 Qu' habite l'immortalité.

XXIV.

Et toi! qu'un suffrage unanime
 Place au Timon d'un tel état—
 Qui sus arracher la victime
 Aux horreurs d'un lointain climat—
 Qui des honneurs rendus au guerrier magnanime,
 Redoublas, par ton zèle, et la pompe et l'eclat—
 Reçois le tribut légitime,
 Le plus doux au vrai magistrat—
 Celui de la publique estime—
 En attendant qu' elle s'exprime
 Sur un plus majestueux ton,
 Et, qu'un jour, proclamant ton nom,
 Elle l'ajoute et l'associe,
 A ceux qu' elle inscrit au fronton
 Du grand temple de la patrie.

He that has no one to love, or to confide in, has little to hope.
 He wants the radical principles of happiness.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE ADVERSARIA.

THE descriptive poetry of Warton is of the very first order, and so far original, as it presents us with new pictures, and new combinations of ideas. The language, it is true, is modelled upon that of Milton, but the imagery is his own, and frequently of a kind very distinct from that which characterizes the minor poetry of the great Epic Bard. Neither Gray nor Collins can vie with him in this respect; and neither Claude nor Ruysdale ever painted a more glowing or a more distinct picture, than are many of the descriptions of Warton. The *Ode on the approach of summer* is interspersed with an occasional vein of the most pleasing pathos and morality. What can be more touching than these lines:

——— When life's busier scene is o'er,
 And age shall give the tresses hoar,
 I'd fly soft luxury's marble dome,
 And make an humble thatch my home,
 Which sloping hills around inclose,
 Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
 Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs,
 Its tide a far-famed river pours:
 By Nature's beauties taught to please,
 Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
 Still grot of peace! in lowly shed
 Who loves to rest her gentle head.
 For not the scenes of Attic art
 Can comfort care or sooth the heart:
 Nor burning cheek nor wakeful eye,
 For gold and Tyrian purple dye.

Thither, kind heaven, in pity lent,
 Send me a little, and content;
 The faithful friend and cheerful night,
 The social scene of dear delight:
 The conscience pure ———

O ever to sweet poesy
 Let me live true votary———
 She, from my tender youthful cheek,
 Can wipe, with tender finger meek

The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.

The English Summer.—Horace Walpole, though a very trifling personage, is frequently very amusing. In the following extract we have a vivid picture of the season which lives in “British song:”

“I perceive the deluge fell upon you, before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight and forty hours without intermission. My poor bay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason; it is because we will *affect* to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters.—They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloë to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloë’s nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, *this is a bad summer*, as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other.—We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and make our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.”

The beauties of *Wilson’s* poetry consist principally in a vivid and strong perception of the picturesque in external objects; and in the simple and touching power of so representing human feelings as to make the reader participate in them. His “*City of the Plague*” is a strange compound of brilliant vagaries, dulness, and nonsense. The succeeding passage, in which the deaths of Frankfort’s mother and little brother are described, displays the pathetic powers of the writer in their best light. The now hackneyed idea of the beauty of a corse immediately after dissolution, so admirably introduced in lord Byron’s *Giaour*, commences the description with no very successful effect: but that which follows is

more original, and, *exceptis excipiendis*, may certainly be considered as an indication of a genius for the description of affecting scenes:

Priest. Though from the awful suddenness of their death
The plague hath surely stricken them, yet they lie
Unlike the other victims of that pest
In more than mortal beauty. Their still faces,
When last I saw them, in the moonlight lay,
Like innocence sleeping in the love of heaven,
Love mix'd with pity. Though a smile was there,
It seem'd a smile ne'er meant for human eye,
Nor seem'd regarding me; but there it shone,
A mournful lustre filling all the room
With the silence of its placid holiness.

Frank. Lovelier than when alive they could not be.
Tell how they died.

Priest. Last night I sat with her
And talked of thee; two tranquil hours we talk'd
Of thee and none beside, while little William
Sat in his sweet and timid silent way
Upon his stool beside his mother's knees,
And, sometimes looking upwards to her face,
Seem'd listening of his brother far at sea.
This morning early I look'd in upon them
Almost by chance. There little William lay,
With his bright hair and rosy countenance,
Dead! though at first I thought he only slept.
"You think," his mother said, "that William sleeps!
But he is dead! He sicken'd during the night,
And while I prayed he drew a long deep sigh,
And breath'd no more."

Frank. O sweet and sinless child!
Go on—go on!

Priest. I look'd on her who spoke,
And I saw something in her tearless eyes
More than a mother's grief—the cold gleam
Of mortal sickness hastening to decay.
She ask'd me not to leave her, and I staid
Till human help or comfort by that saint
No more was needed. But a gentler death
A Christian never died. Methought her soul

Faded in light, even as a glorious star
Is hidden 'mid the splendours of the morn.

Frank. I hope she wept not long and bitterly
For her poor sailor's sake. O cruel wind
That kept our ship last night far out at sea!

Priest. "In life I was most happy in my son,"
She said, "and none may know the happiness
His image yields me at the hour of death."

—I found that she had laid upon her bed
Many of those little presents that you brought her
From your first voyage to the Indies. Shells
With a sad lustre brighten'd o'er the whiteness
Of these her funeral sheets; and gorgeous feathers,
With which, few hours before, her child was playing;
And lisping all the while his brother's name,
Form'd a sad contrast with the pale, pale face
Lying so still beneath its auburn hair.
Two letters still are in her death-closed hand
And will be buried with her. One was written
By your captain, after the great victory
Over De Ruyter, and with loftiest praise
Of her son's consummate skill and gallantry
During the battle, told how he had saved
The lives of two young noble Holländers,
By leaping overboard amid a storm.
The other, now almost effac'd by tears,
Was from yourself, the last she had from you,
And spoke of your return. God bless thee, boy!
I am too old to weep—but such return
Wrings out the tears from my old wither'd heart.

Frank. O 'tis the curse of absence that our love
Becomes too sad—too tender—too profound
Towards all our far-off friends. Home we return
And find them dead for whom we often wept,
Needlessly wept when they were in their joy!
Then goes the broken-hearted mariner
Back to the sea that welters drearily
Around the homeless earth!

On the monument of Sardanapalus was inscribed, in Assyrian characters, ΕΣΘΙΕ, ΠΙΝΕ, ΠΑΙΖΕ. ΩΣ Τ'ΑΛΛΑ ΤΟΥΤΟΥ ΟΥΚ

ΑΞΙΑ. EAT, DRINK, AND LOVE, FOR THE REST IS NOT WORTH THAT! meaning a *snaph of the fingers*, which is gathered from a hand, engraved on the stone, with the thumb and middle finger meeting at the top. (I translate *παιζις love*. Casaubon says, *παιζις* nihil aliud significat nisi *εἰς*.) Solomon has said "*all is vanity*;" but not till he had *eat drank, and loved* to a surfeit; and Swift tells us

Life's a farce, and all things show it,
Once I thought it; now I know it;|

but this information was for the tomb, when he could *eat, drink, and love* no more. J. E. H.

THE following oath was taken by Mr. Hunt (says the London Courier) before the lord mayor at the mansion house. This *self-denial* of the deponent in swearing to refuse what is *so very likely to be offered to him*, is singularly magnanimous.

"I, Henry Hunt, do hereby voluntarily and solemnly swear, that I will never accept or take from the king, or his ministers, either directly or indirectly, for myself or any of my family, any place, pension, emolument, grant, contract, title, or any gratuity whatsoever. I will never cease my endeavours to obtain for every man above the age of eighteen years, a vote for a representative in the commons' house of parliament; I will never fail to exert my most strenuous endeavours to repeal that cruel, unjust, and partial law, the starvation act, commonly called the corn-bill. I will keep the poll for the city of Westminster open till the last moment allowed by law; (Signed) HENRY HUNT,

"8, Norfolk-street, Strand, June 12, 1818."

THE sale of lots adjoining the town of Vevay, Indiana, laid off by Dufour and Sheets, which commenced on Monday the 2d of November, closed on the Wednesday following. There were 105 lots sold (which amounted to 13½ acres) for 15,865½dolls.—about 1220 dollars per acre!

MEMOIR OF ROB ROY; WITH A PORTRAIT.

"The eagle he was lord above,

"But Rob was lord below."—WORDSWORTH.

WE learn from the *British Critic*, that on a certain occasion, the entire cargo of a packet or smack, bound from Leith to London, consisted in the impression of a novel, for which the public curiosity was so much upon the alert, as to require this immense importation simultaneously. Such was the case with the novel of *Rob Roy*; a work which possesses very considerable marks of genius, and shows the hand of a pure master, whom we have so long admired, very carelessly and imperfectly applied. The Reviewer remarks, that the character of Rob Roy himself, is one which no other living man, but the author of these tales, could, with any modesty, venture to portray. It is like nothing that we have at present upon earth; it is the recal of a race of men from the dead. The clan of the Mac Gregors was one, whose very history abounds in romance; the annals of their deeds would appear more like a fictitious than a real tale. The sanguinary decree of *fire and sword* against the clan, had almost extirpated them from the face of the earth. They were indiscriminately massacred, and hunted down in the mountains and moors, to which they had fled for refuge.

At the risk of incurring the charge which this critic has preferred *in terrorem* in the above passage; a writer has undertaken to delineate the features and exploits of this last great hero of Highland story.* The introductory sketch and historical me-

* *Historical Memoirs of Rob Roy and the Clan Macgregor, including original Notices of Lady Grange. With an Introductory Sketch illustrative of the condition of the Highlands, prior to the year 1745. By K. Macleay, M. D.*

"So shalt thou list, and haply not unmov'd,

To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;

In distant lands, by the rough West reprov'd,

Still live some reliques of the ancient lay.'

Lord of the Isles.

Philadelphia; published by David Hogan, No. 249, Market-street. 1819.

moir of the clan, which is prefixed to this volume, present an interesting view of the manners of those barbarous times, and the "Notice of Lady Grange" in the appendix, forms one of the most affecting narratives that we have ever perused. Of the biography itself we shall not offer any opinion, as we believe that public curiosity can only be gratified in any tolerable degree, by an abridgment, which we shall proceed to lay before the reader.

While the clan Gregor laboured, amidst hardships and calamities nearly unparalleled in the history of the British nation, a champion arose among them, who avenged, if he did not effectually redress, their wrongs, and supported, with undismayed resolution, the native hardihood and valour of his race:—This was the celebrated ROBERT MACGREGOR, or ROB ROY. He was denominated Roy,—a Celtic or Gaelic phrase, significant of his ruddy complexion and colour of hair, and bestowed upon him as a distinctive appellation among his kindred;—a practice long adopted, and still followed in the Highlands, where, from the most trifling fortuitous incidents, or bodily appearance, names are bestowed, often in derision, which always adhere, not only to those who receive them, but to their posterity.

Rob Roy was the second son of Donald Macgregor, of the family of Glengyle, a lieutenant-colonel in the king's service, by a daughter of Campbell of Duneaves or Taineagh, consequently of no discreditable birth.

During the early years of Rob Roy Macgregor, he was not observed to possess any remarkable feature of that characteristic sagacity and intrepidity which afterwards distinguished him among his countrymen. The education he received, though not liberal, was deemed sufficient for a man who was only intended to follow the quiet avocations of a rural life; but he was endowed with strong natural parts, and readily acquired the essential, though rude accomplishments of the age. The use of the broad sword was among the first arts learned by young men, being considered an indispensable qualification for all classes; and Rob Roy could soon wield it with such dexterity as few or none could equal. In this he was favoured by a robust and muscular frame, and uncommon length of arm, advantages which made him daring and resolute. His knowledge of human nature was acute and varied;



ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF
HERBERT BUCHANAN OF ARDEN, ESQUIRE.

and his manners were complacent when unruffled by passion; but roused by opposition, he was fierce and determined. At an early period, he studied the ancient history, and recited the poetry of his country; and while he contemplated the sullen grandeur of his native wilds, corresponding ideas impressed his soul, and he would spend whole days in the admiration of a sublime portraiture of nature. The rugged mountains whose summits were often hid in the clouds that floated around them; the dark valley encircled by wooded eminences; the bold promontory opposed to the foaming ocean, and sometimes adorned by the castle of a chieftain; the still bosom of the lake that reflected the surrounding landscape; the impetuous mountain cataract; the dreary silence of the cavern, were objects that greatly influenced his youthful feelings, and disposed his mind to the cultivation of generous and manly sentiments. These impressions, received when his imagination glowed with the fervour of youth, were never afterwards eradicated. They continued to bias his temper, and to give his disposition a cast of romantic chivalry, which he exemplified in many of his future actions. His parents were of the presbyterian church, in which faith he was also reared; but he was not free from those superstitious notions so prevalent in this country: and although few men possessed more strength of mind in resisting the operation of false and gloomy tenets, he was sometimes led away from the principles he had adopted, to a belief in supernatural appearances. Though possessed of qualities that would have fitted him for a military life, the occupations assigned to Rob Roy were of a more homely description. It was customary at that time, as it is at present, for gentlemen of property, as well as their tenantry, to deal in the trade of grazing and selling of cattle, and to this employment did Rob Roy also dedicate himself. He took a tract of land in Balquhider for that purpose, and for some years pursued a prosperous course. But his cattle were often stolen, in common with those of his neighbours, by hordes of banditti from the shires of Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland, who infested the country, so that to protect himself from the depredations of these marauders, he was constrained to maintain a party of men; and to this cause may be attributed the warlike habits which he afterwards acquired.

The respectability of his connections, and his birth as a gentleman, entitled our hero to be treated as such, and he was received into the first families, and admitted to the best company in his country.

He formed a matrimonial engagement with Mary, a daughter of Macgregor of Comar, who was a woman of an agreeable temper and domestic habits; active and economical in the management of her family; and though steady and resolute, was yet far from being the inhuman virago she is represented in the late novel of Rob Roy: nor does it appear, excepting on one occasion, afterwards to be mentioned, that she took any part in the desultory concerns of her husband.

The great families of Montrose and Argyll, long at variance on political topics, were now at personal animosity; and jealous of the growing importance of each other were anxious to conciliate the friendship of Rob Roy, whose independent mind, and daring spirit, made him either a valuable auxiliary, or a formidable enemy.

When Macgregor was fairly settled, and tacitly confirmed as laird of Craighcrostan, he was still a young man, and he was naturally elated with an acquisition that gave him some consequence in his country. Montrose his near neighbour, foreseeing the necessity of gaining his confidence, made a proposition to enter into copartnery with him in trade, of cattle dealing; a plan in which he readily acquiesced, and being considered a good judge of cattle, and a successful drover, Montrose had every reliance on his abilities. He accordingly advanced Rob Roy 1000 marks (about 50*l.* sterling) who was also expected to lay out a similar sum, and the profits were to be divided.

About this time, Highland cattle were in great request in England, and to that country Rob Roy was in the habit of making frequent journies for carrying on this traffic. During these excursions to the south, from his obliging disposition, lively conversation, and strict regard to his word; which no consideration could induce him to violate, he gained the esteem of all who knew or did business with him. Besides this sum laid out in the purchase of cattle, Montrose, at different times gave Rob Roy money on the security of his estate.

On the other hand, the earl of Argyll, whose family had been the scourge of the clan Gregor, not only relaxed from all severities against that people, but was now willing to form an alliance with Rob Roy, whose character was notorious, hoping, from his local situation, that he would be a source of constant annoyance to Montrose.

Other motives, certainly more commendable, though not so probable, have been assigned as the cause of Argyll's attention to Rob Roy. Argyll, it is said, felt conscious of the cruelties and injustice his ancestors had exercised over the clan, and was inclined to befriend Rob Roy, their descendant, who seemed determined to support the former consequence of his progenitors. To this he was also incited, from the belief, that out of respect for him Rob Roy had assumed the name of Campbell, that of Macgregor being under proscription; but Rob Roy, though he did this in compliment to his mother, and in compliance with the law, was yet acknowledged in the country, and by his clan, under no other name than that of Macgregor. His signature, however, afterwards appears to a writ dated in 1703, as "Robert Campbell of Inveranait."

Though Rob Roy, in common with his clan, was compelled to resign his family name, the wrongs which his ancestors had sustained, still rankled in his bosom, and he spurned at the overtures of Argyll: but an incident afterwards took place, that effected an important change in his sentiments and conduct towards Montrose, and laid the foundation of a lasting friendship betwixt him and Argyll, which materially influenced his future destiny. In his transactions with the marquis of Montrose, Rob Roy was the active manager. He had carried them on with various success for some time; but a Macdonald, an inferior partner, being on one occasion entrusted with a large sum of money, fled from the country, and eluded pursuit, which greatly shattered Rob Roy's trading concerns, and he was neither able to pay Montrose his money, nor to support his own credit. The copartnery being dissolved from this circumstance, Rob Roy was required to make over his property in satisfaction of the claims of Montrose against him; but this he rejected, as contrary to his principles and purpose. The threats and entreaties from Montrose's factor, Graham

of Killearn, were equally unavailing, and a law suit was at length instituted against Rob Roy, in which he was compelled to give up his lands in wadset, (mortgage) to Montrose, under the condition that they should again revert to himself, provided he could restore the money. Some time thereafter Rob Roy's finances having improved, he offered to return the sum for which his estate was held; but it was pretended, that besides interest, and various other expenses, the amount had greatly increased, and that it would take time to make out the statement. In this equivocal manner he was amused, and ultimately deprived of his property.

The suspicions of Montrose were awake, and he kept a watchful eye over the conduct and transactions of Argyll, of whose intimacy with Macgregor he had been informed; and eager for the destruction of a family who appeared to rival him in greatness, he wrote a letter to Rob Roy, in which he promised that if he would go to Edinburgh, and give such information as would convict Argyll of treasonable practices, he would not only withdraw the mortgage upon his property, but in addition, give him a sum of money. Rob Roy, however, despising the offer, took no other notice of the letter, than to forward it to Argyll, who soon took occasion to confront Montrose with a charge of malevolence. But Rob Roy was the sufferer, for Montrose immediately procured an adjudication of his estate, and it was evicted for a sum very inadequate to its value. The resentment of Macgregor was now kindled into fury, not so much for the loss of his property, as from the forcible expulsion of his family, during his absence, under circumstances of the utmost indignity and barbarity, by Graham of Killearn. This man, with the wantonness and cruelty of a savage, treated Mrs. Macgregor in a manner too shocking to be related,* an outrage which her husband never forgave, and which certainly justified the measures of retaliation he afterwards adopted.

The civil discord which had prevailed in the nation, during the atrocious reign of Charles the second, became still more dreadful on the accession of his brother James, whose bigotry permitted the most odious crimes, and authorised such oppression and cru-

* See Macgregor Stirling's History of Stirlingshire, p. 715.

elty as the mind shudders to contemplate. In such scenes of horror, Rob Roy had often been present, not as a perpetrator, but a silent spectator, whose soul burned with indignation at their wickedness, regretting, that although his arm was powerful, it was not sufficiently vigorous to crush the whole band of inhuman wretches who implicitly executed the bloody commands of the king. Having, after he had been expelled from his estate, gone to Carlisle, in order to recover a sum of money due to him, in returning by Moffat, he observed an officer and a party of military engaged in hanging on a tree four peasants, whom they called fanatics. While this execution was going on, a young woman who was bound to the same tree, bewailed the fate of her father and brother, two of those who suffered. The deadly work being completed, four of the soldiers seized the young woman, unloosed her from the tree, and having tied her hands and feet, were carrying her towards the river, to plunge her in the flood, regardless of her tears and entreaties for mercy. Our hero interposed, his heart being wrung with sympathy, and amazed at such unmanly cruelty, commanded the perpetrators to stop, demanding an explanation, "Why they treated a helpless female in so barbarous a manner." The officer, with an arrogant tone, "desired him to be gone, otherwise he would be used in the same manner, for daring to interrupt the king's instructions." The miscreants, basely exulting in their barbarity, were about to toss the girl into the stream over a steep bank. Rob Roy thus derided, became frantic with rage, and with herculean strength, sprung upon the soldiers, and in an instant, eight of them were struggling in the water. The officer and the remaining ten men were so much confounded, that they stood motionless. In this pause Rob Roy cut the cords that bound the girl, and drawing his claymore, attacked the officer, who speedily fell. The soldiers beset him on all sides, but having killed two of them, the rest fled to the town, and left him master of the field, to the unspeakable joy of the young woman, and the great delight of the peasantry who stood around.

His first act of hostility against Montrose was at a term, when he knew the tenantry of that nobleman were to pay their rents, of which notice had been given them of the time; but two days previously Rob Roy and his lads called upon them, and obliged

them to give him the money, for which, however, he granted them acknowledgments "that it was on account of Montrose."

In this compulsory manner he levied the rents from the tenants for several years, and Montrose conscious, perhaps, that he had taken undue advantage of Rob Roy, seemed to overlook the matter until a subsequent occasion, when the factor was collecting his rents at Chapellaroch in Stirlingshire. Rob Roy had given out some days before, that he had gone to Ireland, and the factor concluded that he would meet with no interruption in his duty. Towards evening, however, Rob Roy placed his men in a wood in the neighbourhood, and went himself with his piper playing before him, to the inn of Chapellaroch, where Killearn was attended, as a matter of compliment, by several gentlemen of the vicinity. Alarmed at the sound of the pipes, they all started up to discover from whence it proceeded; and Killearn, in great consternation, beheld Rob Roy approaching the door. He had finished his collection, but the bags containing the money, were hastily thrown for concealment on a loft in the room. Rob Roy entered with the usual salutation, and the factor, though he trembled for his money, at first had no suspicion of his final purpose, as he laid down his sword, and partook of the entertainment, which was no sooner over, than he desired his piper to strike up a tune. This was a signal to his men, who, in a few minutes, surrounded the house; and six of them entered the room with drawn swords, when Rob Roy laying hold of his own, as if about to go away, asked the factor, 'How he had come on with his collection.' 'I have got nothing,' said Killearn, 'I have not yet begun to collect.' 'No, no, chamberlain,' replied Rob Roy, 'your falsehood will not do with me, I must count fairly with you by the book.' Resistance being useless, the book was exhibited, and according to it, the money was given up, for which Rob Roy granted a receipt. But from the infamous treatment his family had received from Killearn, together with the part he had acted in the infringement of the contract that deprived him of his property, Rob Roy was resolved to punish him, and he had him immediately conveyed and placed in an island near the east end of Loch Keturrin, now rendered conspicuous as the supposed residence of the fair ELLEN, 'the LADY of the LAKE.

“ —————the shore around
'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,—
Here for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.”

In this island was Killearn confined for a considerable time; and when set at liberty, was admonished by Rob Roy no more to collect the rents of that country, which he meant in future to do himself, declaring, that as the lands originally belonged to the Macgregors; who lost them by unfair attainder, and other surreptitious means, such alienation was an unnatural and illegal deprivation of the right of succeeding generations; and from this conviction, he continued to be the constant enemy of the Grahams, the Murrays, and the Drummonds, who then claimed, and still inherit, those extensive domains

The steady adherence of the Highlanders to the expatriated house of Stewart, was so well known, and so much dreaded by every prince who succeeded them on the British throne, that their motions were constantly watched with a jealous eye, and they were constrained to hold their communings, which related to the affairs of the exiles, in the most secret and clandestine manner.

Some time subsequent to the unsuccessful attempt of the Highland clans under Dundee, at Killicrankie, a great meeting of chieftains took place in Braidalbane, under pretence of hunting the deer; but in reality for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiments of each other respecting the Stuart cause. Opinions were unanimous; and a bond of faith and mutual support, previously written, was signed. By the negligence of a chieftain to whom this bond was entrusted, it fell into the hands of captain Campbell of Glenlyon, then at Fort-William, who, from his connexion with many whose names were appended, did not immediately disclose the contents: but from the deserved odium which was attached to that person, from having a command in the party who perpetrated the infamous massacre of Glencoe, he was justly despised and execrated even by his nearest friends; and when it was known that a man of such inhuman feelings held this bond,

those who signed it were seriously alarmed, and various plans were suggested for recovering it. Rob Roy, who was at this meeting of the clans, had also affixed his name; but on his own account he was indifferent, as he regarded neither the king nor his government. He was, however, urged by several chiefs to exert himself, and if possible to recover the bond. With this view he went to Fort-William in disguise, not with his usual number of attendants, and getting access to captain Campbell, who was a near relation of his own, he discovered that, out of revenge for the contemptuous manner in which the chieftains now treated the captain, he had put the bond into the possession of the governor of the garrison, who was resolved to forward it to the privy council; and Rob Roy learning by accident the day on which it was to be sent, took his leave, and went home. The despatch which contained the bond was made up by governor Hill, and sent from Fort-William, escorted by an ensign's command, which in those countries always accompanied the messages of government. On the third day's march, Rob Roy, and fifty of his men, met this party in Glendochart, and ordering them to halt, demanded their despatches. The officer refused; but was told that he must either give up their lives and the despatches together, or the despatches alone. The ferocious looks and appearance of his antagonist bespoke no irresolution. The packet was given up; and Rob Roy having taken out the bond he wanted, begged the officer would excuse the delay he had occasioned, and wishing him a good journey, left the military to proceed unmolested. By this bold exploit many chieftains saved their heads, and the forfeiture of a number of estates was prevented.

On the estate of Perth, a clansman of Rob Roy's occupied a farm on a regular lease; but the factor, Drummond of Blairdrummond, took occasion to break it, and the tenant was ordered to remove. Rob Roy hearing the story, went to Drummond castle to redress this grievance. On his arrival there, early on a morning, the first he met was Blairdrummond, in front of the house, and knocking him down, without a word, walked on to the gate. Perth, who saw this from a window, immediately appeared, and, to soften his asperity, gave him a cordial welcome. He told Perth, that he wanted no show of hospitality, he insisted only to get

back the tack of which his namesake had been deprived, otherwise he would let loose his legions on his property. Perth was obliged to comply, the lease was restored, and Rob Roy sat down quietly and breakfasted with the earl.

Graham of Killearn, who was the chamberlain or factor on the estate of Montrose, was a second cousin of that nobleman; and he left no means untried to recover the rents of his lord, in which he had often displayed great want of humanity and fellow feeling. He was in the constant practice of distressing those tenants who were in arrear, and was consequently despised in the country. He had once sequestered the goods and cattle of a poor widow for arrears of rent, and when Rob Roy heard of the matter, he went to her, and gave her the 300 merks she owed, at the same time desiring her when she paid it to get a receipt. On the legal day, the officers of the law appeared at the widow's house to take away her effects, when she paid their demand; but Rob Roy met them after they left her, made them surrender the money they had extorted, and gave them a good drubbing, with an advice not to do the like again.

Feuds and violent conflicts of clans, still continued prevalent; with all the animosity which marked the rude character of the times; and a contest having arisen betwixt the houses of Perth and Athol, Rob Roy was requested to take part with the former: and though Perth was no favourite with him, he readily agreed to give him assistance, as a return for a good office; and as he would undertake any thing to distress Athol. Having assembled sixty of his clan, he marched to Drummond castle with seven pipers playing. The Atholmen were already on the banks of the Earn, and the Macgregors and Drummonds proceeded to attack them; but they no sooner recognised the Macgregors, whom they regarded as demons, than they fled from the field, and were pursued, with the loss of several men, to the precincts of their own country. Some years after this affair, an attempt was made to effect by stratagem what could not be accomplished by force. A message from the duke of Athol was sent to his house, requesting a visit from him at Blair castle. But Rob Roy, though he believed that Athol had then no enmity towards him, did not incline to trust himself in such hands without some written assur-

ance of his personal safety. He therefore wrote to Athol wishing to have his commands, and candidly stated his want of confidence in his grace. Athol, who had previously corresponded with the court regarding the most effectual plan of securing our hero, immediately replied to his letter, and gave him the most solemn promises of protection, saying that he only wanted to have some conversation with him on certain political points. This letter was followed by an embassy, which gave even more positive assurances, that no evil was intended, and handed him a protection from the government, when our hero consented, and fixed a day for being at Blair. He accordingly set out on horseback, attended by a servant; and on his arrival, Athol ran to embrace him, protesting he knew not how to express the joy he felt, at the sight of so brave a gentleman, but as his dutchess would not suffer any person to enter the castle armed, he requested him to lay aside his sword and dirk, which he did, and they walked into the garden, where they met the dutchess; but she expressed her surprise at seeing Rob Roy unarmed. This remark having given the lie to her husband, Rob Roy now felt he had done wrong in parting with his arms, and he gave Athol a look that perfectly declared his feelings.—‘I understand you, Macgregor,’ said he: ‘but you have committed so much mischief, that you must be detained, and sent to Edinburgh.’ ‘I am betrayed then,’ said Rob Roy; ‘has a man of your quality such a mean rascally soul, as to forfeit his word, his faith, his honour, for a pitiful reward?’ and clenching his fist in his face, continued—‘Villain! you shall repent this.’ He would have knocked him down, but the garden door instantly opened; when an officer with sixty men entered, and made Rob Roy a prisoner. Our hero being thus perfidiously ensnared, was removed for the night, to a paltry inn of the village, while Athol immediately despatched a messenger on horseback to Edinburgh, to inform the court and his friends of his having succeeded in apprehending Rob Roy, and desiring a party of military from the commander in chief to receive and carry him to the capitol. Athol, however disgraceful the circumstance was to himself as a man, was vain of effecting the seizure of our hero, which no other had been able to accomplish; and not satisfied with the account of his prowess which he sent to Edinburgh, he also transmitted to

the secretary of state in London, an elaborate detail of his wonderful exertions in laying hold of "the desperate outlaw and undaunted robber," as he termed him: and so public did he make himself the champion who conquered Rob Roy, that in a few days it was known over all Scotland. The obloquy, however, which soon overturned this bravado, placed Athol low in the eyes of all men. The party of military sent from Edinburgh to receive our hero, proceeded to Kinross. He was to be delivered to them by a band of undisciplined mercenaries that Athol had demanded from the governor of Perth, who having set out for Dunkeld for that purpose, were met by Athol; but he returned them, being resolved to dismiss the soldiery, and forward his prisoner by his own vassals, that the whole merit and profit might accrue to himself; and until they could be got ready, Rob Roy was detained at Logierait, under a strong military guard. But while in this duration, our hero was not idle. He had conciliated the good offices of his attendants, by profuse libations of his country's beverage; and as they considered him a gentleman, he was allowed more than ordinary freedom. Having written a letter to his wife, his servant, who previously had his cue, was ordered to get his horse in readiness to go off with it; and the animal being brought from the stable, Rob Roy, under pretence of delivering a private message to the servant, was allowed to walk to the door along with a sentinel, while the whole squad, nearly inebriated within, had no suspicion of his design. Appearing in serious conversation with the servant, he walked a few steps from the door, till getting close to his horse, he quickly leaped into the saddle, and was out of sight in a moment.

Rob Roy's family at this time lived at the farm of Portnellan, near the head of Loch Ketturrin, and his enemy, the factor of Montrose, hearing of his return from Athol, and of his being at home, assembled a multitude of the tenantry, in order to take him by surprise. They accordingly proceeded, with Killearn at their head, and surrounded our hero's house in the morning before he was out of bed; but he speedily appeared, sword in hand, when they fled with the utmost precipitation.

From this place he afterwards removed to Balquhiddy, where a farm to which he and his family claimed some right, was taken

by his connexions the Maclarens; but the Macgregors kept them out by force. The Maclarens, who were also related to the Stuarths of Appin, applied to them, and Appin assembled a strong body of his clan, to put his friends in possession. The parties came in sight of each other near the Kirkton of Balquhiddy. After a pause, which men naturally make before they assail their friends and kinsmen, Rob Roy stepped forward, and challenged any of his opponents to fight with the broad sword. This was accepted by Stuart of Invernahyle. When they had fought for some time, a parley was demanded, and terms of accommodation being agreed to, they separated without bloodshed. About this time, the government, either ashamed of their frequent opposition, or despairing of being able to get hold of Rob Roy, withdrew the horsemen who pursued him, and he could proceed without restraint in his usual courses; but he had still to guard against his inveterate enemy, Athol, who had so basely treated him, and whose machinations were even more alarming than the denunciations of the law. Rob Roy, however, considering himself justly entitled to retaliate on the duke, frequently ravaged the district of Athol, carried away cattle, and put every man to the sword who attempted resistance; yet, for all his caution, he had again nearly fallen into his hands. The duke having sent a party of horse, they unexpectedly came upon him, and seized him in his own house of Monuchaltuarach in Balquhiddy. He was placed on horseback, to be conveyed to Stirling castle; but on going down a steep defile, he leaped off, and ran up a wooded hill, where the horsemen could not follow. Athol, on another occasion, sent twenty men from Glenalmond, to lay hold of him. He saw them approaching; but did not shun them, though alone. His uncommon size, the largeness of his limbs, the fierceness of his countenance, and the posture of defence in which he placed himself, intimidated them so much, that they durst not go near him. He told them that 'he knew what they wanted: but if they did not depart, none of them should return.' He desired them 'to tell their master, that if he sent any more of his pigmy race to disturb him, he would hang them up to feed the eagles;' and having sounded his horn, for he often carried one, Athol's men became alarmed, and speedily took their leave.

Although Rob Roy, from his great personal prowess, and the dauntless energy of his mind, which, in the most trying and difficult emergencies, never forsook him, was the dread of every country where his name was known, the urbanity and kindness of his manners to his inferiors, gained him the good will and services of his whole clan, who were always ready to submit to any privation, or to undergo any hardship to protect him from the multitude of enemies who watched to destroy him; and one or two, among many instances of their attachment, may here be mentioned:—A debt, to a pretty large amount, which he had long owed to a person in the Lowlands, could never be recovered, because no one would undertake to execute diligence against him. At length a messenger at Edinburgh appeared, who pledged himself, that with six men, he would go through the whole Highlands, and would apprehend Rob Roy, or any man of his name. The fellow was stout and resolute. He was offered a handsome sum, if he would bring Rob Roy to the jail of Stirling, and was allowed men of his own choice. He accordingly equipped himself and his men with swords, cudgels, and every thing fitted for the expedition; and having arrived at the only public house then in Balquhiddy, he inquired the way to his house. This party were at once known to be strangers, and the landlord coming to learn their business, he sent notice of it to his good friend Rob Roy, and advised them not to go farther, lest they should have reason to repent of their folly; but the advice was disregarded, and they went forward. The party waited at some distance from the house, and the messenger himself went to reconnoitre. Having announced himself as a stranger who had lost his way, he was politely shown by our hero into a large room, where—

“——All around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase;
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle axe, a hunting spear,
And broad-swords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar”——

which astonished him so much, that he felt as if he had got into a cavern of the infernal regions; but when the room door was shut, and he saw hanging behind it a stuffed figure of a man, inten-

tionally placed there, his terror increased to such a degree, that he screamed out, and asked if it was a dead man? To which Rob Roy coolly answered, that it was a rascal of a messenger who had come to the house the night before; that he had killed him, and had not got time to have him buried. Fear now wholly overcame the messenger, and he could scarcely articulate a benediction for his soul, when he fainted and fell upon the floor. Four men carried him out of the house, and, in order to complete the joke, and at the same time to restore the man to life, they took him to the river just by, and tossed him in, allowing him to get out the best way he could himself. His companions, in the mean time, seeing all that happened, and supposing he had been killed, took to their heels; but the whole glen having now been alarmed, met the fugitives in every direction, and gave every one of them such a complete ducking, that they had reason all their lives to remember the lake and river of Balquhider. These people were no sooner out of the hands of the Macgregors, than they made a speedy retreat to Stirling, not taking time on the road to dry their clothes, lest a repetition of their treatment should take place; and upon their arrival there, they represented the usage they had received, with exaggerated accounts of the assassinations and cruelties of the Macgregors, magnifying their own wonderful escape, and prowess in having killed several of the clan, so that the story was reported to the commander of the castle, who ordered a company of soldiers to march into the Highlands, to lay hold of Rob Roy. A party of Macgregors, who were returning with some booty which they had acquired along the banks of the Forth, descried the military on their way to Callander, and suspecting their intention, hastened to acquaint Rob Roy of what they saw. In a few hours the whole country was warned of the approaching danger, and guards were placed at different stations to give notice of the movements of the soldiers. All the men within several miles were prepared to repel this invasion, in case it was to lay waste the country, which had often been done before; but the military had no other orders than to seize Rob Roy, who considered it more prudent to take refuge in the hills, than openly to give the military battle, when they meant no other hostility. After a fruitless search for many days, the soldiers, unaccustomed

to the fatigue of climbing the mountains, and scrambling over rocks, and through woods, took shelter at night in an empty house, which they furnished with heath for beds; and the Macgregors, unwilling that they should leave their country without some lasting remembrance of them, set fire to the house, which speedily dislodged the soldiers. In the confusion, many of them were hurt, a number lost their arms, and one man was killed by the accidental discharge of a musket. The military party, thus thrown into confusion, broke down by fatigue, and almost famished for want of provisions, which they could not procure, withdrew from the country of the Macgregors, happy that they had escaped so well.

[*To be continued.*]

NEW MODE OF CLEANING CHIMNIES.

MR. EVRARD, of New York, has invented a machine for cleaning chimnies, which is now in use there, and promises to be a valuable substitute for climbing-boys. A single man may use it; and a chimney of fifty or sixty feet can be swept in seven or eight minutes. A large brush, made of strong bristles, and the main-springs of watches and time-pieces, is a part of the invention, and, in most instances, is sufficient, without the use of the scraper. It is inserted at the fireplace, and is forced up and down the chimney by a flexible iron rod or large wire.

It was perhaps ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyrannizing over one another, that no individual should be of such importance, as to cause by his retirement, or death, any chasm in the world.

To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

Whatever busies the mind, without corrupting it, has, at least, this use, that it rescues the day from idleness, and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LEBEID, THE ARABIAN POET.

[*With a Portrait.*]

How desolate are the abodes of the fair!
 Their stations no more in Minia are seen!
 The wild hills of Goul fill my soul with despair,
 And the fountains where often NEWAVA had been!

Dear ruins! how many a year has passed by,
 Since here with the fair one accustomed to rove,
 The glance of affection I caught from her eye,
 And LEBEID exchanged the sweet vows with his love.

The clouds of the spring have enshrouded the sky,
 The hills of Minia are drenched with the shower,
 The wild grass around waves luxuriantly high,
 Where once dwelt NAWAVA, of beauty the flower.

I stand by the ruins, where waves the wild grass,
 I ask—and the tears for loved NEWAVA flow;
 Where, where is the faithless one gone?—but, alas!
 The echo alone will reply to my wo.

O hard was the blow, and envenomed the wound,
 Which Perfidy's dagger fixed deep in my heart,
 When, spite of my anguish, with soul-piercing sound,
 The tent of NEWAVA was struck to depart.

But, Lebeid! why dost thou for NEWAVA grieve?
 Far distant she dwells—she has left thee to mourn;
 Her vows of affection were made to deceive!
 The bonds of your union asunder are torn!

REPORTS from Washington mention a very civil and elegant letter from the prince regent of Great Britain, to the Hon. J. Q. Adams, requesting him, at the christening of the last child of Mr. Bagot, the British minister, to become the *proxy* of his royal highness, as *godfather* to the infant.

LEBEID; THE ARABIAN POET.



T. Sully penm.

Lacey sculp.

Dear ruins! how many a year has pass'd by,
 Since here with the fair one accustomed to rove,
 The glance of affection I caught from her eye,
 And LEBEID exchanged the sweet vows with his love!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

DR. CHALMERS'S work on *Astronomy considered in connexion with Christianity*, which has become so popular in the original, has been translated into German.

The Italian Academy of Sciences, Letters, and Arts, at Leghorn, proposes a prize of twenty-five sequins to the author of the best eulogy on the Sophocles of Italy, the immortal Victor Alfieri. The candidates must examine 1. The state of tragedy, particularly of Italian tragedy, before Alfieri. 2. The changes introduced by him in his own works, and determine the reasons which might have led him, or which really did lead him, to introduce those changes, whether they refer to the conduct or to the style of his pieces. 3. To institute a parallel, supported by critical reasoning, between the principal beauties of his tragedies, and those which are most admired in the tragic efforts of other nations. 4. To analyze all his other poetical works and productions, with a view to determine, as far as possible, the peculiar modifications and character of his genius. We wish some of our learned institutions would take a lesson from the patriotism of the Italians. Instead of the dull, stale, common-place stuff that is ranted at some of our Commencements, where we sometimes see more professors than graduates, the students should be incited to investigations of the merits of our writers, and illustrations of prominent events in our own history.

Dr. Weigel, of Dresden, has undertaken a journey into Italy for literary purposes. His object is the examination of Greek MSS.; especially, of those which may be useful in his intended edition of Greek Physicians; on which he has been engaged during many years. At Munich, he was so fortunate as to discover in the royal library a very important copy of Hippocrates, and another of Paul of Egina. The learned cannot but wish him equal success in other repositories, that his work may be rendered complete.

In the kingdom of Naples, in the very centre of Græcia-Magna, there is an Italo-Greek college, in which upwards of one hundred

young men of Epirus and Albania are instructed, chiefly gratis in the Greek language and philosophy. There is in Naples a vast number of establishments for promoting Latin and Greek literature.

The "Tales of my Landlord," have produced other "*Tales*," by "*my Landlady*." A pleasing introduction ushers in the tales composing this collection, four in number, which, if they cannot boast of so much originality and strength of character as their Caledonian prototypes, will, nevertheless, cause many a bachelor in lodgings to envy the *tête-a-têtes* in which they were narrated to Mr. Puzzlebrain by his communicative landlady. For our own parts, however, we cannot help regarding the entertainment which they will afford as a recommendation inferior to the pure morality which they inculcate. As a specimen, take the concluding exhortation:—"Always remember," would Everard say, "that although we are bound as Christians to abhor vice, we are obliged, where an action is not actually criminal, to consider that what appears to us wrong, might, if we knew the motives which prompted it, be far otherwise. Let us then judge strangers leniently, and with regard to our friends, before we break a connexion, or entertain a rash suspicion, let us weigh all the circumstances well, and, if it be possible, let us always hear before we judge."

A new novel, called *Night-mare Abbey*, is expected from the author of *Headlong Hall*. The following works are also announced in London: The Life and Adventures of Antar, a celebrated Bedowen chief, warrior, and poet, who flourished a few years prior to the Mahommedan era, have been translated from the original Arabic, by T. Hamilton, Esq. oriental secretary to the British embassy to Constantinople. A volume of Sermons; by the Rev. C. R. Maturin. An account of the kingdom of Nepal; by Francis Hamilton, M.D. A poem, under the title of the *Anglo-Cambrian*, written by miss Mary Linwood, a niece of the celebrated artist in needle-work. *A Manual of Chemistry*; containing the principal facts of the science, arranged in the order in which they are discussed and illustrated in the lectures at the Royal Institution, with a prefatory history of the science; by W. T. Brande, F.R.S. 1 vol. 8vo. Professor Jameson is printing *Elements of Geology*, with illustrative plates; also, a *Manual of Mineralogy*.

Mr. Accum has in the press, *Elements of Chemistry*, for self-instruction, after the system of sir H. Davy. At length Mr. Campbell's *Selected Beauties of British Poetry*, with lives of the poets, critical dissertations, and an essay on English poetry, is announced for publication. Dr. William King, principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, announces Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Times. Mr. Abraham Salame, who accompanied lord Exmouth in quality of interpreter in the negotiations with the dey, is preparing a Narrative of the Expedition to Algiers. Mr. Thomas M'Crie, D.D. is engaged on a *Life of Andrew Melville*; containing illustrations of the ecclesiastical and literary history of Scotland, during the latter part of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. Mr. James Hackett, first lieutenant of an artillery brigade, is preparing a *Narrative of the Expedition* which sailed from England in the winter of 1817, under the commands of colonels Campbell, Gilmore, Wilson, and Hipplesley, to join the South American patriots; comprizing an account of the delusive engagements upon which it was fitted out; the proceedings, distresses, and ultimate fate of the troops; with observations and authentic information, elucidating the real character of the contest, and present state of the armies. Chaptal is preparing for the press, the *History of the Inventions and Discoveries in the Arts and Sciences in France*, since the commencement of the Revolution. It will appear in English and French about the same time.

Mr. H. Hall will shortly publish, at the Port Folio Office, Philadelphia, Letters from Silver Lake; containing *Information respecting Susquehannah County, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; addressed to British Emigrants*; by C. B. Johnson, M.D.

Dr. A. Brown, the learned professor of rhetoric in the university of Edinburgh, who was sometime resident in this country, and became possessed of numerous valuable documents in regard to the history of North America, has, for many years, devoted his leisure hours almost exclusively to the composition of a great work on the Physical, Moral, and Political History of America, which, it is understood, is nearly ready for the press.

LEARNING.—It is not by comparing *line* with *line*, that the merit of great works is to be estimated; but by their general effects and ultimate result.

OBITUARY.—MRS. ABIGAIL ADAMS.*

IN the ensuing article, an unknown writer has pronounced the eulogium of eminent virtues combined with a masculine understanding, and adorned with all the courtesies of polished society. We have heard many, who had both the means and the power to form an estimate of the character of this distinguished lady, expatiate in terms of affectionate regard and profound respect on the admirable qualities of Mrs. Adams. Our personal observation is in unison with these sentiments, and we therefore contribute our feeble aid to perpetuate the memory of a lady who, as the companion of one statesman, and the guide of another, is entitled to no ordinary rank in the scroll of American matrons.

CHARACTER OF MRS. ABIGAIL ADAMS.

THE late wife of the ex-president Adams was the daughter of a New-England clergyman, settled within a few miles of Boston: a man respectable in his holy office, and who educated his children in the best manner of the times. The personal and mental accomplishments of his daughter attracted the attention and secured the affections of Mr. Adams, then a young man of distinction at the bar in Massachusetts. They were married in the year 1764, and resided in Boston. The revolutionary difficulties were then fast increasing, and Mr. Adams was conspicuously engaged. When a continental congress was formed, he was sent a delegate from Massachusetts to this body. It was a perilous moment. The wise were baffled, the courageous hesitated, and the great mass of the people were inflamed, but confused; they had no fixed and settled purpose, but all was left for the development of time. Mr. Adams was one of the boldest in the march of honest resistance to tyranny. He looked farther than the business of the day, and ventured at that early period, to suggest plans of self-government and independence. To Mrs. Adams he communicated his thoughts freely on all these high matters of state, for he had the fullest

* In the New-England papers the deceased is distinguished as *Madam* Adams. This is perhaps the last instance of one of the customs of our ancestors. It was not confined to that section of the country. Mrs. Grant, in her sensible work, speaks of *Madam* Schuyler, in New-York; and the Editor knows, that in Maryland this title was conferred upon particular individuals, by the respect or gratitude of the people.

confidence in her fortitude, prudence, secrecy, and good sense, without the test which the Roman Portia gave her lord, to gain his confidence in matters of policy, "when the state was out of joint." When Mr. Adams was appointed to represent his country at the court of St. James, his wife went with him, and such was her exquisite sense of propriety, her republican simplicity, her delicate and refined manners, her firmness and dignity, that she charmed the proud circles in which she moved, and they speak of her, to this day, as one of the finest women that ever graced an embassy to that country.

When Mr. Adams was chosen vice-president, she was the same unaffected, intelligent, and elegant woman. No little managements, no private views, no sly interference with public affairs, was ever, for a moment, charged to her. When her husband came to the chair of the chief magistrate, the widest field opened for the exercise of all the talents and acquirements of Mrs. Adams; and her fondest admirers were not disappointed. She graced the table by her courtesy and elegance of manners, and delighted her guests by the powers of her conversation. Through the drawing-room she diffused ease and urbanity, and gave the charm of modesty, and sincerity to the interchange of civility. But this was not all; her acquaintance with public affairs, her discrimination of character, her discernment of the signs of the times, and her pure patriotism, made her an excellent cabinet minister; and, to the honour of her husband, he never forgot nor undervalued her worth. The politicians of that period speak with enthusiasm of her foresight, her prudence, and the wisdom of her observations. Tracy respected, Bayard admired, and Ames eulogized her. All parties had the fullest confidence in the purity of her motives, and in the elevation of her understanding. It was a stormy period. Fatigue and anguish often overwhelmed the president, from the weight and multiplicity of his labours and cares; but her sensibility, affection, and cheerfulness chased the frown from his brow, and plucked the root of bitterness from his heart. To those who see the matters of state at a distance, or through the medium of letters, all things seem to go on fairly and smoothly; but those who are practically acquainted with the difficulty of administering the best of governments, will easily understand how much necessity there is for the

wisdom of the serpent, united with the gentleness of the dove; and they too can comprehend how much the delicate interference of a sagacious woman can effect. Pride, vanity, and selfishness are full of claims and exactions, all bustling and importunate for office and distinction. Peremptory denial produces enmity and confusion, but gentle evasion and cautious replies soften the hearts of the restless and temper the passions of the sanguine. An intelligent woman can control these repinings, and hush these murmurings with much less sacrifice or effort than men. A woman knows when to apply the unction of soft words, without forgetting her dignity, or infringing on a single principle which the most scrupulous would wish to maintain. Mrs. Adams calmed these agitations of disappointment, healed the rankling wounds of offended pride, and left men in admiration of her talents and in love with her sincerity. Notwithstanding these numerous duties and great exertions as the wife of a statesman, Mrs. Adams did not forget that she was a parent. She had several children, and felt in them the pride and interest, if she did not make the boast of the mother of the Gracchi. Many women fill important stations with the most splendid display of virtues; but few are equally great in retirement; there they want the animating influence of a thousand eyes, and the inspiration of homage and flattery. This is human nature in its common form, and the exception is honourable and rare. Mrs. Adams, in rural seclusion at Quincy, was the same dignified, sensible, and happy woman, as when surrounded by fashion, wit, and intellect. No hectic of resentment, no pangs of regret were ever discovered by her, while indulging in the retrospection of an eventful life in these shades of retirement. Her conversation showed the same lively interest in the passing occurrences as though she had retired for a day only, and was to have returned on the morrow to take her share in the business and pleasures of political existence. There was no trick, no disguise in this. It arose from a settled and perfectly philosophical and christian contentment, which great minds only can feel. Serenity, purity, and elevation of thought preserve the faculties of the mind from premature decay, and, indeed, keep them vigorous in old age. To such the lapse of time is only the change of the shadow on the dial of life.

The hours which are numbered and gone are noticed, but their flight does not "chill the genial current of the soul." Religious thankfulness for the past, and faith in assurances for the future—make the last drop in the cup of existence clear, sweet, and sparkling.

COLONEL JOHN MAYO.

DEPARTED this life, on the 28th May, at his seat, near Richmond, Virginia, Colonel JOHN MAYO, in the 57th year of his age.

Of those whose characteristics entitle them to an honourable place in the remembrance of their fellow citizens, the late colonel Mayo was one. The first image on his heart was love of country. It was stamped in his youth, and death only had power to erase it. Public spirit rendered him liberal of his person and fortune whenever his country required the service of either. As a member of the bench, of the legislature, of the executive council, or at the head of his regiment, he was every where alike zealous and indefatigable. His spirit of enterprise was no less remarkable than his success in accomplishing the object which he undertook. Under the sanction of the legislature, he threw a bridge across the James, at Richmond; an enterprise deemed highly chimerical at the time, in reference to the width of that river, the force of its current, and the tremendous floods to which it is subject. He, nevertheless, accomplished his purpose, undismayed by the despair of his friends, or the ridicule of his opponents, and has left, in that work, a lasting monument to his name, and perseverance. This was the first attempt of the kind in this country, and to his successful example we are indebted for the public convenience and benefit of all those toll bridges since erected.

At the threshold of life, colonel M. thus encountered and overcame difficulties, the recollection of which in after times served to strengthen those feelings that expand the heart, and without which man, in all the pride and circumstance of worldly success and exultation, is but a "shadow walking in a vain show." The exercise of his exemplary beneficence was not confined to his own household. His hand was ever open to charity, and his heart experienced, in the performance of benevolent actions, the truth that virtue is its own best reward. In hospitality he maintained the character of the state. Under his roof the friend was received as one of the family, and the traveller there found rest and welcome.

Richmond numbers colonel M. among her greatest benefactors. In a variety of ways he contributed to the embellishment of that city, and the advancement of the commonwealth. But, though his zeal in the cause of public improvement continued to the last, his usefulness, for some years, was impaired by bodily infirmities and afflictions, which finally brought him to the grave.

For the Port Folio.

THE HOUR OF PEACE.

There is an hour of sacred peace,
By Angels blest, by Saints rever'd;
An hour when sorrow's wailings cease,
And sad complainings are unheard.

There is an hour when man may steal,
From faithless friends, from godless foes;
And in his bosom calmly feel
The healing cordial of repose.

There is an hour of kind relief,
When o'er the couch of friendship dear,
Affliction sheds the tear of grief,
And hopeless love invites despair.

There is an hour when music's thrill
Stirs the life-blood that warms the soul;
When passion's throbbing pulse is still,
And reason holds her mild control.

There is an hour of holiest birth,
An hour of pious thought and love;
When Seraphs bend from heaven to earth,
Forgetful of their state above.

That hour is midnight! Calm and bright,
When, wrapp'd in thought, the soul may
 roam;
And, tir'd with scenes of earthly sight,
Find, in *Eternity*, a home.

WILFRED.

Charleston, S. C.

THE BAPTISM.

"And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus
came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was bap-
tized of John in Jordan." *Mark, i. 9.*

O! there be sounds that breathe through mid-
night air,
To lull the frantic bosom of Despair;
The swell of anthem, and the dying strain
That plays in rapture o'er the impassion'd
 brain,
The wild and harp-strung notes of minstrelsy,
And the full flow of social mirth and glee;
These be the sounds that life and joy impart
To calm the wayward movements of the heart.

But, O! what earthly sounds, by music given,
Can rival tones that breathe of bliss and hea-
 ven?
When sainted Spirits from the world above
Revisit earth to chant the hymn of love;
What mortal mind shall boast of passion's
 sway?
What mortal tongue attune the solemn lay?
Though David's harp to noblest themes were
 string
Still were his hand to this, and mute his tun-
 ful tongue.

O'er Jordan's stream such notes of praise were
borne,
When on that bright, that pure, that placid
 morn—
The *Saviour* deign'd his sacred form to lave,
And rendered holy the "baptismal wave;"
The voice of *God the Father* from on high,
Then burst the portals of the azure sky;

On *Christ* the Spirit pour'd his golden light,
And Angels triumph'd at the dazzling sight.
WILFRED.

Charleston, S. C.

A HEBREW MELODY.

By the Eltrick Shepherd.

I.

O saw ye the rose of the East
In the valley of Sharon that grows?
Ye daughters of Judah, how blest
To breathe in the sweets of my rose!
Come, tell me if I st she's at rest
In her couch with the lilies inwove;
Or if wantons the breeze with her breast,
For my heart it is sick for my love.

II.

I charge you, ye virgins unweild,
That stray 'mong the sycamore trees,
By the roes and the hinds of the field,
That ye wake not my love till she please.
"The garden with flowers is in blow,
And roses unnumber'd are there;
Then tell how thy love we shall know,
For the daughters of Zion are fair."

III.

A bed of frankincense her cheek,
And wreath of sweet myrrh is her hand;
Her eye the bright gem that they seek
By the rivers and streams of the land;
Her smile from the morning she wins;
Her teeth are the lambs on the hills;
Her breasts two young roes that are twins,
And feed on the valleys at will.

IV.

As the cedar 'mong trees of the wood,
As the lily 'mid shrubs of the heath,
As the town of Damascus that stood
Overlooking the hamlets beneath;
As the moon that in glory we see
'Mid the stars and the planets above,
Even so among women is she,
And my bosom is ravished with love!

V.

Return with the evening star,
And our couch on Amara shall be;
From Shebir and Hermon afar
Thou the mountain of leopards shall see.
O, Shulamite, turn to thy rest,
Where the olive o'er shadows the land;
As the roe of the desert make haste,
For the singing of birds is at hand!

For the Port Folio.—THE CROSS LOOK.
I saw how you tried to look cross, my sweet girl,
When lately we met at the door of a friend;
I saw how those exquisite lips you could twirl,
In anger, because I your beauty commend.

But that's not the way to give pain to a heart,
Where enthroned your dear image for ever
 presides;
No, no—if to me you wish pain to impart,
You must *really* grow cross, and grow ugly
 besides.

LAURA.

Fair Laura's heart new tremors seize,
For colder hopes from Pisa came;
Though bright the sky, and soft the breeze,
Still drooped her brother's faded frame.

And starting to her beauteous eyes,
Again I marked the unbidden tear;
My reasoning tongue no aid supplies,
She melts with grief, she sinks with fear.

Oh! come, I cried, the breathing spring,
To thee shall all its bliss display;
Soft pleasures to thy mind shall bring,
And steal thee from thyself away.

We ranged the fields, the sunshine smil'd,
Faintly she praised the cooling gale;
But heard no lark that caroll'd wild,
And saw no primrose in the vale.

The stream we sought no more she sees,
The landscape in the wave reflected;
The sparkling tide, the deepening trees,
The rock, the willow, all neglected.

In vain I showed at close of day,
That once her wandering eye could charm,
The western wave, the slanting ray,
The cloud with varying lustre warm.

To fashion's realms my fancy flies,
I tell of whims and follies gay;
With languid looks she faint replies,
And smiles my gayety away.

The poet's song, the sprightly page,
The drama, or the tale I read;
Awhile the magic sounds engage,
But soon the ebbing thoughts recede.

And now her musings she resigns,
Again the song she bids me try;
Her cheek, she on her hand reclines,
And lifts to mine her grateful eyes.

Again I read, I melt, I burn.
As wills the bard—my glance I raise—
But now no more those looks discern,
That kindling spoke the poet's praise.

In vain the muse, by heaven inspir'd,
Here lead the mind by reason charm'd;
There by new forms the fancy fir'd,
Here all the soul to rapture warm'd.

Unmark'd my voice, unfelt the lay—
A passing dream, a tinkling sound;
Too soon was lost each cheerful ray,
In clouds of grief that gather'd round.

How vain! when lost, the bosom's ease.
How vain our wish, relief to find,
From all that once had power to please,
While light the heart and gay the mind.

But Laura's tear no longer flows,
And sprightly now her voice is heard;
No more her faded looks disclose,
The sickening tale of hope deferr'd.

Far happier sounds from Pisa came,
Her doubts, and tears, and sobs are o'er;
She saw reviv'd her brother's frame,
She clasp'd him on his native shore.

The changeful fates for mortals weave,
A mingled web of joy and sorrow;
The gentle heart to-day may grieve,
But throbs with richer bliss to-morrow.

* *

FLY NOT YET.

(From the Monthly Magazine.)

Fly not yet this shady bower,
Where blooms the woodbine's shelter'd flower:
Where violets scent the evening gale,
(Sweet is the breath of Eden's vale);

One instant here remain!
Every pleasure, each delight,
Flies swift as visions of the night:
Hear me, love, my vows repeating,
My heart for thee alone is beating.

Then stay! Oh stay!
Soon each transient blessing flees,
Like wreaths of clouds before the breeze:
One instant here remain!

Then stay! Oh stay!
Every pleasure, each delight,
Flies swift as visions of the night,
And leaves the heart in pain.

Turn not away those radiant eyes,
That beam like lightning from the skies:
Stay, and let me still behold
Those rosy cheeks and locks of gold.

Oh leave me not—remain:
Let others seek convivial joys,
Ambitious heights, or golden joys;
Be mine but Mary, sweetly smiling,
Life, and sense, and soul beguiling.

Then stay! Oh stay!
With thee all other joys must flee,
'Tis worse than death to live from thee.
Oh! fly not yet—remain:

Then stay! Oh stay!
Every pleasure, each delight,
Flies swift as visions of the night,
And leaves the heart in pain.

A POETICAL INDORSER.

The following verses, in the hand writing of Burns, are copied from a bank note in the possession of a gentleman at Dumfries. The note is of the Bank of Scotland, and dated as far back as the 1st of March, 1780.

Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
Fell source of a' my wo and grief!
For lack of thee, I've lost my lass;
For lack of thee, I shrimp my glass!
I see the children of affliction
Unaided through thy cur'd restriction;
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victim's spoil:
For lack of thee, I leave this much lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B.—*Kyle.*

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff. WORTON.

The Fur Trade.—This may be considered 1. As a branch of commerce. 2. As an engine of national power among the Indians. 1. As a branch of commerce, the greater part of it belongs naturally to the people of the United States, and its emporium should be at St. Louis, and not at Montreal. The first establishments which the North West Company possess in the region of the fur country, are upon the banks of lake Winipeg, in north lat. 51, and longitude 20 degrees west from Washington city. From Montreal to this lake is a distance of two thousand three hundred miles, following the course of the water communication, which is interrupted at all seasons by a multitude of portages, and rendered impracticable during five or six months of the year by the prevalence of the ice. The goods which are sold to the Indians are carried out in canoes along this channel, and the furs received in exchange, return upon the same route; and such is the length and difficulty of the voyage, that a period of two years is consumed from the time that the equipment is made in Montreal until the return cargo is delivered in the same place. The Mandan villages on the Missouri are in the same longitude, and almost in the same neighbourhood with the British establishments on lake Winipeg; and the American trader arriving at the Mandans may be considered as convenient to the region of the fur trade as the British trader who has established himself on the borders of that lake. The Mandan villages are one thousand six hundred miles from St. Louis, following the course of the Missouri, which is free from the interruption of a single portage, and for nine months in the year free from ice;

during all which time it is navigable not only to the Mandans, but upwards of a thousand miles above them. The American trader, going from St. Louis, may set out in the month of July, reach his station in November, trade during the winter, and return to St. Louis in the month of May. A period of ten months is the interval between the outfit and the return cargo. Such are the superior facilities for carrying on the fur trade which St. Louis possesses over Montreal. But this is not all. The safety of his operations is much greater on the part of the American than on the part of the British trader. The conveyance from Montreal to lake Winipeg is by means of small canoes, made of birch bark or leather, and rowed, or carried, as occasion may require, by three or four men. A cargo thus transported is incapable of being defended, unless by an escort, against an ambuscade of Indians. The St. Louis trader, on the contrary, goes out in a barge of fifty or an hundred tons, furnished with masts and sails, mounted with carronades and swivels, her crew armed with rifles, her sides proof against small arms, and pierced with loop-holes; serving at once for the transport of merchandise; and a fortress for defence in case of attack. The geographical position of St. Louis has always drawn to this town a portion of the fur trade. Under the Spanish government it was in the hands of monopolists, who, satisfied with a safe and moderate profit, extended their commerce but a short distance up the rivers. Their returns, during ten years before the change of government, amounted to the average value of two hundred and thirteen thousand dollars per annum. After the cession of Louisiana, and when

Lewis and Clark had shown the way to the Rocky mountains, a fur company was formed in St. Louis, which soon covered the head waters of the Missouri with enterprising agents. But the Black Feet Indians were set upon them by the British; 27 of their number were killed, and the rest driven home. The war with England followed soon after, and the fur trade languished of course during the continuance of hostilities. Upon the return of peace it was revived, not in the hands of a company, but by individual adventurers; and has since been carried on by individual enterprise, with uncertain and various success; some realizing an immense profit, while others have sunk under the casualties of the undertaking and the keen competition of the British traders. The American government has also put in for a share of this trade. It has established factories at various places, at which merchandize is (ordered to be) exchanged, at a moderate profit, for the skins of the Indians. But whether "the defect is in the system, or in the administration of the system," remains yet to be seen; certain it is, that the government has not realized the beneficial results which were expected to flow from it. The savage disposition of the Indian has not been softened; his affections have not been won to the American nation; nor has the national store-house been filled with rich and precious furs. A petition to the congress for the incorporation of an American Fur Company was sent from St. Louis about three years ago, and has not been heard of since. In this state of doubtful and solitary enterprise, the idea of a military post at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, has awakened new and brilliant expectations. Backed by the power of their government, there is reason to believe that the fur trade will be taken up with spirit, and upon a grand scale, by the American merchants. The Missouri and the Columbia will present

the principal theatres for exertion. The furs taken on the former will descend the river to St. Louis; those taken on the latter may be exported direct to China. The returns from China may be either in the gold and silver which forty centuries have accumulated in Eastern Asia, or in the light and rich productions which will bear a transportation up the Columbia and down the Missouri to the populous settlements which are now forming in the valley of the Mississippi.—2. Valuable as the fur trade undoubtedly is, under a mercantile point of view, it is still more important as an engine of national power, among the Indian nations. That Canada was not conquered by the U. S. during the late war, was owing, not to British generals, but to the British N. West Company. It was their influence which armed against us the hordes of savages, which employed for three years, in the deserts of the N. West, the troops and money which should have been occupied with the subjugation of Montreal and Quebec. The disasters of that period, and their obvious cause, have proclaimed a lesson to the American government, of which the present administration have not been losing the fruits. A ship of war has proceeded to the Pacific ocean, to cruise at the mouth of the Columbia river; a military post is ordered to be established at the mouth of the Yellow Stone; another at the Stone lake; and a third at the falls of St. Anthony. The forts at Prairie du Chien, Rock River, Green Bay, Detroit, and Mackinaw, have been reestablished. These arrangements announce a system no less solid than brilliant. They place the confines of the republic at an immense distance; and remind us of the times when the Roman legions encamped upon the borders of the Rhine, the Danube, and the Euphrates, to overawe the barbarians which menaced the frontiers of the empire. They give us the guarantee of a perpetual peace with the North West

Indians. For after they are established, the British traders can no longer excite, with impunity, the northern savages to make war upon us. The regiments at the Yellow Stone, the Falls of St. Anthony, and the Stone lake, will be within a few days march of their own establishments; and the lifting of the tomahawk will be to the British traders the signal of destruction to their forts and factories on the shores of lake Winipic. But the question presents itself—Can these military posts be established without first having to contend for the ground on which they are to be placed? The experiment is now making. A battalion of the rifle regiment is on its march to the Yellow Stone. Those who are best acquainted with the British traders, have no expectation that they will permit an expedition to proceed in safety which is to be fatal to their prosperity, and perhaps to their existence. That they will make head against it, is justly to be apprehended, and that their instruments will be the northern Indians, whose jealousy may be easily alarmed at the prospect of an encroachment upon their territory. In addition to this reasonable apprehension, is the opinion of Mr. O'Fallon, the agent of the United States, who has just returned from a voyage to the river Platte. He has been ahead of the Yellow Stone expedition announcing its approach, and the friendly intentions of the American government. He has visited several tribes of Indians; and has reason to believe that an armed opposition to the progress of the expedition may be looked for as a probable event in the course of the next summer. Under these circumstances it behoves the American government to decide at once upon their line of conduct, either to abandon the design of establishing the new forts, or to prosecute their plan with the renewed vigour which the crisis demands. There can be no doubt of the latter determination. Besides the ignominy of "backing

out" to a company of Montreal merchants, the national policy requires that British traders within our territories, and their consequent influence among the Indians shall cease. To effect it, the posts must be established; the system announced must be maintained. The whole of the rifle regiment should go to the Yellow Stone; regiments should be placed at the Stone lake, the falls of St. Anthony, and Prairie du Chien; and corps of mounted men organized in the Missouri and Illinois, to be called into service if offensive operations shall become necessary.

Anecdote.—A gentleman of the bar, in a neighbouring county, in easy circumstances and pretty good practice, had rendered himself somewhat remarkable by his attempts in the way of matrimonial speculation. A maiden, rather advanced in years, residing some miles distant, hearing of this lawyer's speculating propensity—that his character was unexceptionable, and his life tolerably good, resolved upon making him her husband. She hit upon the following expedient. She pretended suddenly to be taken very ill, and sent for the man of the law to draw her will.—He attended. By her will she devised 10,000*l.*, in bank stock, to be divided among her three cousins, some thousands, in bonds and notes, to a niece—and vast landed estate to a favourite nephew. The will being finished, she gave the lawyer a very liberal fee and enjoined secrecy upon him for some pretended purpose—thus precluding him from an inquiry into her real circumstances. Need I mention the result? In a fortnight the lady thought proper to be restored to health. The lawyer called to congratulate her on her restoration—begged permission to visit her, which was granted. After a short courtship, the desired offer was made. The bargain was concluded and ratified. The lawyer's whole estate, by his wife, consists of an annuity of *sixty-five dollars!*

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

MARCH, 1819.

Embellished with a map of a part of Pennsylvania, and a fac-simile of
a letter from general Washington.

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PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 209, CHESNUT STREET:

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN MILLER, 25 BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We unite with our agreeable correspondent "T." in deploring the present humble and dependent state of our literature. It is, however, an evil inseparable from some circumstances of our situation which we trust will not continue to operate. We know of no way by which we can redeem ourselves from this thralldom, but by some works of fancy, such as a poem, a play, or a novel; which shall challenge approbation on both sides of the Atlantic. We have long thought that the peculiar manners, customs and state of society of the United States, and indeed of every country, present a field to the novel writer in which numbers may reap a goodly harvest of praise, if they would draw their pictures from living nature, and not be content with copying from copies.

The lines by "Lothario," contain nothing new; and mere rhymes would not be agreeable to the majority of our readers. We think "Lothario" is capable of better verses.

The Editor is obliged to Mr. Parker for permission to insert in the *Port Folio* a very excellent view of American Jurisprudence, which has been prepared for the new edition of the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. It shall certainly appear in our next.

We are compelled to exclude the very interesting and indignant letter which we have received from *Mr. Israel Putnam*, by our rejection of the last communication from general Dearborn. This determination has been formed with the less reluctance, because we are confident that the name of his illustrious ancestor requires no defence. It has been illustrated by the poet, the painter and the historian. It is remarkable that there is now in existence a representation of the battle of Bunker Hill, "taken on the spot," in which the person of general Putnam is placed in the center of the American line, during the height of the conflict. He is on horseback, and the animal is of the same colour with that which he was known to possess the winter after the battle. This picture is now in Kentucky, and must confirm, irresistibly, what Trumbull engraved in London, what Humphrey sung in Connecticut, and what was blazoned by the golden Rumours of cotemporary history.

C. C. is too late. Quo evadas nescio. *Plaut.*

The strains of "the Mariner" were perused with much satisfaction. When they shall be heard from our little bark, we hope that many a fair lady, or *one* if the sailor so will it, may grow "civil at his song."

We have promptly inserted the amusing Parodies under a title of our own invention. Owing to the tardy pace of a monthly journal, these verses have already appeared in some of the daily papers. Authors who communicate with us must restrain their impatience, as we are not willing that the *Port Folio* should be composed of articles already before the public. Among the readers of a literary Magazine it may be most emphatically affirmed that "Novelty is only in request," and we therefore beg our correspondents not to subject us to the imputation of indolence, by making us repeat *twice-told* tales. We hope that none of the friends of banks in general, or banks in particular will be offended by these *poetical licenses*. We bear no ill-will towards them, since *notes* are likewise our staple commodity, and we could very cordially join in chorus with the *winning* ones in the song

"Since rogues we're met, let's merry, merry be."

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. VII.

MARCH, 1819.

No. III.

THE PRINCIPLE OF LEGITIMACY EXPLAINED.

Though averse to abstract discussions on the origin and nature of government, we will take this opportunity of looking somewhat closely into the nature of this doctrine of legitimacy, which has become such a dreadful bug-bear to modern politicians. That the men who had aided to murder one king and dethrone another, should be vehement against the restoration of the latter, arose out of the nature of things. That those who had aided Buonaparte to attain his usurped power, had swindled him out of it in his adversity, and had assumed the government into their own hands, should be loth to part with it to the lawful owner, was equally natural; even granting they had no reason to have apprehended merited punishment, as one necessary consequence of his restoration. It was also a matter of course that they should exclaim, in their anguish of mortification and fear, "Give us for our king the English Wellington—the Cossack Platoff—any one but the lawful monarch, who comes with the right to punish our rebellion and treachery." These sentiments, so generally and so naturally entertained, not by the people of France at large, but by the demagogues who had seized the helm of state when it escaped the palsied grasp of Buonaparte, are precisely the feelings of thieves or robbers, who will throw away their stolen goods for the benefit

of the first stranger that chances to pass by, rather than acknowledge themselves guilty of the theft, by restoring them to the rightful owner; *law* being to such depredators the same natural object of terror that *legitimate right* is to rebels and traitors. But that the gibberish with which these men sought to vindicate their fears, and white-wash their miserable cause, should have found tongues and pens to re-echo it in any other country—that there should be a certain class of politicians in Britain, who cannot even pronounce this word *legitimacy* (in itself, surely, not merely an innocent but a venerable sound,) save with spitting, hissing, and braying, as at once a term of ridicule and reprobation—that all this should be, might indeed be a matter of wonder, were those who have witnessed the strange actions, opinions, and revolutions of the last quarter of a century, entitled to wonder at any thing.

If there be faith in derivation, this alarming word *legitimacy* comes from the Latin, and implies neither divine nor indefeasible right in the party to whom the quality belongs, but a claim arising out of birth or descent. Such claims have been received at all times, and among all nations, even the most barbarous. The poet, indeed, has made a ranting hero exclaim, in a tone which would fit some modern agitators,

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

But it seems doubtful whether such a state of absolute and unrestrained freedom ever existed, except perhaps in the solitary case of Adam, before the creation of Eve; for when our first parent had a wife and family, they became subjects to his paternal authority. It is speedily found expedient to transfer to the eldest son that office of head of the family which becomes vacant by the death of the father. It passes to him with its advantages of power and property, and, rightly viewed, with the relative duties of advising, restraining, and protecting the younger branches of the family. In one respect or other, such laws of succession subsist in all countries; the feudal constitutions, for certain reasons peculiar to their structure, gave even greater weight to the principle. It is recognized by all the nations of Europe, and, strange as it

may seem, we have heard of no zealous friend of liberty, either in France or Britain, who has repudiated the succession of his fathers, because, to the prejudice of younger brothers and sisters worthier perhaps than himself, it has descended upon him by the tyrannical, absurd, and ridiculous principle of legitimacy.

A regulation so useful in ordinary life, is adopted from analogy into national government. While states, indeed, are small, and before laws are settled, and when much depends on the personal ability and talents of the monarch, the power, which, for aught we know, may be among the abstracted rights of man, of choosing each chief magistrate after the death of his predecessor, or perhaps more frequently, may be exercised without much inconvenience. But as states become extended, and their constitutions circumscribed and bounded by laws, which leave less scope and less necessity for the exercise of the sovereign's magisterial functions, men are glad to exchange the licentious privilege of a Tartarian *couroultai*, or a Polish diet, for the principle of legitimacy, because the chance of a hereditary successor proving adequate to the duties of his situation, is, at least, equal to that of a popular election lighting upon a worthy candidate; and because, in the former case, the nation is spared the convulsions occasioned by previous competition and solicitation, and succeeding heart-burnings, factions, civil war, and ruin, uniformly found to attend the latter.

The doctrine of legitimacy is peculiarly valuable in a limited monarchy, because it affords a degree of stability otherwise unattainable. The principle of hereditary monarchy, joined to that which declares that the king can do no wrong, provides for the permanence of the executive government, and represses that ambition which would animate so many bosoms, were there a prospect of the supreme sway becoming vacant, or subject to election from time to time. The king's ministers, on the other hand, being responsible for his actions, remain a check, for their own sakes, upon the exercise of his power; and thus provision is made for the correction of all ordinary evils of administration, since, to use an expressive though vulgar simile, it is better to rectify any occasional deviation from the regular course by changing the coachman, than by overturning the carriage.

Such, therefore, is the principle of legitimacy, invoked by Louis XVIII, and recognized by the Allies. But it must not be confounded with the slavish doctrine, that the right thus vested is by divine origin indefeasible. The heir-at-law in private life may dissipate by his folly, or forfeit by his crimes, the patrimony which the law conveys to him; and the legitimate monarch may most unquestionably, by departing from the principles of the constitution under which he is called to reign, forfeit, for himself and for his heirs if the legislator shall judge it proper, that crown which the principle we have recognized bestowed on him as his birth-right. This is an extreme case, provided, not in virtue of the constitution, which recognizes no possible delinquency in the sovereign, but because the constitution has been attacked and infringed upon by the monarch, and therefore can no longer be permitted to afford him shelter. The crimes by which this high penalty is justly incurred, must therefore be of an extraordinary nature, and beyond the reach of those correctives for which the constitution provides, by the punishment of ministers and counsellors. The constitutional buckler of impeccability covers the monarch (personally) for all blameworthy use of his power, providing it is exercised within the limits of the constitution; it is when he stirs beyond it, and not sooner, that it becomes no defence for the bosom of a tyrant. A king of Britain, for example, may wage a rash war, or make a disgraceful peace, in the lawful, though injudicious and blame-worthy, exercise of the power vested in him by the constitution. His advisers, not he himself, shall be called, in such a case, to their responsibility. But if, like James II, he infringes upon, or endeavours to destroy the constitution, it is then that resistance becomes lawful and honourable, and the king is justly held to have forfeited the right which descended to him from his forefathers.

The principles of hereditary monarchy, of the inviolability of the person of the king, and of the responsibility of ministers, were recognized by the constitutional charter of France. Louis XVIII. was, therefore, during the year previous to Buonaparte's return, the lawful sovereign of France, and it remains to be shown by what act of treason to the constitution he had forfeited his right of legitimacy. The errors of his government were not only fewer

than might have been expected in circumstances so new and difficult, but were of such a nature as an honest, well-meaning, and upright opposition would soon have checked; not one of them could be personally attributed to Louis XVIII., and far from having incurred the forfeiture of his legitimate rights, he had, during these few months, laid a strong claim to the love, veneration, and gratitude of his subjects. He had fallen a sacrifice, in some degree, to the humours and rashness of the princes of his family—still more to causeless jealousies and unproved doubts, the water-colours which insurrection never lacks to paint her cause with, but, above all, to the fickleness of the French people, who became tired of his simple, orderly, and peaceful government, and to the dissatisfaction of a licentious and licensed soldiery, and of moody banditti, panting for a time of pell-mell havoc and confusion. The forcible expulsion of Louis XVIII., arising from such motives, could not break the solemn compact entered into by France with all Europe, when she received her legitimate monarch from the hand of her clement conquerors, and with him, and for his sake, such conditions of peace as she was in no condition to demand, and could never have otherwise obtained. His misfortune, as it arose from no fault of his own, could infer no forfeiture of his vested right. Europe, the virtual guarantee of the treaty of Paris, had also a title, leading back the lawful king in her armed and victorious hand, to require of France his reinstatement in his rights; and the termination which she thus offered to the war was as just and equitable, as its conduct during this brief campaign had been honourable and successful. *Ed. An. Reg.*

EMPLOYMENT.

EMPLOYMENT is the great instrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire from its enemy into total vacancy, or turn aside from one object, but by passing to another. The gloomy and the resentful are always found among those who have *nothing to do*, or who *do nothing*. We must be busy about good, or evil, and he to whom the *present* offers nothing, will often be looking backward on the *past*.

MEMOIR OF ROB ROY.

[*Continued from our last number.*]

The tribute of black-mail, extended, under Rob Roy's system, to all classes of people, to inferior proprietors, and to every description of tenantry; but the more powerful chieftains, though they at times considered him as an useful auxiliary, and though their property was often subjected to spoliation, would seldom consent to that compulsory regulation, as being too degrading to that consequence which they were anxious to maintain. Rob Roy did certainly, as occasion required, exact what he conceived to be his due in this way, with some severity; but he often received the tax as a voluntary oblation. Of this last description was an annual payment made to him by Campbell of Abruchil; but this proprietor having omitted to pay him for some years, he at last went to his castle with an armed party, to demand the arrears due to him. Having knocked at the gate, leaving his men at some distance, he desired a conversation with the laird; but he was told that several great men were at dinner with him, and that no stranger could be admitted. 'Then tell him,' said he, 'that Rob Roy is at his door, and must see him, if the king should be dining with him.' The porter returned, and told him that his master knew nothing of such a person, and desired him to depart. Rob Roy immediately applied to his mouth a large horn that hung by his side, from which there issued a sound that appalled the castle guard, rung through every corner of the building, and astonished Abruchil and his guests, who quickly left the dining-table. In an instant Rob Roy's men were by his side, and he ordered them to drive away all the cattle they found on the land; but the laird came hastily to the gate, apologised for the rudeness of the porter to his good friend, took him into the castle, paid him his demand, and they parted apparently good friends.

The various assaults which Rob Roy had made upon the duke of Athol and his numerous vassals, were not dictated by a wish for spoil, but intended as a chastisement for the treachery of that nobleman, who did not respect his bravery, although he had often seen and dreaded its effects. Having shown no inclination to de-

sist from those practices, Athol resolved to correct him in person, as all former attempts to subdue him had failed, and with this bold intention he set forward to Balquhiddy. A large portion of that country then belonged to Athol in feu; and when he arrived there, he summoned the attendance of his vassals; who very unwillingly accompanied him to Rob Roy's house, as many of them were Macgregors, but dare not refuse their laird. Rob Roy's mother having died in his house at this time, preparations were going forward for the funeral, which was to take place that day; and on this occasion he could have dispensed with such unlooked for guests. He knew the purpose of their visit, and to escape seemed impossible; but with strength of mind and quickness of thought, he buckled on his sword, and went out to meet the duke. He saluted him very graciously, and said, that he was much obliged to his grace for having come, unasked, to his mother's funeral; which was a piece of friendship he did not expect; but Athol told him he did not come for that purpose, but to desire his company to Perth. He, however, declined the honour; as he could not leave his mother's funeral, but after doing that last duty to his parent, he would go, if his lordship insisted upon it. Athol said, the funeral could go on without him, and would not delay. A long remonstrance ensued; but the duke was inexorable, and Rob, apparently complying, went away amidst the cries and tears of his sisters and kindred. Their distress roused his soul to a pitch of irresistible desperation; and breaking from the party, several of whom he threw down, he drew his sword. Athol, when he saw him retreat, and his party intimidated by such resolution, drew a holster pistol and fired at him. Rob Roy fell at the same instant, not by the ball, which never touched him, but by slipping a foot. One of his sisters, the lady of Glenfallach, a stout woman, seeing her brother fall, believed he was killed, and making a furious spring at Athol, seized him by the throat, and brought him from his horse to the ground. In a few minutes that nobleman would have been choked, as it defied the by-standers to unfix the lady's grasp, until Rob Roy went to his relief, when the duke was in the agonies of suffocation.

Several of our hero's friends, who observed the suspicious haste of Athol and his party towards his house, dreading some

evil design, speedily armed, and running to his assistance, arrived just as Athol's eyeballs were beginning to revert into their sockets. Rob Roy declared, that had the duke been so polite as allow him to wait his mother's burial, he would have then gone along with him; but this being refused, he would now remain in spite of all his efforts; and the lady's embrace having much astonished the duke, he was in no condition to enforce his orders, so that he and his men departed as quickly as they could. Had they staid till the clan assembled to the exequies of the old woman, it is doubtful if either the chief or his companions would have ever returned to taste Athol brose.

Rob Roy who was in a great degree sanctioned to raise black-mail, openly demanded his dues, and took strong measures to enforce payment—his attack on Garden castle was of that description. The owner was absent when he went to claim his right, which had long been withheld on pretence of not being lawful. He, however, took possession of the fortress, and when the owner returned he was refused admittance, until he would pay the reward of protection: but he refused; and Rob Roy having ascended the turrets with a child from the nursery, threatened to throw it over the walls, which speedily brought the laird, at the intercession of his lady, to an agreement, when our hero restored the keys of the castle, and took his leave.

While our hero continued in Argyllshire, he frequently traversed that interesting country, exploring its most unfrequented vallies and hidden recesses. One evening in autumn, as the declining sun had nearly sunk beneath the Atlantic wave, and the parting tinge played upon the towering pinnacles of the lofty Ben-Cruachan, he was travelling alone through the sequestered passes of Glenetive. An unusual stillness reigned over the face of nature, and nothing seemed to ruffle the tranquillity except the gentle murmuring of the tide, as it played over the pebbled shore of the lake, which increased the solemn placidity of the hour, and touched the mind with a full conviction of the inimitable grandeur of the scene that was now presented to the contemplation of Rob Roy. He felt, with enthusiastic delight, the sublimity of the objects before him, and he sat down on the point of an elevated rock, that his soul might enjoy the perfect magnificence he be-

held. This arm of the sea stretches far to the north, surrounded by majestic mountains, that rise, as it were, from the bosom of the water, in immense cones, and form one of the most delightful views to be met with in the Highlands.

Our hero was particularly struck with the beauty of the scene, and continued to gaze on the prospect till the dim outline could scarcely be traced betwixt him and the horizon; and the sombre shades of the mountains, dying away from the sight, were no longer reflected from the surface of the water. From this musing mood he was aroused by the sound of voices at a distance, and the shrieks of what seemed to be a female, which now and then broke on the silence of the night. It was now dark, and he listened, and readily distinguished the direction from whence it came. He immediately determined to follow the noise, but all was silent. He had not, however, proceeded far, when he again heard, and hastened towards it; although this was attended with much difficulty and danger, for he had to scramble through hazle wood, over steep and rugged rocks, and ford streams which held an impetuous course through deep ravines, forming eddying pools, and foaming cataracts. He observed two men emerge from the wood, but so distant, that he could neither discern their features, nor distinctly hear their conversation; although from their gesticulation, he could perceive that they were much interested in it. He lay quiet among the long grass that grew around him, eagerly listening. As they came nearer, he heard one of them say.—‘But what will her father think of our ingratitude?’ ‘O!’ said the other, ‘I care not what he thinks, since his daughter is under my control.’ ‘Yet you do not mean to treat her ill,’—replied the former: ‘She is too amiable to be harshly used.’ ‘Peace!’ said the other, ‘though you have assisted, you are not to dictate to me.’ ‘My right to insist on honourable means, sir knight, is not inferior to yours; and I will maintain it,’ was the reply. ‘Well, well,’ returned the knight, ‘this is neither a time nor a place for dispute; let us leave this desert, and secure our prize in a more hospitable region. My trusty spy has returned, and assures me, that having despaired of success, the laird of * * * * * has given up all search after us, and we may safely get away from these horrible wilds.’

Having followed them for some time, they suddenly disappeared; but supposing that they were hid from him by the obscurity of the wood, which now became more deep and impenetrable, he proceeded. Unable to discover them, he went first one way, then another, stopped, listened, gazed, but all was silent. Vexed that he had not made up to them, he stood still leaning against an oak tree, to reason with himself on the possibility of their being elves of the wood; an absurd notion of the times, of which he was not wholly divested; as such supernatural beings were supposed to inhabit gelid cavities of the rocks, and gloomy retirements of the forests, often alluring men to their destruction. But he was not long in suspense; the screams of a female dissipated his reflections, and he started forward, to ascertain from whence they came. After some search he reached a decayed mansion, placed on a rocky eminence, partly surrounded by a rapid stream, and wholly encompassed by stately trees. The building, on which the pale light of the moon shone partially through the wood, appeared semicastellated, but untoofed and in ruins, with only one turret retaining any of its original shape. The walls were in a state of rapid decay, and the whole seemed to have been long deserted by human inhabitants, and only now occupied by owls and ravens, who croaked around the falling battlements. Rob Roy surveyed this fortress, which, at a remote period, had been the residence of a feudal baron, with emotions of reverence for its antiquity, and regret for its hastening desolation. While thus deploring the fate of the mansion, a mournful cry issued from the castle. He looked around, but could perceive no window nor opening in the walls, save what was too high for access; and went on till he came to what had been the great gate, but which was so obstructed with large fragments of the broken walls, as to prevent his approach. The voice, however, at times being still heard, he was convinced that it came from the ruins, and went forward to discover some opening by which he could enter. Having walked partly round the rock on which the castle stood, he came to a thick bush of copse-wood growing close to the base of the rock, where the sounds were most loud. He examined the bush, and found that it concealed a vaulted passage, which appeared to lead to the interior; and he had no doubt that it would also unravel

the mystery of the sudden disappearance of the men he had followed, as well as develop the meaning of their conversation which he overheard. With full resolution to explore every part of the pile, he unsheathed his dirk, and entered the vault with cautious steps. He went on a considerable way through this confined and dreary entrance, till at last it seemed to terminate in a large space, where he now heard men in angry conversation. The place was dark and dismal; but he was led by a faint ray of light to a door from which proceeded many piteous sighs, that appeared to be those of a person in distress. He entered the apartment, and by the light of a wood-fire that blazed in a corner, he beheld a female figure lying on a parcel of dried grass.—‘Alas!’ said the lady, as she turned round to look at our hero,—‘what am I now doomed to suffer? Do you come, ruffian, to finish my life with your dagger?’ ‘No, madam,’ said he, ‘I come save to your life, if it is in jeopardy. I heard your cries, and came to relieve you. Who are you, and what brought you to this miserable place.’—‘Say’st thou so, stranger!—Heaven bless thee!’—and raising herself upon her elbow to examine the person who thus accosted her, she shuddered at his appearance, and continued—‘Ah, you deceive me!’—‘No, young lady,’ replied he, ‘I have no deceit in me—I am Rob Roy Macgregor, and will rescue you; but you must be brief—Who are you?’—‘I am,’ said she, ‘the daughter of the chief of * * * *; I have been decoyed, and forcibly carried away from my friends, by a base and cruel knight of England.’—‘Well,’ said Rob Roy, ‘trust in me; but stir not from this till I return. I go to wait upon the knight.’ And sheathing his dirk, he left her.

The dispute he heard on his entrance still continued, and had now become more vociferous. He stole gently to the door from whence the noise issued, and heard the two men in violent discourse.—‘You treat me ill,’ said one. ‘No, sir James,’ returned the other; ‘I went to * * * * castle as your friend, and you have betrayed me into a scandalous act of discourtesy to a kind host, and inhumanity to his amiable daughter. Dare not to treat her indecorously, or we separate for ever.’ ‘So, Percy!’ replied sir James, ‘you will give up your friend, because he wishes to conquer the antipathies of a Highland girl?’ ‘Your conquest would

be disgraceful,' said Percy, 'as your attempts have been mean and cowardly.'

Our hero judging this a favourable moment stepped boldly into the hall, where those who disputed, and other three men, were pacing along the floor. They were all armed, but were so much astonished at his unexpected appearance, and stern deportment, that they shrunk back the instant he entered, believing him to be a spectre who inhabited the doleful caverns of the mansion: but they soon discovered that he was formed of more substantial materials than the fleeting vision of an aerial spirit, when he thus addressed them—'What brawl is here, at such an hour? What are you that disturb the silence of this place? Know you, that here you have no right to revel, unless you are demons of the midnight hour, who glory in its darkness.'

The singularity of this speech, so much in character with the countenance and costume of Rob Roy, and in unison with the melancholy desolation of the place, produced a silence of some seconds. At last Sir James having recovered some degree of resolution, said in a tremulous voice, 'Pray sir, who are you, and what brought you here? We have no money about us. We are only benighted travellers, that do nobody any harm.' 'None, perhaps, but the chief of * * * *,' returned Rob Roy. 'I am no robber, Sir,' continued he, 'but you and your companions must go back with me to the castle of * * * *, from which you came so hurriedly away, that the chief did not bestow upon you the usual Highland benison.'

Sir James from this believed that Rob Roy had been sent in pursuit of him, but seeing no assistance with him, he became more courageous, put his hand to his sword, and said, 'that he would comply with no such order.' They drew and fought; but in a moment, sir James lay wounded on the floor. Percy stepped back, amazed at the sudden discomfiture of the knight, who was powerful and intrepid; but two of the other men with great fury rushed upon Rob Roy, who speedily killed them both.

Percy entreated that the life of Sir James might not be taken. 'No, generous young man, it shall not,' said Rob Roy, 'I disdain a cowardly action; but, if he survives, he shall expiate his guilt, in a more humiliating manner, than to die by my sword. As for

you, I have heard your sentiments, and they shall not be unrequited.'

Mean time sir James grew pale as death, for his wounds bled profusely; but Percy and the remaining servant having bound them up, he revived, and seemed heartily to repent the part he had acted.

The morning was now far advanced, and Rob Roy having proposed to Percy to remain by the wounded knight, till he could procure a boat and men to transport them to the castle of * * * *, left the party for a little. Having soon obtained a boat, he returned to the ruin, and the party took leave of the gloomy recess which had concealed them for several days. Sir James, unable to walk, was carried to the shore, and placed in the bow along with his servant, and the young lady, with Percy, and Rob Roy who managed the helm, took their seats in the stern of the boat.

Sir James and Percy were young men of family from England. They were visitors at the castle of * * * *, under particular recommendations to the chief. Both had become enamoured of his daughter; but their passions were not equally pure. One evening when walking along the shore, not far from her father's castle, the lady was persuaded to go along with them into a boat to enjoy the sea breeze. The servants of sir James, previously instructed, managed the boat, and left the shore at a considerable distance. Night came on, and she becoming alarmed, remonstrated against their remaining longer on the water, urged the distress which her absence must occasion, and entreated their instant return. Sir James declared his passion, and his intention of carrying her to his own country to make her happy. Percy, till now ignorant of his friend's design, argued upon the impropriety of his conduct, but in vain: and it being impossible for him to employ any other means at that time, he was constrained to silence, hoping that some fortunate incident would occur, when he might rescue the young lady. From this consideration, and the love which he himself had for her, he was induced to continue along with her, to protect her from insult: and sir James, not aware of his feelings or intention, frequently urged his assistance to overcome the scruples of the lady, at which he constantly spurned. Without any knowledge of the country, they had wandered for

some days, from shore to shore; until accident led them to the concealment, where our hero as accidentally discovered them.

In returning to the castle of * * * *, the voyage was protracted by numerous conflicting tides, which render the navigation of the western seas intricate and hazardous. The young lady's mind had suffered such agitation, that her spirits were much depressed, and her frame greatly enervated; and she was terrified at the foaming spray that dashed against the bounding prow of the vessel; but Rob Roy soothed her fears with assurances of safety. As they proceeded, Sir James often requested to be put on shore, as he dreaded to encounter the vengeance of the injured chieftain; but though this was refused, our hero promised to intercede for him, and soften the anger of the insulted * * * *.

The boat at last approached the destined harbour. It was descried from the lofty turrets of castle * * * *, long ere it reached the shore, and the whole inhabitants were assembled on the beach, anxious for its arrival. The joy of the chief of * * * * cannot be described, when he embraced his daughter, who nearly fainted in his arms. 'There, * * * *!' said Macgregor, 'I restore your child at the peril of my own life. Let not your clan again say, that Rob Roy Macgregor is incapable of generosity to them, though they have often wronged him.' 'Noble, brave Macgregor!' replied the chief, shaking him by the hand, 'you have done me service never to be forgotten. Ere long you shall be a free man. My interest is great, and it shall be exerted to recall the decree that hangs over you.' Approaching the boat, he observed sir James and Percy. He instantly drew his sword, and ran towards them, exclaiming—'Villains!'—but Rob Roy interposed, and said, 'Stop, * * * *!' your hospitality has been abused, and your anger is just; but I have pledged my honour that the life of sir James shall be safe, and it must be so. As for Percy, he is your friend, and has been the means of preserving your daughter's honour. Treat him as such. Take neither the life of sir James, nor further maim him, but do with him else what you see fit.' The vassals of the chief who stood by, were with difficulty restrained from plunging their dirks to the heart of sir James, who was conveyed to the dungeon-keep of the castle.

The return of the chief's daughter was celebrated by many days of festivity and mirth, during which Rob Roy was distinguished by every mark of attention and respect from * * * * and his clan; and having received their hearty acknowledgments he set sail, and arrived in safety at his own home. Soon after, Percy was married to the chief of * * * * 's daughter; and after a few weeks of salutary confinement, sir James was allowed to depart, and he set off immediately for his own country.

Though our hero, during his residence in Argyllshire, was secure from his enemies, he was nevertheless in a situation that precluded him from other advantages which he considered of importance to his family: and the chief of * * * * having kept his promise, Rob Roy received a letter from him containing a remission of the outlawry that had been proclaimed against him, so that he was now at liberty to go where he pleased, without any personal danger. He consequently relinquished his possessions in Argyll, and returned to Balquhiddy the soil of his nativity; but he continued occasionally to revisit it, as he had many friends, and several relations there, who showed him all manner of kindness and attention.

Whether Rob Roy had ever paid any respect to religious duties, or what might have been the extent of his creed during the more prosperous part of his life, is not certain, though he was by birth a protestant; but he was at one period reduced so low in his finances, that he left his farm, and lived in a small hut in a distant glen. In this humble abode, whether affected by remorse for his past irregular life, or that he had seriously come to the persuasion that he might obtain forgiveness for all his errors through the interposition of catholic priests, from their declared power of absolving all species of sin, has not been transmitted to us; but he had taken the resolution of becoming a Roman catholic, and he accordingly went to Mr. Alexander Drummond, an old priest of that faith, who resided at Drummond castle. What the nature of Rob's confessions were, or the penance which his offences required, has been concealed; but if we may judge from the account he himself gave of his interview with this ecclesiastic,—‘that the old man frequently groaned, crossed himself, and exacted a heavy remuneration,’—his crimes must have been of sable

dye and difficult expiation:—‘It was a convenient religion, however,’ he used to say, ‘which for a little money could put asleep the conscience, and clear the soul from sin.’

While engaged in the cattle trade, Rob Roy had purchased a cow from a widow on Tay side, and on the following Sunday he chanced to be at Logierait as the clergyman was preaching to his congregation in the church-yard. Rob Roy stepped in to hear the discourse, the subject of which was a caution against fraud and roguery, and the preacher expatiated largely on their intricate ramifications; in the course of which, he threw out many hints evidently meant for our hero, who was observed by the minister, and was well known to all his hearers. When the sermon was over Rob Roy waited upon the clergyman, and told him that ‘he understood his discourse, but wished to know what he meant, and would be glad if he could point out my instance of his fraud or roguery. For observe, reverend sir,’ continued he, ‘that if you cannot do this, and have abused me before your parishioners, and me innocent, I shall make you recant your words in your own pulpit.’ ‘Macgregor,’ said the minister, ‘I will own that I alluded to you. Did you not buy a cow from a widow in this parish, at a little more than half its value? She is a poor woman, and cannot afford this.’ ‘I was ignorant of her being so poor,’ answered Rob Roy; ‘she appeared glad to get the price.’ ‘True,’ replied the minister, ‘for her family are starving.’ ‘If that be the case,’ returned our hero, ‘she is welcome to keep the money I paid, and she shall also get back her cow,’ which was actually done next day; and on the following Sunday, the minister mentioned this act of charity from the pulpit, as worthy the imitation of the ‘hard-hearted gentry of his parish,’ as he termed them.

The numerous exploits of Rob Roy had rendered him so remarkable, that his name became familiar every where; and he was often the subject of conversation among the nobility at court. He was there spoken of as the acknowledged protégée of Argyll, who often endeavoured to palliate his errors; but that nobleman was frequently rallied, particularly by the king, for his partiality to Macgregor. On several occasions his majesty had expressed a desire to see the hardy mountaineer: and Argyll willing to gratify him, sent for Rob Roy, but concealed his being in London, lest

the officers of state, aware of the king's hatred, might take measures to detain him. Argyll, however, took care that the king should see him without knowing who it was, and he made Rob Roy walk for some time in front of St. James'. His majesty observed him, and remarked that he had never seen a finer looking man in a Highland dress, and Argyll having soon after waited on the king, his majesty told him of his having noticed a handsome Scots Highlander, when Argyll replied, that it was Rob Roy Macgregor. His majesty said he was disappointed that he did not know it sooner, and appeared not to relish the information, considering it as too serious a jest to be played upon his authority, and which seemed to make him, among others, a dupe to our hero's impudence.

Though Rob Roy was now considerably advanced in life, he yet bore an imposing and youthful appearance. On his way from London at this time, he was accidentally introduced into the company of some officers who were recruiting at Carlisle. Struck with his robust and manly stature, they considered him a fit person for the king's service, and wished to enlist him; but he would accept no less than treble the sum they offered, to which they agreed. He remained in the town a few days, paying no regard to them, and when he was ready to continue his journey, he came away; the military being unable to prevent him, and the enlisting money paid his expenses home.

While in England, Lennox of Woodhead, having refused to pay his dues of black-mail, Rob Roy's wife equipped herself on horseback, and attended by twelve men, so intimidated the gentleman, that he paid the stipulated sum, saying, that he could not refuse a lady, and would not attempt to oppose her.

The achievements of Rob Roy so universally known, were every where extolled as the matchless deeds of unconquered Caledonia; and though his prowess could not be said at all times to have been displayed upon occasions strictly meritorious, yet the general tenor of his conduct was admired in his own country, as it accorded with an ancient *Gælic* saying already noticed, which marked the well known character of the Highlander, that *he would not turn his back on a friend nor an enemy*: yet he neither boasted of his strength nor his courage, and he did not look on his past exploits with the pride of a victor, but with the honest

exultation of having supported the valour of his clan, and opposed the devouring tide of oppression. Steady in these principles, he never wantonly engaged in a quarrel; and from a consciousness of his own powers, he was unwilling to adopt personal contention, yet he was often challenged to single combat, and actually fought twenty-two battles of this description.

Rob Roy was never known to have refused a challenge, excepting upon one occasion, from a countryman named Donald Bane, because, he said, he never fought a duel but with gentlemen.

The power which Macgregor possessed in his arms was very uncommon, and gave him a decided superiority over most men in the use of the broad-sword. It was scarcely possible to wrench any thing out of his hands, and he has been known to seize a deer by the horns and hold him fast. His arms were long, almost to deformity, as when he stood erect, he could touch the garters under his knee with his fingers. Some of his neighbours might indeed say that he had long arms; but they often gave him cause for stretching them.

Being now far advanced in years, he began to feel his vigour decline apace; but his spirits remained unbroken. Having met with the laird of Boquhan on some merry occasion, they sat up a whole night drinking in a paltry inn at Arnprior in Perthshire; but towards morning they quarreled, the influence of the indigestible beverage of their country having overpowered their reason. Boquhan had no sword with him, but he found an old rapier in a corner, and they fought. Macgregor, from age and considerable inebrity, was then unfit for the combat, and dropping his sword, they made up the difference, and continued drinking together during the following day. On a future trial with Stewart of Ardshiel, he was also worsted, when he threw down his sword, and vowed that he would never take it up again, for by this time his sight was greatly impaired: his strength had suffered from the decrepitude of old age, and he felt the gradual decay of his faculties. Some characteristic lineaments, however, continued to illumine his spirit, even to the latest hour. When nearly exhausted, and worn out by the laborious vicissitudes of a restless life, and con-

fined to bed in a state of approaching dissolution, a person with whom in former times he had a disagreement, called upon him, and wished to see him. 'Raise me up,' said he to his attendants, 'dress me in my best clothes; tie on my arms; place me in the great chair, That fellow shall never see me on a death-bed.' With this they complied, and he received his visitor with cold civility. When the stranger had taken his leave, Rob Roy exclaimed, 'It is all over now; put me to bed. Call in the piper; Let him play '*Cha teill mi tuille*,'—(I will never return) as long as I breathe.' He was faithfully obeyed, and calmly met his death, which took place at the farm of Inverlochlarigbeg, among the braes of Balquhiddy, in 1735. His relics repose in the churchyard of that parish, with no other escutcheon to mark his grave than a simple stone, on which some kindred spirit has carved a sword—the appropriate emblem of the man:—

“Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid.”*

In surveying the character of Rob Roy Macgregor, many excellent traits appear, from which we cannot withhold our admiration, while other incidents of his life, may deserve reprehension: but when it is considered, that he lived during a period when the northern parts of the kingdom were torn by civil discord, and distracted politics; and when the government had neither wisdom nor energy to remedy those evils that arose from feudal manners, and the discordant interests of chieftainship, we cannot be surprised at the liberties he took, and the deeds he performed. Rob Roy was among the last remains of the genuine Highlanders of the old stock, who wished to support the ancient privileges, and independence of the race. His clan had suffered great cruelties, which were attributed with much truth to their envious neighbours: and besides, when we consider the measures directed against Rob Roy as an individual, we cease to wonder at the opposition he gave to the families of Montrose and Athol; and although in his partial warfare he might not always have acted in

* The funeral of Rob Roy was attended by all ranks of people within several miles of his residence; and so much was he beloved, that universal regret seemed to pervade the whole company.

conformity to nice principles of justice, yet it may be said, that the greater number of his errors were venial, and such as in his time, must have appeared no more than the fair and justifiable retaliation for injuries, which he himself, or others connected with him, had sustained. Of his being a free-booter, and heading a band of desperate banditti, there is no proof. He was never known wantonly to have made an unprovoked attack, or to have broken a promise he had given. He was generous and humane to all who suffered from disease or poverty; and he cannot be denied the meed of respect for his bravery, which never was exerted against the unfortunate.

FROM MORIER'S JOURNEY THROUGH PERSIA.

ATTEMPTS TO INTRODUCE VACCINATION.

During the winter, the surgeons of the embassy endeavoured to introduce vaccination among the Persians, and their efforts at first were very successful: but owing to the opposition of the Persian doctors, and to the little countenance which they received from men in authority, their labours had nearly proved abortive. The surgeons, having procured the cow-pock matter from Constantinople, commenced their operations at Teheran with so much success, that in the course of one month, they had vaccinated three hundred children. Their houses were constantly thronged with women, bringing their offspring to them; and there was every appearance of a general dissemination of this blessing throughout Teheran, when of a sudden it progress was checked by the government itself. Several of the king's *ferashes* were placed at the gate of the ambassador's hotel, nominally as a mark of attention to his excellency, but really to stop all women from going to our surgeons. They said if the people wanted their children to be vaccinated, the fathers, and not the mothers, were to take them to the surgeons: by which means the eagerness for vaccination was stopped; for we soon discovered that the males did not feel one half the same anxiety for their offspring as the women. Notwithstanding the ravages which are annually made among the Per-

sians by the small-pox, for which they have hitherto found no remedy; yet they are so wedded to their own prescriptions, that they rather adhere to them, than give their children a chance of being saved, by adopting a new mode of treatment.

THE KING OF PERSIA.—*From the same.*

The ambassador, during the winter, had frequent interviews with the king, who conversed with him in the most familiar manner, upon all sorts of subjects. It happened one day that his majesty was in high spirits, or as the Persians would say, *damaughish chawk bud*, and sent for the ambassador to converse with him. The grand vizier, Mirza Sheffea, was also present. After using many flattering expressions, his majesty said to the ambassador, "that he had been informed by his viziers, that in England we had a variety of modes of increasing the revenue of the country, of which they were totally ignorant in Persia.—Now tell me what might be done here, as you do it in England?" The ambassador answered, "That one of the things which he thought might be established in Persia, useful to his majesty's subjects, and beneficial to his treasury, was a post for the transmission of letters." He then explained the nature of an English post, its advantages, and its profits. "Aye, aye, (said the king,) I perfectly comprehend you." Then turning to the grand vizier, he said, "Now Mirza Sheffea, I'll tell you exactly how it is. You, for instance, have a correspondent at Ispahan; of course you can't afford to give a messenger ten tomauns every time you have something to say, which, on urgent occasions, you now are obliged to do: but if you had an opportunity of communicating with him every day,—which the post would give you,—you would write to him constantly, and your concerns would go on well. Now that is the utility of the thing. As for the profit, it is thus: we will say, two hundred letters are to be sent to Ispahan, for each of which one real will be charged by the post. Now there are about ten stages from here to Ispahan; the men who carry the letters from stage to stage will be contented to receive a real a-piece; therefore, giving ten to the carriers, 190 will remain clear profit to the Shah.—*Be Ser Shah*,"

*The king always talks of himself in the third person, and frequently swears by his own head. Also, *Be Jam Shah*,—by the king's soul; *Be*

by the head of the king, (exclaimed his majesty,) this is excellent. But (turning to the ambassador,) you have more expedients still. Tell me what there is besides the post, that we have not in Persia?" His excellency would have been happy to drop the subject, for he felt that the information which would be drawn from him might be disagreeable to the grand vizier; but the king being very urgent, he informed his majesty, that one of the great sources of our revenue, (but which was resorted to only on particular emergencies) was the income tax, the principles of which he explained, endeavouring to impress upon the king's mind, that it was intended to bear more upon the rich than the poor; a principle which the English government kept constantly in view, when the exigencies of the state required the levying of new taxes. "What do you say to that? (said the king to the grand vizier,) these English are extraordinary people." The ambassador, in continuation, said, "We have also taxes, that are more particularly levied upon the rich. If a man keep more than a certain number of horses, he is taxed in a progressive ratio for every supernumerary horse; the same for servants, for carriages, &c." "Did you hear that, Mirza Sheffea," exclaimed the king. "I am your† sacrifice; I am ready to pay whatever your majesty pleases," said the vizier. "That's right, (returned the king;) but there is a great deal of policy, as well as profit, in what the ambassador says; for instance, a governor-general of India makes an immense fortune, and returns home richer than a Shahzadeh (a king's son:) he sets up in great state, and eclipses all the princes; it is of course very proper that he should be made to pay for such advantages." The king then requested the ambassador to make a written note of the different details which he had already given in conversation; and hoped that he might be enabled to realize them in Persia.

Upon another occasion, the king asked the ambassador what had become of the Pope. "I hear you no longer acknowledge his

Berg Shah,---by the king's death; and these expressions, in constant use by all Persians, will remind us of Joseph's speech to his brethren, *by the life of Pharaoh*, &c. Genesis, xlii. 15 and 16.

† Every Persian speaking to his sovereign, generally prefaces his speech with "I am your sacrifice."

supremacy: how long is it since you have been *yaghi*, or in rebellion against him?" His excellency then explained, and gave an outline of the history of Henry the Eighth. "Ah, (said the king,) he must have been a clever king indeed; he did just what I would have done. But what difference is there between your religion and that of the Papists?" The ambassador answered, that we had discarded from our service the mummery of their's; and that they believed in certain doctrines which were contrary to our faith, and particularly instanced that of transubstantiation. "What! (exclaimed the king,) when they eat a bit of bread, they really believe it to be flesh! what dolts! you are in the right. I can comprehend eating bread in commemoration of the death of Jesus to be a good doctrine; but that bread should turn into flesh is nonsense indeed."

THE PRINCE.—*From the same.*

At the beginning of April, Mahomed Ali Mirza, the prince, governor of Kermanshah, arrived at Teheran. He came escorted by a few men, and performed the journey in five days; which, for a prince, the persons allowed was a great undertaking. As this personage is likely to be a prominent character in the future history of Persia, I will give an account of a visit which the ambassador paid to him during his stay at Teheran, in consequence of a wish expressed to that purpose by the prince himself.

The *Imaret Khorasheed*, or the Palace of the Sun, in which the prince received us, is situated in a garden behind the great hall of audience, in which the king daily sits in state on his marble throne, and is beautifully ornamented in its interior with marble paintings. When we entered the room in which he was seated, the grand vizier advanced from where he was standing, and pointed to a place about half way down the room, where he intended the ambassador should sit. The latter did not heed this, but walked up close to the prince, and seated himself upon the same musnud, to the trepidation of the vizier, and astonishment of the prince; who, although evidently annoyed, gave us the usual welcome.

The prince in person is of strong make, of a rather vulgar appearance, and of a bad though lively expression of countenance.

He talked with great animation, with a loud voice, and much gesticulation. There was much acuteness in what he said;—he asked questions, and then argued upon the answers he received, adhering most obstinately to his own opinions, and not hesitating to give the flattest contradictions.

The conversation turned upon *Yenghee Duniah*, or America, a subject upon which all Persians are very curious and inquisitive. On this topic, we were surprised to find the prince, as the French would say, *ferre a glace*. He appeared to have just been reading the history of America. He talked not only with historical but geographical knowledge, which of all other is the rarest amongst Orientals. He told us the distinctions between North and South America with great accuracy, and entered into the details of the history of Mexico in a manner that greatly astonished us.

THE ENGLISH PRESENTS.—*From the same.*

About the 10th of May, Mahomed Khan, the head of the king's camel artillery, who had been sent to Bushire to superintend the transmission of the military stores and presents which we had brought with us from England and India, arrived at Teheran. He had made levies of men throughout the country, for the purpose of carrying the baggage, which consisted of several carriages, looking-glasses, a grand piano-forte, a large mahogany dining-table, and many other heavy pieces of furniture. As the Persians have no wheeled conveyances, and as the greater part of these articles was too bulky to be loaded on camels, they were carried on the backs of men from Bushire to Teheran, a distance of about 620 miles. It would be impossible to describe the mutilated state in which every thing reached us. One of the modes adopted for lessening the labour of descending the steep mountains between Bushire and Shiraz, was that of fastening some of the cases upon a gun-carriage, and permitting it to run at random down the declivities; by which contrivance most of the carriages were disabled, and of course the thing attached to them totally demolished. Of seventy mirrors, which the ambassador brought into Persia, he received about one-third safe, the rest were entirely demolished.

The carriages which were brought as presents to the king, were not put together until they reached us at Teheran. One that had been built in England on purpose for the king, which was the least damaged, we succeeded to render serviceable, and then the ambassador presented it to his majesty in great form.

It was first necessary to knock down part of the wall of our court-yard to get it into the street, and then it was dragged with considerable difficulty through the narrow streets and bazars to the king's palace, where the ambassador, attended by the grand vizier, and all the principal officers of the state, were in readiness to exhibit it to the king. His majesty walked around the carriage, examined it very minutely, admired its beauty, criticised its contrivances, and then got inside, leaving his shoes at the door, and seating himself with much satisfaction upon the velvet cushions. Mirza Abul Hassan Khan, the late Persian envoy, Feraj Ullah Khan (the chief executioner), some of the secretaries of state, and other personages of rank, all in their court dresses, then fastened themselves to it, and dragged his majesty backwards and forwards to his great delight, which he expressed by some good remarks on the conveniency of carriages, and the ingenuity of Europeans, who had brought them to such perfection. The circumstance that surprised the grand vizier the most, was that it could go backwards as well as forwards. The king kept his seat for more than half an hour, observing that there would be very good sitting-room for two, pointing to the bottom of the carriage as the place for the second. When he had smoked his kaleoon within it, he descended, and made the ambassador a very handsome acknowledgment for so magnificent a present, and ordered the Armeen-ad-Dowlah to purchase six large horses to draw it; however, we learnt shortly after that it was put into a warehouse, where it was bricked up, where it has been ever since, and where it is likely to remain.

THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF A SINGLE FAULT.

PREFACE; BY MADAME DE STAEL.

"In a conversation, occasioned by the novel of *Delphine*, it was remarked, that conjugal affection was a subject no less proper than the more imperious passion of love, to produce interesting situations, and to form the basis of an affecting tragedy. This opinion being warmly contested, the result of the argument was a sort of literary challenge, to which the following tale, unhappily founded in fact, owes its existence."

The foregoing paragraph was written by my father, as an introduction to this little tale, which he then intended to publish in a literary journal. The design was afterwards relinquished. In revising his manuscripts, however, I was strongly impressed with the conviction, that it would be injustice to his memory to withhold from the world what was not only admirable in itself, but singularly interesting as a rare and precious relic of the extraordinary author.

It would ill become me to point out the moral application of any work from the pen of M. Necker; but I must be permitted to observe that the disastrous effects of negligence and inattention to private affairs in "*the Fatal Consequences of a Single Fault*," are exemplified with a strength and fidelity I have never seen equalled in any other production.

It is usual to find, in novels of a moral cast, perfect characters contrasted with atrocious villains, and gigantic vice opposed to chimerical, if not fantastic excellence. It follows, as a natural consequence, that such writings are wholly useless to the only class of readers to whom they might suggest caution or instruction—namely, to those who, though amiably weak, are not radically depraved, and who are rather their own enemies, than the enemies of virtue. It should ever be the aim of that writer who aspires to the praise of usefulness, to create a salutary terror for those approaches to evil, those indications of feebleness and frailty, by which the amiable may be seduced to the commission of crimes, and the naturally upright heart perverted to falsehood and injustice.

It is only to mixed characters that such lessons can be profitable and instructive. The radically vicious are scarcely to be considered within the pale of humanity, and share so little in the common sympathies of nature, that, whatever the admonitions, whatever the examples addressed to them, they must still remain impenetrable to conviction. In their hopes and fears, their language and sentiments, they belong to another order of beings, and are incapable of receiving any impressions which are not enforced by positive sufferings and personal experience.

It is almost superfluous to remind the reader, that a dramatic author is not identified with the personages whom he represents, and that his morality is not more to be impugned, when he traces the inevitable consequences of error or frailty, than when he illustrates the efficacy of virtuous principles, and assigns to honourable actions their proper recompense.

In the present state of literature and knowledge in Europe, it is almost ridiculous to recommend ideas generally admitted, or to enforce truisms which cannot be contested. But in France, where the spirit of party, though apparently repressed, continues to vent itself in the narrow track of literature, it is not unnecessary to anticipate and to obviate objections, however trivial or untenable, which might otherwise be made subservient to invidious remark and unwarranted misrepresentation.

It was the fate of Eliza Lesly to become an orphan in the tender years of childhood. But the loss of both parents was well supplied by a maternal aunt, a woman universally respected, who resided in the country, and devoted herself with unremitting assiduity to the education of her adopted daughter.

Though descended from honourable ancestors, Miss Lesly inherited but a small property, and her slender income was wholly expended in procuring masters for the various accomplishments suited to her sex and station, and in cultivating those superior talents which embellish society and extend the sphere of existence. From nature she had received much that cannot be bestowed by art: and as she approached maturity the external charms of symmetry and elegance were heightened by that indefinable, enchanting mental grace, which, as it implies the possession of taste and delicacy, is often more fascinating than the most perfect beauty. With so many attractions it was impossible not to engage admiration; but the homage which Miss Lesly had been accustomed to receive, she soon learnt to neglect. In the distinctions so flattering to vanity she found nothing to satisfy that susceptible heart which secretly cherished the endearing image of domestic union. She aspired to the privilege of dispensing happiness to some virtuous being worthy of her esteem, her confidence, her love; capable of sympathizing in her sentiments and of recompensing her devoted attachment.

Miss Lesly had scarcely attained her twentieth year, when Sir Henry Sommers, a young man just returned from his travels, who, by the demise of his father, had lately come into possession of a title and estate, arrived at his seat in Kent, in the vicinity of the village where the aunt of Miss Lesly resided. The return of the young baronet after a long interval of absence was an event of no small importance to the neighbourhood, and afforded to the curious and the idle ample matter for inquiry and specula-

tion. That such a man must marry was obviously a thing of course: that the object of his choice should be a woman of birth and fortune, appeared equally evident; and many were the matches proposed, and various the ladies chosen as rival candidates for his hand and fortune.

When these rumours reached Miss Lesly, she heard them with perfect indifference: but she had no sooner seen Sir Henry than, for the first time in her life, she sighed to reflect that she was not a woman of fortune. In Henry Sommers the most perfect manly beauty was embellished by elegant manners and dignified deportment. His calm countenance, his deep-toned voice might, perhaps, have appeared too serious, but for the sensibility beaming from his eyes, the expression of benevolence and candour which lighted up his features and dwelt on his accents. It was, indeed, often objected to him, that he had habitually an air of languor and of melancholy;—but that very air which, to superficial observers announced a sombre, repulsive character, impressed Eliza with far different feelings from the moment that her heart whispered she was the object of his attention, and that to herself she almost ventured to confess she wished to engage his love. She believed that Henry the *reserved*, the *dignified Henry*, required the consolations of sympathy, the soothing of female tenderness; and flattered by this persuasion, she began unconsciously, to cherish hopes—to indulge anticipations of happiness. Eliza was not deceived. Sir Henry had at first only paid homage to beauty, when he singled her out at the balls and other places of public resort in the neighbourhood. In addressing him her voice became more touchingly sweet. Henry listened with deeper interest, and Eliza, who could not speak without discovering the elevation or delicacy of her mind, the rectitude of her principles, the propriety of her sentiments, unconsciously completed the enchantment. He no longer doubted that she united those brilliant qualities included in his idea of female perfection, and *believed* with her it might be possible to realize the most romantic dreams of human felicity. The more he reflected on her moral qualities, the more did judgment concur with inclination to ratify his choice; and in surrendering himself to love, he appeared less to follow the impulse of passion, than to obey the dictates of duty. With the high spirited generosity of a romantic character, he found in the *smallness* of Miss Lesly's fortune an additional cause for satisfaction, he exulted in the idea that it was his privilege to raise her to that station which she was formed to adorn, and that in bestowing her hand, she would receive from him all those adventitious advantages of wealth and distinction without which even beauty is neglected, and virtue unhonoured by the mercenary world.

Henry loved too truly to be presuming, and when he at length ventured to disclose his sentiments in a letter expressing his hopes and his wishes,

and breathing all the ardour and tenderness of passion, he awaited the result with unspeakable anxiety.

"Can Eliza," said he, "esteem me sufficiently to unite forever her destiny with mine? Does she hold me worthy to be her first friend, to be invested with that most sacred title of husband, in which I shall glory to my latest breath?"

The answer to this appeal was traced with a trembling hand, but the vows of Sommers were accepted. Miss Lesly confessed, that if his happiness depended on her sentiments, she almost feared he had been happy even long before he desired it. This simple avowal exalted her lover to the summit of human felicity. Transported into a new existence, he found no language to do justice to his feelings; and it was only in shedding delicious tears that he could pour forth his joy and gratitude, whilst he reiterated at Miss Lesly's feet his protestations of eternal truth and fidelity.

If Eliza articulated not the same vows, he read them in her eyes; he saw them attested by looks of unutterable tenderness; for they now learnt mutually to divine the latent meaning of every word or movement, and were every hour more ready to believe that heaven had formed them for each other.

Marriage fixed and consecrated their union. Brilliant with youth, health, and beauty, the favourites of fortune and felicity, they might have excited envy, had they not irresistibly inspired good-will and complacency, and, by the most engaging attentions and the most unaffected benevolence, obtained a pardon even for superior happiness. Henry could never show too much kindness to those that admired Eliza, who, on her part, if she heard him praised, cast on the encomiast a glance of eloquent acknowledgment.

Soon after their marriage an entertainment was given at Rose Wood, Sir Henry's seat, to the principal families in the neighbourhood.

Whilst Eliza was at her toilette, he repeatedly entered the dressing room to inquire whether she was ready to appear; and when she at length presented herself before the circle, he adroitly took his station where he could best form a judgment of the impression produced on the company. With eager delight he watched the symptoms of surprise and admiration awakened by her elegance and beauty. He listened to those rapturous exclamations which sometimes escaped the lips of the spectators, and carefully collected the most trite unmeaning phrases which were uttered in Eliza's praise. His eyes, constantly following her motions, would alone have been sufficient to direct attention to one object, even if perfect beauty and finished elegance did not always challenge universal homage. But Henry was not satisfied with this superficial admiration. He required that Eliza's mental endowments should be duly appreciated, and secretly

demanding homage for the elegance of her language: the delicacy of her ideas, the propriety of her sentiments.

If he sometimes distressed her modesty by his own undissembled admiration, he often improved her observations with an address or refinement wholly derived from the heart, and infinitely superior to any thing exclusively created by the understanding. In fine, Eliza had in Henry a friend so intimately associated with all her interests, that she seemed in his society to double her own existence—for she constantly saw her own ideas reflected by his mind, as in a mirror which embellishes the features without destroying the resemblance. With serene delight she reposed in the protection of a husband, who, had the merits of his Eliza been disputed, would have assumed a haughty aspect, but who, flattered by the respect and admiration she excited, had only the air of a man who was proud of his wife, and exulted in the tribute offered to her perfection. At the name of Lady Sommers, that name by which the woman of his choice was forever identified with himself, his heart throbbed with emotion, and he felt again all the youthful transports of happy, mutual love.

Still the felicity of Sommers remained incomplete, till he had prevailed on the high spirited, the delicate, the reserved Eliza to dismiss her scruples with regard to disparity of situation, till he recognised, in the unrestrained freedom with which she disposed of his property, that cordial confidence, which can alone result from an harmonious union. It is only when *thou* becomes synonymous with *we*, and the distinction of *thine* or *mine* is wholly lost in *ours*, that the wedded pair have realized all the refined enjoyments of conjugal affection. It was thus that Henry and Eliza came insensibly to have but one being, and to find in the marriage bond an union infinitely more perfect than could be created by the omnipotence of passion. With reason did they cherish the oaths which sealed their compact, and rendered it immutably sacred in the eyes of God and man.

If they formed plans for futurity, they discovered in every event the happiest auspices, because they were forever associated in the same fate, and equally participated in all the good and evil allotted to each other. In imagination they contemplated, without repugnance, the different stages of human existence. They even anticipated old age with complacency, as that period, when, having long hand in hand journeyed on together, they should be mutually soothed by those tender delicious recollections, which come at length to supply the place of ardent hopes and eager expectations.

There were even moments when the image of death was not without its peculiar attractions, since they were pleased to dwell on the idea that the messenger of eternity might summon both on the same day and at the same hour, and that they should together plunge into the awful abyss, with the firm assurance of a joyful and eternal re-union. They looked forward with

confidence to futurity, since they had in their own hearts a guarantee from destruction.

What a pledge of immortality is possessed in strong affections! blest as they were, supremely blest, they directed their thoughts to the one eternal source of good, reposed in the protection of their God—loved and believed, enjoyed and adored.

Hitherto they had no cause to complain of society. The first disappointment that occurred of this nature was in a manner the discovery of a new pleasure. It was so delightful to reciprocate benefits—to be under the inestimable obligation of assisting each other! The mutual solace was a mutual treasure that enhanced the privilege of intimacy. In contending with the little cares and chagrins of life, they learnt the better to define the circle which separated them from the world; and when driven to that sanctuary within the heart, became even more closely united to each other.

It was Henry who most needed the soothing voice of friendship, since it was he alone who was subjected to irritation and chagrin by his intercourse with the capricious world.

Entitled by birth and education to claim respect and attention from society, he had acquired a relish for distinction which impelled him to adopt all honourable means for engaging popularity: but it is scarcely possible to indulge the thirst for emulation, or to enter with eagerness on the career of glory, without experiencing the conflicts of hope and fear, the agitations incident to care and disappointment. There are competitors in every pursuit, and rivals in every path, who, if they sometimes grace your triumph, more often reverse your schemes and baffle your ambition.

Eliza sometimes sighed when she perceived that she constituted not to Henry that *all* which he formed for her, who had no other object: but reason soon suggested, that since men were called upon to act a distinguished part in public life, it was natural that they should take an interest in the pursuits of ambition, and challenge the perils and chances incident to the situation. Eliza not only ceased to repine at what she had once regretted as an evil, she even came to consider it as a real good, when she discovered that the pains inseparable from ambition produced a new source of confidence and sympathy between her and Henry, and that it was to her alone, whenever disappointment occurred, that he looked for encouragement or consolation. And what triumph is so precious to a woman of feeling, as to know by intuition, that in her voice—her tenderness—her sympathy, resides the all-prevailing charm which restores tranquillity to the agitated heart of a beloved husband! How proud is she of the conviction that she alone possesses the power to calm his perturbation—to revive his hopes—to dispel his apprehensions; in difficulty to fortify his courage—in disappointment to soften his regrets.

Absorbed in one object, Eliza learnt without effort to understand Henry's character. The lesson was rather imbibed than studied, for her only teacher was love.

She could calculate with exact precision in what manner he would be influenced by the opinion of others. She divined what impressions he would be able to resist, and to what illusions of the imagination he must be peculiarly exposed. But such was the purity of his principles, and such the dignity of his sentiments, that her task was easily performed. The wounds she occasionally discovered were not deep, and with a little care and delicate address, she never failed to restore his mind to its wonted harmony. Henry once uttered a tender complaint that he never was allowed any opportunity of repaying to her this kindness.

"It is not that I am less unreserved in my communication," replied his devoted wife; I would freely lay my heart open to your view. Not one thought should be concealed from your eye;—but the world can cause me no chagrin. I have but one interest, my wishes centre in one supreme object; to see that being happy is all my care—my pride—my pleasure—my whole destiny!"

"Well, act as you will—my benefactress let me call you. Continue to dispense unnumbered blessings, which are only to be repaid with love. Henceforth my life is at your service; mould me to your wishes; dispose of me as you shall please. I can have no will but your's."

"I accept the trust, which I dedicate to your happiness. I am aware that my friend must in some degree enter into the ordinary pursuits of the world. Change of scene is necessary to your perfect enjoyment. You have a relish for public life. I ought not to wish you to sacrifice such tastes, or renounce the dignity attached to political consideration."

Henry seized the idea these words suggested. He had long been disposed to serve in parliament; but desirous of commencing his career under the most honourable auspices, he waited for an opportunity of being returned a county member at the general election which was now approaching. Yet, however he might be disposed to embrace Eliza's suggestions, there unhappily existed an obstacle to their accomplishment of which she was wholly unconscious, and which he was most unwilling to communicate.

Much as she had studied her husband's character, there was in it one defect, which had hitherto escaped her observation, but which she was destined to learn by fatal experience.

Seven years had elapsed since their happy union, which was crowned by the birth of a daughter in whom each parent delighted to trace a resemblance to the other. Hitherto all had smiled on Eliza's path; but some few clouds now occasionally obscured the sunshine of Henry's cheerful-

ness. Even in the plenitude of mutual confidence, there was one subject on which false delicacy condemned him to silence.

Early in marriage he had sustained some losses of property, but liberal, kind, fond of show and splendour, he was deaf to the lessons of prudence and economy; and thus the evil which might have been easily obviated the first year, augmented the second, and was aggravated the third, till finally it produced real pecuniary embarrassment. Independent of his repugnance to retrenchment, he had an insurmountable antipathy to accounts and calculations, and was consequently almost totally ignorant of the most common forms of business. His steward had soon occasion to discover his inattention to the state of his affairs, and, not choosing to hazard the loss of his favour, always proposed some temporary expedient—such as the cutting down of timber, or the transfer of money in the funds, to supply the casual deficiency. Henry easily reconciled himself to the advice, having great expectations on an uncle, who had returned from India with an immense fortune. But these fallacious hopes were soon blasted. The uncle married, and the nephew was completely supplanted by the birth of a son-and-heir. It was after this event, that the steward for the first time ventured on some observations respecting the disparity of *income* and *expenditure*. But Henry, who still felt it impossible to dispense with his accustomed habits and enjoyments, was no less unwilling to make Eliza the depositary of a secret which might damp her spirits, than to allow her to suspect that he had one thought in which she did not participate. He was perfectly aware that the least hint would induce her to propose, and even to insist on retrenching every article of *expense* appropriate to her own share in the establishment: but it had ever been his peculiar pleasure to see her dressed in a style even superior to her station, and to seize every pretext for surprising her by some elegant device of love, some new and expensive ornament.

Once, when he had been closetted with his steward longer than usual, he entered the drawing-room with a thoughtfulness on his brow which rivited Eliza's attention. In meeting her earnest glance he coloured deeply, and hastily quitted the apartment. The next day Eliza turned the conversation on the folly of indulging in habits of luxury and *expense*, contrasting with them those simple, quiet comforts, which are the true sources of domestic enjoyment. Perceiving that this remark drew no explanation, she took occasion to introduce some reflections on the unlimited confidence which ought to form the charm of perfect intimacy.

For the first time, something like restraint and dissatisfaction was mutually experienced by Henry and Eliza; for nothing can be more painful than when two attached friends are under the necessity of communicating through the medium of general ideas their own personal feelings. In such

a situation, it is palpable that one of the two parties, if not both, must be wrong; a salutary warning that every species of dissimulation or insincerity is wrong, however it may be disguised by delicacy, or excused by tenderness. Unhappily, Eliza wanted courage to enforce an explanation, whilst Henry, too conscious of his error, wanted fortitude to confess that he had acted with culpable imprudence. Yet, he often wished, and always meant to disclose the embarrassment, till luckily, as he conceived, he discovered an expedient for repairing the dilapidations in his property, and even of procuring a considerable augmentation to his income.

As the period of the election approached he had often occasion to visit London; and one day, at a public dinner, became acquainted with a noted stock-broker, supposed to be one of the most adroit speculators in the funds; and who, from some accidental questions on the price of stocks, was insensibly permitted to take the lead in the conversation. John Foster (such was the name of this redoubtable personage) was a man of fifty, a veteran of the world, who, in spite of a cold, forbidding exterior, drew attention, and even inspired confidence, partly by hazarding bold assertions with an imposing air of reserve, and intermingling truths generally known with falsehoods, which could with difficulty be either traced or detected. As it was notorious that he had been the successful agent of certain persons of rank and political consideration, who, under the cover of his name, trafficked in the funds, he might boast, without impropriety, of having safely conducted to fortune and prosperity, those who had implicitly submitted to his counsel and direction. That very morning, he observed, he had received a letter from a well-known banker, who, after briefly enumerating some lucky hits, for which he was indebted to his good friend Foster, remitted to his care a considerable sum, at that moment invested in India bonds. Although Foster searched his pockets for this letter without producing it, his assured look challenged belief, and no one felt disposed to question the accuracy of his statement.

Sommers had listened to the conversation with such marked attention that Foster was encouraged to prolong the subject: and he began, with much address, to draw a subtle distinction between *speculating* and *gambling* in the funds. The former he represented as fair and safe: the latter as difficult and hazardous. He was naturally led to illustrate his observations by anecdotes, which confirmed the favourable impression already produced on the too facile Sommers. At length, however, he made a sudden transition, by enquiring whether he had not the pleasure to recognize the son of Sir Thomas Sommers. On being answered in the affirmative, he adroitly recollected an instance in which he had been so fortunate as to render him some small service. This recognition led to more familiar conversation, and finally produced an appointment for the following morning.

That night Sommers had but little sleep. A new impulse was given to his thoughts, and he was wholly occupied with the scheme which promised to extricate him from care and perplexity.

To the character and situation of Foster, he would, under other circumstances, have felt invincible repugnance; but, with the persuasion that he had the honourable sanction of his father's example, his scruples were silenced, and he no longer hesitated to cultivate an acquaintance from which he hoped to derive considerable advantage.

At the hour appointed, he repaired to Foster's house, where he met with a cordial reception. The speculator, whose reputation had been sometime on the wane, took occasion, perhaps with superfluous caution, to remark, that it was a day on which he was not usually at home; otherwise Sir Henry might have encountered many strangers who would have interrupted their conversation.

A few sentences from Sommers explained the object of the present interview. Foster, easily detecting his ignorance of business, after a short silence, observed:—"I believe I perfectly comprehend your situation. You possess a considerable landed property: you expend, year by year, seven hundred pounds more than your actual revenue. Your object is to realize twelve or fifteen thousand pounds, the interest of which would replace the deficit which occasions your present embarrassment; and which, as you have justly remarked, must be augmented unless it is diminished. It is certainly prudent to provide for the contingency, and I believe I can assist you in facilitating your views; but trust me, it will be well if you confine yourself to one precise object, without launching into more ambitious speculations. Be satisfied with retrieving your loss, and do not seek to double your fortune." Sommers showed by a look how much he approved of this language. Foster, anxious to fortify the favourable impression and strengthen the confidence in his superior skill and sagacity, entered into copious details on the different funds, and on the nature of the speculation, always taking care to introduce some anecdote which might do credit to his own judgment. At length, perceiving that Sommers betrayed some symptoms of weariness and impatience, he added, that he entertained not the least doubt of succeeding in the wished-for object, but that it was impossible to predict with certainty the favourable moment for engaging in such speculations; that it would be necessary to raise money by credit, a thing easily accomplished by promissory notes, or some similar expedient; that in the mean time he required but a simple affirmation on the part of Sommers to authorize his future operations. With these words he presented a written paper for his signature, the terms of which were somewhat vague and unsatisfactory. Sommers hesitated a moment, then repursuing it, with an air of abstraction signed his name and slowly returned

it to Foster, who, throwing it carelessly into his portfolio, put an end to the conversation by assuring sir Henry he should soon receive good news.

This first promise was speedily fulfilled. Within ten days sir Henry received eight hundred pounds from Foster with a minute detail of his proceedings, which, to an inexperienced person, was scarcely intelligible. Elated with this first success, sir Henry instantly repaired to London, where, on seeing Foster, he eagerly poured forth his heart-felt acknowledgments. Foster listened with indifference, and, opening a drawer, produced an additional surplus of three hundred and twenty-seven pounds, which were still due on the speculation. Sommers, still more delighted, observed, that Foster deducted from this sum too moderate a profit. Foster replied, that it was according to the regular terms of commission, and that he never deviated from the established practice. As Sommers persisted in wishing to offer a more adequate remuneration, he replied, that if he should be so fortunate as to secure for his respected friend sir Henry Sommers the augmentation which he expected, he would then accept, as a token of mutual friendship, a diamond of a moderate value. Sommers was enchanted with this apparent sincerity and moderation. Foster perceived his advantage, and hastily profited of the favourable moment.—“You are too liberal of acknowledgments for this petty service sir Henry. I regret having missed the opportunity of procuring a far greater advantage. Had you but invested me with more power I could have turned it to better account. Unfortunately, there was not time to apprise you of the favourable opportunity, and if another should occur, it might again be lost from the same cause.”—“What then should be done?” exclaimed Sommers, whose ardour was animated by success, and who felt his confidence but a tribute of gratitude to his benefactor. “I have been thinking,” said Foster, “that by adding your endorsement to my promissory notes, I might raise on credit an adequate sum for the undertaking.” So saying, he placed on the table half a dozen notes, to which he had already affixed his own signature, and which the unsuspecting Sommers signed with impatience, till he observed, what had before escaped him, that the sum was not specified, a blank being left between the first and the last figure, which rendered the amount indefinite. Alarmed for the first time, he made a sudden exclamation, to which Foster replied by saying carelessly; “Oh, that is a thing of course, the regular form in these transactions:” preventing further inquiry by an anecdote of an East India Director who had obtained through his means, an immense fortune. Sommers continued to sign, but with a thoughtful countenance.

At length, laying down his pen, and looking earnestly at Foster, who had locked up the notes in his desk, he exclaimed:—“I trust, I confide in you implicitly, Mr. Foster: I commit every thing to your prudence.”—

"With your permission, I have had in my hands a more precious trust."—"Lately!" reiterated Sommers. "Yes, lately; besides, I stake my credit with your safety; nay, I trust my very existence to your honour." These words restored to Sommers a momentary confidence, and Foster hastily ended the conference. It was true that Foster staked his credit; but his reputation was already declining, and he determined, by one desperate effort, to re-establish himself or to involve another in his ruin. If he succeeded in the speculation, it was his real intention to admit Sommers to a share of the profits. If he failed, he should devolve on another the tremendous obligation. For himself, he had little to lose, and was therefore resolved to put this last and only chance to the issue of one hazardous experiment.

In the meanwhile Sommers returned home more uneasy than ever. The sight of Eliza served but to aggravate his inquietude; and, for the first time, he experienced only pain in her society. It was in vain that he sought to banish his apprehensions by reflecting on Foster's former conduct. Several days elapsed and no letter arrived, although it had been stipulated at parting that intelligence should be regularly communicated. At length he was briefly informed, by a hasty billet, that his agent was suddenly obliged to leave town: that his speculations had hitherto proved unsuccessful; that the loss had even been considerable: but that he hoped on his return to obtain an ample indemnification.

Sommers discovered in this lukewarmness, so foreign to his character, something to redouble his apprehensions; and, unable to endure the torment of suspense, hastened to London, with the hope that Foster had not left it: but on reaching his house he had the mortification to learn from a domestic, who was evidently tutored to parry his inquiries, that Foster had departed on the preceding evening, that the object of his journey was not known, and that he was not expected to return for several days.

The first thought of Sommers was to remain in London until Foster should re-appear; but a second and stronger impulse recalled him to his Eliza, in whose faithful bosom he longed to deposit his secret cares.

Whilst he was agitated by suspense, Eliza, unconsciously, participated in his inquietude. Alarmed by her husband's unusual absence, she reverted with terror to the perplexity and dejection she had formerly observed in his countenance; and when, after many anxious hours of torturing expectation, she saw him enter her apartment, pale, gloomy, and exhausted, she rushed into his arms, exclaiming—"Henry, my own Henry, hast thou then a sorrow that I am not permitted to share? Are we no longer one? O! if it be indeed true that we are disunited, let this moment be my last."

"My Eliza, you shall know all: I will no longer withhold the truth. I had already resolved on this communication; my resolution was taken even before you asked it. I feel that the world is but a desolation; that I wander in eternal night when I cease to think with thee. Let us be seated. I have much to reveal, and must throw myself on your clemency."—"Ah! believe me, the judge you have chosen already acquits you of blame." Then, placing herself beside him, and leaning on his arm, she re-assured him by a glance of ineffable tenderness, whilst Sommers commenced his narration, by avowing his embarrassments, the motives for his application to Foster, and the confidence which he had been induced to place in his prudence and integrity. "You see my error, Eliza; you see all my fault. Overwhelmed as I am with self-reproach, can I, dare I, hope to obtain your pardon?" Before he had pronounced these words, before his lips had even formed them, Eliza was at her husband's feet. She even knelt there some moments before he perceived it. Unwilling to interrupt him, she had listened to his recital in silence, wholly absorbed by the powerful emotions it excited; but when she heard that friend, who had been so long habituated to the voice of praise, execrate his own folly with all the bitter asperity of self-reproach; when she saw her husband, her protector, the dignified being to whom she had been accustomed to look up with reverence, confused, interdicted, self-convicted, self-condemned, at the sight of that noble mind, that honourable character, surprised by shame, and overwhelmed with remorse, Eliza beheld the image of Adam, at the fatal moment when he first heard that sin had made him mortal.

From all these mingled sentiments had she felt the sudden impulse to throw herself at the feet of her astonished husband. "What means this, my Eliza? After the humiliating confession I have been constrained to make, it is rather for me to kneel as your suppliant."—"Yes; this is my place," exclaimed Eliza; "when my Henry appears to distrust himself, he assumes a new character, and teaches me to love and honour him more than ever."

Astonished at this language, Henry raised her with emotion, whilst she continued—"No, my friend, you are not culpable. How was it possible that a suspicion of perfidy should be admitted to that breast which is the seat of honour? It is I only who have been to blame, in thoughtlessly permitting you to increase your expenses after our marriage. Alas! too happy in seeing the constant object of all my thoughts, I became almost criminally inattentive to every other."—Gracious God! who but Eliza should dare to utter 'his reproach? The agitation of Henry was insensibly soothed by these tender demonstrations of affection from the wife he adored, and he soon became sufficiently composed to consult on what steps he should pursue with regard to Foster. After some deliberation, Eliza proposed

writing to invite him to their seat, where she hoped, by civility and attention, to conciliate his good will, or at least to penetrate his real views, and put her husband on his guard against his future machinations.

It was not without difficulty that she won Henry's consent to this proposal, for to him it appeared little short of sacrilege that any lines traced by Eliza's pen should be addressed to a stock-broker. His consent was no sooner obtained than she dispatched an old confidential servant, who returned in a few hours with the welcome information that Foster would be at Rose Wood that afternoon.

On being privately interrogated by lady Sommers, Belton related that he had been obliged to force his way to Foster's apartment, where he found him surrounded by men of business, with some of whom he appeared to have had an unpleasant altercation. Belton added, that in reading lady Sommers' letter he became agitated; that he began to write in reply; and after blotting two or three sheets, suddenly started from his desk, exclaiming, no; I'll answer it myself. We may then expect Mr. Foster this afternoon—in half an hour. Thank you, Belton. I am obliged by your punctuality. You must be tired; go and rest yourself. Belton cast a wistful glance at his honoured mistress as he retreated to the door; then re-advancing towards her, he said in a low voice, that he had never before found it so difficult to deliver a message; that whilst he was waiting to seize the opportunity, he had overheard a disagreeable conversation, to which he should not have listened, but for his master's name being mentioned.

[To be continued.]

EXAMPLE.

Every man, in whatever station, has, or endeavours to have, his followers, admirers and, imitators; and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care; he ought to avoid not only crimes, but the appearance of crimes, and not only to practise virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and support it; for it is possible, for want of attention we may teach others faults from which ourselves are free, or, by a cowardly desertion of a cause, which we ourselves approve, may pervert those who fix their eyes upon us, and having no rule of their own to guide their course, are easily misled by the aberrations of that example which they chuse for their directions.

Every art is best taught by example. Nothing contributes more to the cultivation of propriety, than remarks on the works of those who have most excelled.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—CRITICISM.

Narrative of the Expedition which sailed from England in 1817, to join the South American Patriots; comprising every particular connected with its formation, history and fate; with observations and authentic information elucidating the real character of the contest, mode of warfare, state of the armies, &c. By James Hackett, first lieutenant of the late Venezuela artillery brigade. London, 1818. pp. 144. 8vo.

LIEUTENANT Hackett is one of those frank characters who do not trouble themselves in seeking for exalted motives of action, but are willing to be judged by the truth. The earnest exertions of his friends, he tells us, having failed to promote his interests in any other capacity, he was led, in September, 1817, to turn his attention towards the contest in South America, as presenting a fertile field for enterprise. He makes no flourishes about liberty and despotism, but very candidly confesses that the services of foreigners are proffered rather from motives of personal aggrandizement, than from any particular solicitude for the emancipation of South America. (p. 65.) To promote his "worldly prosperity in a foreign country," he sharpens his sword and becomes a patriot. Whatever sympathy we may feel for the misery of our fellow mortals, we must confess that our compassion is never greatly moved in behalf of men who are coolly and gratuitously engaged in the trade of death and pillage.

The reduction of the British army, after restoring peace to Europe, threw a number of gallant men out of employment, at a time when the public feeling was highly excited by the disputes between Spain and her American provinces. Taking advantage of these circumstances, a certain Don Mendez, of whom "Ferdinando Mendez was but a type," according to this writer, opened a shop in London, for the sale of commissions in the army of the Independents. Thither Mr. Hackett repaired, and his wishes were *speedily* gratified by receiving a nomination to a first lieutenancy, a rank which he was to hold as soon as he should "let slip the dogs of war" in South America. Lieutenant Hackett and his companions were victims of deception and dupes of folly. Don Mendez well knew that he was exciting hopes which would not be realized, and stipulating for the performance of conditions

which were utterly impracticable. He knew that the Patriots, whom he pretended to represent, had manifested the strongest hostility to the admission of foreign assistance, by which their honours might be shorn, and he knew, moreover, that the Patriots in their holy zeal for the emancipation of the country, by their own hands exclusively, had assassinated foreign officers and arrayed themselves in their uniform. Even Bolivar himself, one of the leaders of these combatants, treated the despatches from the commander of this expedition with rudeness. "The letters of introduction," says lieutenant H. "with which numerous individuals had been furnished by Don Mendez, were treated with like indifference; and their bearers, instead of procuring the commissions for which they had stipulated, were compelled to accept whatever rank he thought proper to confer on them, and have, in numerous instances, been even degraded to the situation of common soldiers in his army." (p. 64.)

But we are anticipating our story. It is the very laudable object of the writer of this book to warn his countrymen of the utter fallacy of those golden dreams which are inspired by the wandering Dons and Accredited Agents, who are scattered through this country and Europe for the purpose of beating up for recruits; to strip the enterprise of all its fictitious decorations and exhibit its true character.

We learn from him that five distinct corps embarked at nearly the same period, for that part of the seat of war in South America which was occupied by Bolivar; viz. 1. A brigade of artillery under the command of colonel J. A. Gilmore, in the *Britannia*, captain Sharpe. 2. A corps of hussars, under colonel Hipposly, in the *Emerald*, captain Weatherly. 3. A regiment of cavalry, under colonel Wilson, in the *Prince*, captain Nightingale. 4. A rifle corps, under colonel Campbell, in the *Dowson*, captain Dormor. 5. A corps of lancers, under colonel Skene, in the *Indian*. The uniforms and equipments of the officers, which had been provided by the individuals, were extremely costly, and that of the men, in every respect extensive and complete. The vessels were freighted with an immense quantity of warlike stores, which, from the representations of the Patriot agent would be purchased by his brother Patriots, as soon as they should reach the place of

action. St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew were designated as places of general rendezvous, for the purpose of ascertaining the posture of affairs on the Spanish Main, and the several corps sailed from England at nearly the same time, (2d Dec. 1817.) A few days after their departure, the Indian was lost, together with every individual on board of her. A melancholy presage of the fate of this wretched expedition!

On the 24th of December, the *Britannia*, on board of which our author sailed, entered the harbour of Gustavia, in St. Bartholomew's, where she found the ships *Prince* and *Emerald*. Here our auxiliary Patriots were received with the greatest hospitality and kindness by the Swedes, but for upwards of three weeks they were unable to procure any intelligence from the Main. Colonel Wilson and another of the officers, proposed to proceed to Margaritta in a schooner, and thence, up the Oronoco to Bolivar's head-quarters at Angostura, for the purpose of apprising him of their arrival. But this scheme was rendered abortive by the extreme difficulty and hazard which attended all attempts to communicate with the continent; and our adventurers had a terrible warning in an account which was received at the island of the indiscriminate massacre of the crew of a vessel which had been arrested in a mercantile intercourse with the Independents. What they did hear was only calculated to expose the flagitious deception which had been practised upon them, and the odiousness of the cause in which they were embarked; yet they resisted all advice and persevered in their sanguinary designs.

As is generally the case in such enterprises, when fortune began to frown, dissention arose among themselves. The colonels, who were about to cut the throats of all who opposed the principles of equality, "instead of evincing a solicitude to forward the views and realize, as far as lay in their power, the expectations they had excited in the minds of their followers, *appeared to be influenced solely by an anxiety for personal precedence.*" (p. 30.) They carried their "pique and quarrelling" to such a height, that the governor was obliged to "withdraw his former attentions, and prohibit several of the officers from coming on shore." They then became desirous of proceeding to the continent at all hazards; but in this proposal, the supercargoes of the different

ships positively refused acquiescence. "They were," says the lieutenant, "very properly tenacious of the property intrusted to their care," and wished to be "convinced that the finances of the Patriots were in such a state as to enable them to pay, &c." One of these gentlemen, therefore, hired a sloop and sailed to St. Thomas's to procure information. Here he learned that the poverty of the Independents was such as to render it utterly impossible for them to pay for the stores, and that they were altogether unable to meet the engagement entered into by the "accredited" Don in London. Mr. Ritchie, the supercargo, then declined sending his cargo, but proposed, in fulfilment of his charter-party to provide conveyances for the corps, *without the guns or stores*, and send them to the Main. This, however, was very prudently declined by the reinforcements.

"The state of our affairs," the lieutenant proceeds, "had now become still more critical and alarming, as we knew not how soon we might be compelled to depart from the ship, and, of course, thrown upon the island, dependant upon our own individual resources for subsistence; it having been frequently intimated to us that our rations on board could not be much longer continued."—p. 45.

In this exigency, the governor, disgusted at their conduct, took the opportunity which was furnished by an instance of gross misbehaviour, to order his Britannic majesty's Venezuelan Patriots to quit the island. About this period they were joined by the Dowson; and the little fleet then sailed from St. Bartholomew's on the 21st of February, and arrived at Grenada. Here the opinion of Mr. Ritchie is corroborated, and his determination confirmed; and colonel Gilmore is placed "in a situation so irrecoverably desperate, as to leave him, as he considered, no other resources than that of altogether disbanding the brigade," consisting of ten officers and about eighty non-commissioned officers and men.

"This measure, so distressing and ruinous to our hopes, he put in execution the next day. Our condition may now be readily conceived: deprived of the support of our colonel, destitute of resources or friends; and unable to devise any means of extrication from our difficulties, we saw ourselves threatened with all the horrors of privation and want. Of the men composing our late brigade, some joined the other ships; others enlisted in the queen's regiment (at this time garrisoned in Grenada);

whilst a few determined on endeavouring to work their passage to the United States."

Of the others we are told,

"The various artificers were put ashore at the same period. The printer, having been permitted to carry with him a portion of the types, and printing apparatus, fortunately procured a situation in the newspaper office. The armourer afterwards returned to St. Bartholomews, with the intention of proceeding to New Orleans. The fate of the remainder I never learned, but fear their distresses must have been great, as they appeared to be totally destitute of money, and were subsequently dependent for subsistence on the manual exercise of their respective arts. Some of the officers succeeded in providing for themselves, either through their own resources or pecuniary aid from friends; the remainder, including captain —— and myself, were still permitted to continue on board the *Britannia*."—p. 50.

To these two officers no alternative presented itself but that of attaching themselves to some other corps, which though impaired in strength, by diminution of numbers and contempt of discipline, still retained the shadow of a name.

"This resolution we had scarcely formed, when the arrival of several officers, recently in the Patriot service, and who had just then succeeded in effecting their return, gave us such information of the state of affairs on the Spanish Main, as clearly proved the madness of our previous decision, and convinced us that it would be preferable to risk every vicissitude of fortune, rather than personally engage in a contest, not only far more hazardous, and accompanied by infinitely greater hardships and privations, than an ordinary state of hostilities, but likewise conducted by both parties, on principles at variance with every feeling of honour and humanity; whilst the extreme difficulty attendant on a departure from the Patriot service of those who once actually join their standard, renders every attempt at return so nearly impracticable as to place foreigners, thus circumstanced, almost in a state of slavery. Exclusive, however, of the obstructions to return, originating in the peculiar local circumstances of the country, and the hazard which must unavoidably be encountered in traversing the interior, the Independents, for reasons sufficiently obvious, are particularly cautious of permitting individuals to withdraw from their armies."—p. 51—52.

"Our unfortunate soldiers were further assured that in consequence of the extended duration of the war, and exterminating principle upon which it had been conducted, the country in general displayed one uniform scene of devastation and wretchedness: that the Patriot forces were

reduced to a state of the greatest poverty, totally devoid of discipline, and not one-fourth provided with proper military arms, the remainder being compelled to resort to bludgeons, knives and such other weapons as they found most readily."—52—53.

In another essential the commissariat of the Patriots exhibited a woful picture; their clothing

"in most instances merely consisting of fragments of coarse cloth wrapt round their bodies, and pieces of the raw buffalo hide laced over their feet as a substitute for shoes, which when hardened by the sun's heat, they again render pliant by immersion in the first stream at which they chance to arrive."—p. 53.

In the following description we are to recognise the dress of one of those English officers who thought it not inconsistent with the character of "a gentleman, a man of honour, and a British subject" to seek "worldly prosperity" in the service of the South American Patriots:

"A blanket, with a hole cut in the middle, let over the head, and tightened round the middle by a buffalo thong!"—p. 53.

"Whilst these gentlemen," continues the Narrative, "thus described the Patriot habiliments, they commented in the strongest language on the impolicy and imprudence of proceeding to serve in conjunction with an army barefooted and in rags, provided with such splendid uniforms as we had been obliged to procure; and ridiculed the strange contrast which our dresses and those of the Patriots would exhibit in the field; observing that such clothes would be alone sufficient to excite the jealousy of the natives; to whose eagerness for their possessions, we would almost inevitably become the sacrifice."—p. 53.

Of the discipline and character of the Patriot forces, the following account is given:

"The Independent armies march in hordes, without order or discipline; their baggage consisting of little more than the scanty covering of their backs. They are totally destitute of tents, and in their encampments observe neither regularity nor system. The commanding officers are generally mounted, and likewise such of the others as are able to provide themselves with horses or mules, the latter of which are in great plenty. The exterminating principle upon which the war is carried on between the contending parties, render their campaigns bloody and destructive; desolation marks the progress of those hostile bands to whose inveterate

enmities the innocent and unoffending inhabitants are equally the victims, with those actually opposed to them in military strife. In action the Independents display much bravery and determination, and frequently prove successful, notwithstanding their want of discipline, deficiency of arms and disorderly manner of attack and defence. Unhappily the work of death terminates not with the battle, for on whatsoever side victory rests the events which immediately succeed those sanguinary struggles, are such as must cast an indelible stain upon the Spanish American revolution. The engagement is scarcely ended, when an indiscriminate massacre of the prisoners take place; nor is the slaughter only confined to the captives, the field also undergoes an inspection, when the helpless wounded are put to the sword."—p. 54—56.

He relates an anecdote, in this place, which casts an indelible blot upon the name of one of the chieftains.

"A young French officer, in the service of the Independents, had his arm severed from his shoulder by a sabre cut, and being unable to sustain himself from loss of blood he sunk to the ground. His distinguished bravery had, however, previously been observed by his companions, who succeeded in bearing him off the field, from whence they conveyed him into the woods, and sheltered him in a negro hut; where having applied such balsams as could be procured, they departed. The armies retired to other parts of the country, and the officer was fast recovering from the effects of his wound, when general Morillo, advancing upon the same route discovered his retreat, and had him instantly put to death!"—p. 56.

With provisions they were scantily supplied; and as to pay!—

"the sufferings which the Independents undergo during their campaigns, from the difficulty of procuring food are most severe; mule's flesh, wild fruit, and some dried corn, which they carry loose in their pockets, frequently constitute the whole of their subsistence; and we were confidently assured, that the army under general Bolivar, has even often been for days together dependant for support solely upon the latter description of provisions and water. Pay was now totally unknown to them, in consequence of the utter exhaustion of their resources; and, however successful they might eventually be, there existed no probability whatever that they would even then possess the means of affording pecuniary compensation to those who may have participated in the struggle."—p. 57—58.

If these privations, in addition to the constant danger of assassination from the brother patriots be not sufficient to cool the

fever for Spanish liberty which riots in the veins of our young enthusiasts, the lieutenant adds one more consideration:

"Few need be informed of the strength and peculiar character of constitution, which are requisite for enabling Europeans to resist the destructive effects of a tropical climate, even when enjoying every advantage which wealth or luxury can bestow; but if those naturally injurious, under circumstances the most favourable towards correcting its malignancy, how infinitely must its virulency be increased, by the extreme fatigue, deficiency of nourishment, and inadequacy of clothing, suffered by the Independents during their predatory campaigns. Being destitute of tents, or change of dress, they are invariably exposed to every vicissitude of weather, in a country where the transitions are sudden and extreme. After getting drenched with heavy rains, they have no other resource, than that of allowing their dripping garments to dry upon their backs, under the influence of a scorching sun.

"The troops, continually in the open air, and devoid of any protection from the weather, are necessarily exposed at night to the heavy fogs and dews, which in the West Indies are so dreadfully destructive to human health; and the severity and hardship of their campaigns are, in every respect, infinitely greater than can be conceived by those who have been only subjected to the privations usually encountered by a British army in the field. Even the natives themselves sustain serious injury and sufferings; but the uniform testimony of every individual acquainted with Venezuela, concurred in assuring us that a campaign in that country, under such circumstances, could not otherwise than prove more fatal to Europeans, than even the sword itself."—p. 65—67.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that the eyes of the lieutenant were at length opened to the hopelessness of the enterprise, and he determined to avoid the ferocious banditti which ravage the plains of South America. He thinks that though the war will be protracted, it will terminate in the separation of the colonies; but although the royal authority will be trampled under foot, we believe that the native Indians will gain nothing but a change of masters or a change of enemies. Sweet is the name of peace, but dearer far to these oppressed men will be the name of freedom, to which their ears are now familiar. They will never return to their former vassalage, and their white fellow-patriots will not admit them to terms of equality. The justice of the cause must be admitted by every generous mind,

and it would be peculiarly gratifying to an American to behold another portion of this hemisphere escape from the thralldom of European misrule; but we cannot disguise our fears that as soon as the common danger by which the Patriots are now united, is removed, internal discord will arise. What amalgamation can be expected from so heterogenous a mass of natives and foreigners;—of

Black and white spirits,
Blue spirits and gray?

Indians, Negroes, Spaniards, Americans and Frenchmen? The object of this conflict is glorious, but the details offer nothing but the most loathsome pictures of human deformity.

Our unfortunate lieutenant was finally taken back to St. Bartholomew's, "utterly devoid of even the means of procuring a single meal; without a friend upon the island to whom we could make application for relief; in every respect destitute and penniless, and reduced by a long train of disappointments, and the wretchedness to our present hopeless situation, to a state of the most desponding misery."

We cannot forbear transcribing the affecting picture which the author draws of his present situation:


"Anxious to avoid the inquisitive observations of the inhabitants, I returned to the beach, and again indulged in the melancholy but pleasing recollection of home—the remembrance of happier days, and of those absent but dear friends from whose society I was now so distant. Every circumstance connected with former felicity recurred with double force to my imagination, and I was only roused from this train of cheerless contemplation, by the well-known cadence of the sailors weighing anchor on board the *Britannia*. I thought my heart would have burst when I saw the vessel (which from habit I almost considered my home) depart from the bay without me; despair nearly took possession of my mind, and the barren hills of St. Bartholomew's at this instant appeared more desolate than ever. Whilst in this gloomy reverie, the approach of night and want of nourishment, warned me of the necessity of proceeding to the town, in order to procure shelter and refreshment: weak and spiritless, thither I accordingly pursued my course, but had only advanced a short way, when I met Mr. Vaucrosson, the merchant to whom the *Britannia* had been consigned, who offered me the use of a waste room in one of his out-houses, of which I gladly accepted. A black woman, who also occupied part of the place of which I had now become a temporary tenant, appeared solicitous by every means in her power to render my situation comfort-

able: but swarms of mosquitoes which proceeded from a well of stagnant water under the floor, only covered by a few loose boards, prevented the possibility of repose by their intolerable stinging.

"The following day I spent in endeavouring to devise some means of relief from my present painful condition, but was unable to conceive any practicable plan. Monday was spent in a similar lonely state of fruitless anxiety, but my spirits were considerably cheered on the following morning by the return of my companion, who now likewise became a sharer in Mr. V.'s bounty, and a fellow lodger in the same ruinous abode; for such it may justly be designated, being merely composed of some old wainscot, which had by time become so disunited as to admit free ingress, in every direction of the sun's rays."—p. 93—95.

Day after day elapsed without producing any relief; the kindness of the inhabitants had been entirely worn out, and the feelings of the adventurers were continually harrowed by witnessing the embarkation of more fortunate passengers for England. Gaunt poverty stared them in the face; some of them "became apparently regardless of their existence," when to their "infinite joy" they were taken on board a vessel on condition of working their passage home. "The sails," says the Venezuelan lieutenant, when he bids farewell to all the pomp and circumstance of the Patriot camp, "the sails were soon unfurled, and I, for the first time, found myself attached to a handspike, going my revolutions round the capstan, assisting in weighing the anchor; but however humble my situation, joy for my happy rescue predominated over every other feeling, and rendered it one of the most cheerful and pleasant moments of my life."

We have given rather a rapid sketch of the commencement, progress and termination of this disastrous expedition; but we think the public is really indebted to Mr. Hackett for the details which he has furnished.

We think no man of honourable feelings can wish to enrol his name in the undisciplined horde which is described in this Narrative, however warmly he may detest despotism; and however cordially he may wish for the melioration of South America. The contest can be managed by the parties themselves, and in their hands it should be left. The emancipation of this people cannot be achieved but by a long train of barbarities and cold-blooded slaughter, at which every feeling heart must shudder. 

THE ADVERSARIA—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OF “Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother,” Collins in his memoirs of the Sidneys; Ballard in his account of learned Ladies; and almost every subsequent biographer, have afforded an interesting account. The following specimen of the elegant and forcible style of her Ladyship’s prose, is extracted from her exordium to a very rare and estimable little volume which was published in the year 1600, under the title of a *Discourse of Life and Death*. Written in French by Phil. Mornay. Done in English by the Countesse of Pembroke.

“It seems to me strange, and a thing much to be marveiled, that the laborer to repose himselfe hasteneth as it were in the course of the sunne; that the mariner rowes with all force to attaine the port, and with a joyfull crie salutes the descried land; that the traveller is never quiet nor content, till he be at the end of his voyage; and that we, in the meane while, tied in this world to a perpetuall taske, tossed with continuall tempest, tyred with a rough and cumbersome way, cannot yet see the end of our labour but with grieve, nor behold our port but with teares, nor approach our home and quiet abode but with horroure and trembling. This life is but a Penelope’s web, wherein we are always doing and undoing; a sea open to all winds, which, sometime within, sometime without, never cease to torment us; a wearie journey through extreme heats and colds, over high mountaines, steepe rockes, and theevish deserts. And so we terme it, in weaving at this web, in rowing at this oare, in passing this miserable way. Yet loe, when Death comes to end our work; when she stretcheth out her arms to pull us into the port: when after so many dangerous passages and lothsome lodgings, she would conduct us to our true home and resting-place: in steade of rejoycing at the end of our labour, of taking comfort at the sight of our land, of singing at the approch of our happie mansion; we would faine (who would beleeeve it?) retake our worke in hand, we would again hoise saile to the wind, and willingly undertake our journey anew. No more then remember we our paines; our shipwrecks and dangers are forgotten: we feare no more the travailes nor the theeves. Contrariwise, we apprehend death as an extreame paine, we doubt it as a rocke, we flie it as a thiefe. We do as little children, who all the day complaine, and when the medicine is brought them, are no longer sicke; as they who all the weeke long runne up and downe the streetes with paine of the teeth, and seeing the barber comming to pull them out, feele no more paine. We

feare more the cure than the disease, the surgeon than the paine. We have more sense of the medicine's bitterness, soone gone, than of a bitter languishing, long continued; more feeling of death, the end of our miseries, than the endlesse miserie of our life. We fear *that* we ought to hope for, and wish for *that* we ought to feare."

As a specimen of the devout poetry of former times the reader may peruse the following extracts which are made from a book entitled *a misticall devise of the spirituall and godly love betwene Christ the spouse and the Church or Congregation. Firste made by the wise prince of Soloman, and now newly set forth in verse by Jud Smith. Whereunto is annexed certeine other brieft stories. And also a Treatise of Prodigalitie, most fit and necessarie for to be read and marked of all estates, 1575. Imprinted at London by Henry Lirckham, and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the little northe doore of Paules, at the signe of the Black Boie. Small 8vo.*

CHRISTE SPEAKETH TO THE CHURCHE.

"Come, wend unto my garden gay,
My sister and my spouse;
For I have gathered mirre with spice,
And other goodly bowes.

I mean to eat my honnye, and
My honny combe so sweete,
And I will drinke my wyne and milke,
For so it seemeth meete.

CHRISTE TO THE APOSTLES.

Eat now, my friends, do nothing spare,
But be of perfect cheare;
And drink with mirth, for you of me
Are pure beloved deare."

Mr. Warton, in his enumeration of the various versions of Solomon's Song made in the 16th century (Hist. Eng. Poetry, III. sect. xxvii.) does not notice the present; nor is it registered by Ames or Herbert. An address to the Christian reader is prefixed by John Wharton, a writer of poetry in those days of more piety than taste. And thus he begins:

"In perusing this little volume intituled "a misticall devise," being requested by my frend thereunto, I did fynde such a pleasantness therein, that my hart rejoyced and gave du signes what pleasure and delight my minde of it conceived. For surely (gentle reader) if thou covit to heare any old bables, as I may terme them, or stale tales of Chauser, or to learne howe Acteon came by his horned head, if thy mynde be fixed to any such metamorphocall toyes, this booke is not apt nor fit for thy purpose. But if thou art contrarywise bent to hear, or to reade holsome documents, as it becometh all christians, then take this same: for thou shalt fynde it sweeter (as the prophet sayeth) than the honye or the honye combe. For Solomon had great delite in the makinge of these, to recreat and revyve his spirits, and called them by this name, *Canticum Canticorum*, whyche is to saye—the song of songs."

Patrons.—When Ariosto presented his *Orlando Furioso* to the Cardinal D'Este, the patron demanded "where the d—l did you find all this nonsense?" Gibbon dedicated his *Decline and Fall* to the Duke of Queensbury. When he waited upon him with the second volume, (in quarto) the Peer exclaimed, "What, Mr. Gibbon, another big square book!"

Mr Knight, the author of "an Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste" frequently indulges in humorous illustrations, but not altogether in such as may be thought perfectly consistent with the dignity of a philosophical treatise. As an example take the following passage:

"I am aware that it would be no easy task to persuade a lover that the forms, upon which he dotes with such rapture, are not really beautiful, independent of the medium of affection, passion and appetite, through which he views them. But before he pronounces either the infidel or the sceptic guilty of blasphemy, against nature, let him take a mould from the lovely features or lovely bosom of this master-piece, of creation, and cast a plum-pudding in it (an object by no means disgusting to most men's appetites), and, I think, he will no longer be in rapture with the form, whatever he may be with the substance."

The following verses translated from Montanebbi by professor Carlyle, contain a point that finds its way immediately to the heart, and warms it with the most pleasing sensations.

UPON VISITING A FRIEND.

Yes, I can boast a friend is mine,
 Whom all the virtues grace;
 The dearest of a kindred line,
 The noblest of our race.

A scion from his friendship sprung,
 I planted in my breast—
 How fondly to the soil it clung
 Its blooming fruit confest.

Yet, by affection's touch inclin'd
 To Selim when I'd go,
 My Selim's house I never find,
 My friend I never know.

For when I reach his welcome dome,
 His kind attentions share,
 I always find that I'm at home,
 Another self is there.

A curious attempt at the sublime, with the bathos suddenly tacked to it, occurs in Dr. Mavor's account of Cook's Voyages:

"The wild rocks raised their lofty summits, till they were lost in the clouds, and the vallies lay covered with everlasting snow. Not a tree was to be seen, or a shrub even big enough to make a tooth-pick!"

It is finely said by a Persian writer—"Cultivate the man who sits and converses with you, and by his gentle tones cheers and enlivens the lustre of your countenance, for such a friend is like a bag of musk; he carries about him the sweet perfume of cheerful intercourse."

Tom Paine.—Mr Yorke, who wrote Letters from Paris, in 1802 gives us an account of an interview which he had with Paine.

After many attempts to find this second Catiline, this man "*satis eloquentiæ sapientiæ parum*," and hearing him every where execrated, he at last discovered that he lived at an American book-seller's, up two pair of stairs, in the *Rue du Theatre Francais*. A woman with some hesitation at his enquiry, at length said, "He is taking a nap, but I'll go and wake him."

"In two minutes she returned, and ushered me into a little dirty room, containing a small wooden table and two chairs. "This," said she, "is

Mr. Paine's room." I never sat down in such a filthy apartment in the whole course of my life. The chimney hearth was a heap of dirt; there was not a speck of cleanliness to be seen; three shelves were filled with pasteboard boxes, each labelled after the manner of a minister of foreign affairs, *Correspondence Americaine, Britannique, Francaise; Notices Politiques; Le Citoyen Francais, &c.* In one corner of the room stood several huge bars of iron, curiously shaped, and two large trunks; opposite the fireplace a board covered with pamphlets and journals, having more the appearance of a dresser in a scullery than a sideboard. Such was the wretched habitation of Thomas Paine, one of the founders of American independence; whose extraordinary genius, must ever command attention; and whose writings have summoned to action the minds of the most enlightened politicians of Europe!

"After I had waited a short time, Mr. Paine came down stairs, and entered the room dressed in a long flannel gown. I was forcibly struck with his altered appearance. Time seemed to have made dreadful ravages over his whole frame, and a settled melancholy was visible in his countenance.

He recollected Mr. Yorke with difficulty, and after some less interesting conversation, observed of the French:

"They have shed blood enough for liberty, and now they have it in perfection. *This is not a country for an honest man to live in; they do not understand any thing at all of the principles of free government, and the best way is to leave them to themselves. You see they have conquered all Europe only to make it more miserable than it was before.*"

Upon this Mr. Y. remarked that he was surprised to hear him speak in such desponding language of the fortunes of mankind, and that he thought much might yet be done for the republic.

"'Republic,' he exclaimed, 'do you call this a republic? Why, *they are worse off than the slaves at Constantinople; for there they expect to be bashaws in heaven, by submitting to be slaves below; but here they believe neither in heaven nor hell, and yet are slaves by choice. I know of no republic in the world, except America, which is the only country for such men as you and I. It is my intention to get away from this place as soon as possible, and I hope to be off in autumn; you are a young man, and may see better times; but I have done with Europe and its slavish politics.*'" Vol. 2.

Such must ever be the disappointment of him who sows tares, and expects to reap corn. Thus the misery and distraction which Paine strove to spread abroad, were justly heaped on his own sinful head.

ANECDOTES.

THE following anecdote is important as it serves to show the deep interest which the very lowest ranks of the British public take in the concerns of the state; a circumstance arising solely out of the freedom with which public measures are submitted to their discussion, and to which the wisest and best informed foreigners are disposed to ascribe the peculiar energy of our national character. When the order for embarking the guards for Flanders, which followed immediately upon the landing of Bonaparte [from Elba] was in the act of being carried into execution, a grenadier of the Coldstream was observed taking a friendly farewell of a cobbler with whom he had been quartered. They had exhausted their parting draught, and were shaking hands cordially; "God bless you, my good fellow," said the soldier; "do *you* look after the corn-bill at home, and leave *me* to manage Bonaparte." The first impulse of the reader may be to laugh; but as both men were perfectly serious in the division of their public duty, we may estimate from this trifling circumstance, the quantity of patriotism in a state where the meanest individual considers her safety and fame as entrusted to his charge, and dependant on his efforts.

[*Ed. Ann. Reg. for 1815.*]

THE YOUNG SKAITER.

A YOUNG, but experienced skaiter, with the graceful rapidity of the *feathered Mercury*, was gliding over the ice, when he saw at a distance some confusion, and heard an exclamation that a young lord would certainly be drowned. He immediately checked his course, and then moved towards the youth, whom he beheld holding by the edge of the ice, struggling to extricate himself, and crying loudly and incessantly for assistance. As the skaiter approached, he begged the young lord to be silent, and then holding his handkerchief by one corner, he threw the other to him, at the same time extending his arm to the utmost, that he might keep the weight of his own body as far as possible from the broken part of the ice, and that the sound might have the better chance of sustaining the youth when he should get upon it. At that instant, a sailor, who viewed the scene from the shore, run to the benevolent skaiter, calling "avast, avast, brother, the sliders on which you stand have no hold; that squalling lubber

is more likely to draw you to the bottom, than you to heave him above board, or tow him ashore; catch fast hold of this here, with your larboard hand." So saying, he jerked the end of a piece of rope to the skaiter, while he himself stood firm upon the ice, holding the other end. "Now, boys, bear a hand," cried he; "hilloa, pull away." Thus the young lord was pulled safe to a part of the ice. The sailor, after contemplating him with a look of contempt, said, "Zounds, what a squalling did you make, friend; I have seen a whole ship's crew go to the bottom with less noise than came from your jaw-port."

Whether it was the shivering condition in which the young lord was that deprived him of recollection, or his being offended at the sailor's speech, cannot be known, but he certainly went away with all the expedition he could, and without saying a word.

The generous skaiter, then shaking the sailor by the hand, offered him a guinea for his assistance in saving the young lord from being drowned.

"He is not worth the money," said the sailor.—"Well, since you insist upon it, master, I'll accept your guinea; but on my conscience, you have a hard bargain." [Lon. Month. Mir.

A DROLL MISTAKE.

LINNET, the manager, while at Hammersmith with his company, expressed a desire to play at Chelsea, but was informed that it was under the control of a very inflexible magistrate, particularly averse to giving any encouragement to plays or other amusements. However, notwithstanding this seeming insurmountable difficulty, Linnet met with a friend, a gentleman, who wrote a warm recommendatory letter for him to the obdurate magistrate, and gave him assurance of his meeting with success; with this encouragement Linnet boldly pushed to the justice's house, directing his whole company to proceed to Chelsea, and order a dinner at the Swan, and regale themselves; this mandate was cheerfully complied with, and the eventful letter was delivered according to direction. But what was the purport of this letter? Instead of that which should secure a welcome and support, it was one that menaced the reader with a sudden scene of horror. 'Tis proper to explain.

Then thus it was: the comedy of the *Bold Stroke for a Wife* had been played a few nights before, and old Linnet, on this occa-

sion, resolving to make a grand appearance, had put on the stage waistcoat he had worn in the colonel; in one of the pockets of which, a letter supposed to be sent by the colonel's friend to Obadiah Prim, upon hearing that the real Simon Pure was actually come, which if not timely prevented, must ruin the colonel's design upon the cautious quaker. Judge of the magistrate's surprise on opening the supposed letter of recommendation, when he found it began thus:

'There is a design formed to rob the house and cut your throat.' The justice rang his bell—a servant appeared—'Where is the man that brought this letter?' 'In the hall, sir.' 'Call him up directly.' While the servant was employed in going to fetch up the unconscious culprit, old Quorum read on:

'The gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more,—(here old Linnet made his appearance) 'Well, friend,' says the justice, 'you belong to a *gang*: how many are there of you?' 'We are fourteen in all, sir.' 'Fourteen! and where are you all?' 'At Tool's, sir; at the Swan.' 'Indeed! oh, very well, you have all your tools at the Swan, have you? I'll take care of you, and your tools presently.' 'Many thanks to you, sir; squire — told me you would encourage us.' 'Aye, was it he sent you to my house?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, and when do you intend to begin this grand affair?' 'We always begin about seven o'clock, sir.' 'You do!—here Thomas, here, seize this daring, hardened old villain; he and his whole gang are coming to rob and murder my family this night, and all their horrid tools are at the Swan public house!—' I did not think this of you,' says the servant to Linnet. 'What, do you know the fellow, sirrah?' 'Yes, sir, he is master of the play.'—'A player! and are not you an open and avowed murderer?' 'Oh, Lord, sir, what do you mean?'—'Look at this letter, you hang-dog! Did you not deliver this to me?' Who can describe the innocent Linnet's astonishment upon the discovery of his mistake? 'Oh, dear sir, I beg your pardon, here's squire —'s letter, I hope this will satisfy you.' 'Hold him, till I see what's here.' On the perusal of the real letter, his worship's countenance was changed from a savage ferocity to a most placid smile. He immediately dismissed the innocent aggressor, with a full permission for his performing, with this piece of wholesome advice—Never to forget his part again." [*Ibid.*]

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Hermit in America, on a Visit to Philadelphia, containing some account of the Beaux and Belles, Dandies and Coquettes, Cotillion Parties, Supper Parties, Tea Parties, &c. &c. &c. of that famous City.

I put thee now to thy book oath; deny if thou canst.—*Shak.*

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,

Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food? — *Pope.*

Quis rapiet ad se quod erit commune omnium?

Edited by Peter Atall. Philadelphia: Published by M. Thomas. #1.

This book is a tissue of dulness and vulgarity. We shall not contradict the author's representations of individual character, because in this city every man may find his own level, no matter how gross his taste may be. The Hermit's first acquaintance was a fishwoman, and his subsequent associations appear to have been confined to persons of a similar description.

To repeat one of the author's quotations,

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,

A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

Lord Byron.

L'Angleterre, vue à Londres, &c. England, or a Peep at London, and the country around. By M. Le Mareschal-de-Camp Pillet. Chevalier de St. Louis.

This is a barefaced attack upon the character of Great Britain, by a man who, from his residence among the English as a prisoner of war on his parole of honour, must have known that he was fabricating falsehoods. Its violence and extravagance, however, destroy itself. Who will believe that 150,000 Frenchmen perished in tortures on board of British prison ships during the last two wars; that 30,000 died of hunger in the course of five months, that hundreds were daily poisoned by the badness of their diet, that the occupants of a prison devoured a horse, while its owner was engaged in the inspection of the room; that English ladies of fashion are peculiarly dexterous at shop-lifting; that it is customary for them to retire after dinner to tipple brandy in their drawing-rooms; that every woman of rank or fashion gets

drunk every night of her life, under pretence of keeping the wind out of her stomach! These, and other calumnies, of a still blacker kind, if possible, may be circulated throughout France and America, and may be read and read too with avidity; but they will not, and cannot be credited, notwithstanding the high sanction and authority of this mendacious chevalier.

POEMS, by Helen Currie.

Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lovely daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

Burns.

Philadelphia: 1818. 16mo. \$1.

This is a very unobtrusive little collection of fugitive pieces, some of which have been published in our journal. To the good intentions and purity of heart which the amiable author professes, we can readily assent, and we hope that in pleasing her readers she will not find that she has been unprofitably engaged.

From a female pen it is quite natural to hear the praise of tea;

While man extols the flowing bowl,
That elevates his generous soul,
A sweeter task's reserved for me,
To sing the luxury of tea.

From Indian climes in safety borne,
How welcome with the cheerful morn;
The fragrant tea prepared with care,
A beverage that the gods might share.
Presented at the close of day,
It drives fatigue and pain away,
Attuning all the mental powers,
And sheds delight on evening hours.

The apostrophes to Scotland, which so frequently occur throughout this volume, are honourable to the heart, and her enthusiasm for Burns evinces the good taste of Miss Currie.

Letters from the British Settlement in Pennsylvania. To which are added, the Constitution of the United States, and of Pennsylvania; and extracts from Laws respecting Aliens and Naturalized Citizens. By C. B. Johnson, M. D. With a Map showing the situation of the Settlement. Philadelphia. H. Hall. 1 vol. \$1.

IN our journal for September 1816, the reader will find a general survey of the soil, climate and manners of this country. The article, referred to, was prepared for the information of foreigners who might be disposed to emigrate to the United States, or to invest money in its vacant lands. When we inserted it, we had not the slightest bias in favour of any section of the country, and we are therefore not a little pleased that our recommendation has since been corroborated by the respectable society of British emigrants, to one of whose members we are indebted for the volume on our table. This society is established in Susquehanna county in this commonwealth, where a conditional purchase has been made of about 40,000 acres of land. The county is in the forty-second degree of north latitude, on the line which divides this state from New York, and is said to contain more good land than any other section of Pennsylvania. Montrose, the capital of the county, is situated at the intersection of the roads leading to the cities of Philadelphia and New York, from the former of which places it is distant 170 and from the latter 130 miles. The land selected by the society is about 10 miles from this village. A site has been designated on it for a village to be called *Britannia*. By the rivers Susquehanna, Delaware and Hudson, which are within a few miles from the settlement, there are means of communication with the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

Thus this spot enjoys the singular advantage of an easy and cheap intercourse with the three greatest commercial emporiums in the United States. On the vast importance of vicinity to market and facility of transportation we need not enlarge. In the western states the expense of conveying produce to a market is an immense drawback on the farmer's profits, so much so, says Mr. Johnson, that one bushel of wheat at the Settlement

"is worth one and an half in the western part of this state, and two, or more, in the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; the only important mar-

ket for those states is New Orleans, the distance to which is upwards of one thousand miles from the nearest part of Illinois, and still further from Indiana and Ohio. The value of the different articles in Susquehanna and in the Illinois, will be more easily seen by the following statement of the prices. Those of the Illinois I collect from Mr. Birkbeck's "Notes" on that country.

SUSQUEHANNA.			ILLINOIS.		
		D. C.			D. C.
Wheat per bushel,	-	1 50	Wheat per bushel,	-	0 75
Indian Corn do.	-	1 00	Indian Corn do.	-	0 21
Oats do.	-	0 50	Oats do.	-	0 31
Hay per ton.	-	7 00	Hay per ton,	-	7 80
Butter per lb.	-	0 15	Butter per lb.	-	0 11
Cheese per lb.	-	0 10	Cheese per lb.	-	0 25
Fowls per couple,	-	0 25	Fowls per couple,	-	0 20

The expense of travelling is another consideration:

"To him, who is obliged to take a journey of a thousand miles to procure the articles that are to fill his ware-house, the cost and the trouble must be very great; and that cost and trouble he expects to be paid for, by the consumer. The journey which he is annually compelled to take, is a very serious one; compared to that of the shop-keeper of Susquehanna county, who can go to New York and back again in four days.

In consequence of these advantages the Pennsylvanian can trade with a smaller capital, and he can turn that capital more frequently, than a competitor who purchases his stock but once a year. The soil of the west is more fertile, but Dr. Johnson contends that this very abundance is pernicious, because it destroys the stimulus to exertion. The husbandman finds

"that the labour of three days in the week, will support his family and he will not work six; for the produce of the other three, will be of no service to him. He cannot build his house, his barn, nor his granary with it. Hence, he becomes idle. He finds neighbours like himself. He takes his gun, and goes into the woods to hunt, or to some neighbouring log house at which whiskey is sold, and where he is sure to find persons in his own situation, led there by the same feelings which govern him; with those he consumes his time, shooting at marks, or matching his miserable horse to run against some other miserable horse; and thus the day, that in more fortunate situations would have been spent in healthful industry, is squandered in riot and intemperance. It is reasonable to expect such consequences to flow from the situations I have mentioned; and such, I have been assured by intelli-

gent travellers, is the case. I do not rest on the narration of our own countrymen, who have returned dissatisfied with the western wilderness; American travellers themselves, are obliged to acknowledge the universal prevalence of these ruinous habits.

In the letter of instructions with which the Dr. was furnished by his friends in England, he was emphatically charged to let no consideration tempt him to select an unhealthy situation. We shall not be so uncharitable as to insinuate that this proceeded from any distrust in the professional skill of the agent. They did not wish to travel, as Mr. Birkbeck's settlers are represented, with an apothecary's shop in their baggage, but each one was ready to exclaim

Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it.

The doctor was very soon convinced that the western country would not suit the purposes of his constituents. He quotes several travellers who concur in depicting those distant wilds as fertile in diseases. The proneness to quarrel, the contempt of authority, and the general laxity of morals which report attributed to those people, deterred him from even visiting them. None of the gentlemen from whose writings he collects these passages are recent travellers excepting Mr. Birkbeck. They visited the western states many years ago, before the establishment of society, and when these places were inhabited chiefly by rude and hardy adventurers, or outcasts from civilized life. Many parts of that country are as healthy and as pleasant as the south of France, and there is much good society. We must confess, however, that there is still great room for improvement in the manners of our western neighbours, and we fear that disease will long hover over their prairies and their marshes.

Dr. Johnson advises the settler not to go into the wilderness, but to purchase a farm which has been *cleared*; i. e. prepared for cultivation by the removal of the trees.

"To a *perfect wilderness* there is an objection, in the difficulty and uncertainty of forming a settlement; and many would find it very unpleasant to endure the privations which must necessarily be experienced by a residence there. When nearly all the land is settled, the small remainder is held at a high price, but at an intermediate point of time, when a considerable

part of the land is occupied, the quality of the soil, and the real value of the country ascertained, the difficulties of the first improvements overcome, grain raised, mills built, roads made, and the necessities, and many of the comforts of life to be obtained—this is, undoubtedly, the most eligible time for a man to pitch his tent; for the land which has not yet been appropriated may generally be had at a price very low, in proportion to its real worth, estimated by the farmer's profit,—which is its intrinsic value.

I have mentioned the settlements or improvements, with which the lands contracted for by the society are interspersed. The greater part of these can be purchased, at a fair price, from the present occupants who, being paid for what they have done, are ready to commence anew. It may be better for many emigrants to purchase these improvements, than to take new lands. They can be had in farms of various sizes, from twenty to an hundred acres of cleared land, with a house and barn. These buildings are, in general, made of logs, and when that is the case, are of little value; but in some instances they are of a better kind, being made of framed timber, and boarded.

The sum at which improvements are estimated, depends upon the care with which the lands are cleared, and the kind of house and barn on them, in addition to the price of the land. As a general rate, a farm of one hundred acres of land, one half of it cleared, with a common log house and barn on it, would be estimated at from 225*l.* to 270*l.* or from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars. This however, may alter very soon; and will be likely to increase rapidly, in consequence of our settlement, and the money which will be brought into the country by us. Such is the price at which improved lots (of which I have made several purchases) are at present sold. By the purchase of an improvement, an emigrant will at once be able to keep his cattle and horses; he will have pasture, meadow, and plough land; and can purchase new lands adjoining, and increase his clearings to what size he pleases. In this manner he may commence his farming with very little of the inconvenience, and all the advantage of a new settler; and the new lands which he can purchase on the terms of the society's contract, will answer for the establishment of his family around him.

Of the soil we have the following account:

The soil is deep—that is, generally, from one to two feet; in some places, three or four feet. Beneath this, there is an inferior stratum, or sub-soil, composed of clay and extremely fine siliceous sand, intimately commingled. By us it would be called stony; but the stones lie almost entirely on the surface, are easily removed, and will be very useful for buildings and walls. I have taken particular notice where trees have been taken out by the root, and at the sides of the turnpike roads where the ditches are dug, that it is

rare to find any stones beneath the surface. I am told that some of the settlers from the eastern states, who have been accustomed to stone walls round their fields, say that there are not stones enough; I should be satisfied with less.

In speaking of the profits of the land, he recommends the produce of the maple tree with great effect:

‘Great profit might also be made by the manufacture of sugar, from the sap of the sugar maple; and it is now made to an extent equal to the wants of the country; but it might be manufactured for exportation. There is a great abundance of the sugar maple in this county, and in Howell’s large map of Pennsylvania, this part is designated as abounding in that valuable tree. It is one of the most beautiful of the forest. But notwithstanding its great usefulness, it is cut down indiscriminately with the others. A proof of the advantage that may be derived from it, was exemplified by one of our countrymen whom we found settled here. He purchased of Mr. Rose a lot of eighty-four acres, and before he began his work of clearing, he tapped a number of the sugar maple trees on the lot; and the price of the sugar which he made in three weeks, amounted to two thirds of the price he was to pay for the whole lot. This you will observe was done *before a tree had been cut down on the lot*, except what was necessary to boil the sugar.

The following calculations are extracted from the *Memoirs of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture*. They were communicated to the society by persons residing in Susquehanna county, and completely verify the favourable views which our author entertains respecting these lands:

‘The calculation is made on the principle, that every part of the clearing, harvesting, &c. is paid for, and not done by the farmer.

	Dolls. C.
‘It is calculated with us that clearing and fencing cost per acre,	12 00
One bushel of wheat sowed on do.	1 50
Harrowing (we don’t plough) do.	3 00
Harvesting do.	2 00
Threshing do.	3 75
	<hr/> 22 25
The crop may be estimated at 20 bushels of wheat, per acre, which at \$1 50, the price it commonly sells for between spring and harvest, is	30 00
	<hr/>

Which leaves a profit (besides paying the above expenses) of per acre \$7 75

I. Swan, I. Hiscock, and A. Pearce had the present season 25 bushels of wheat, per acre. W. Ladd had 33 bushels of rye, L. Moore had 33 bushels of wheat.

Swan, Hiscock, and Pearce's crops 25 bushels at \$1 50, would be	37 50
Deduct for clearing do.	22 25

And they had a profit per acre of	15 25
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W. Ladd's crop of rye, 33 bushels at \$1	33 00
Deduct as aforesaid,	22 25

And his profit per acre, was	10 75
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L. Moore's crop of wheat, 33 bushels at \$1 50	49 50
Deduct for clearing, &c.	22 25

And his profit per acre, was	\$27 25
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It will be seen from these, that the profits on clearing land are very great; for, according to the least of those mentioned, the profits on clearing an hundred acres, would be \$1075, independent of the additional value given to the land, by the clearing of it, which would be \$1200 more, making together the sum of \$2275, on an investment of \$2225, which sum was returned in the crop. So that this would give, were it continued with equal success, an annual income of an hundred per cent. on the capital employed. This is a fact with which every settler here appears to be acquainted, and it is the source of their prosperity; and of the great increase in the value of the land in new countries, where the soil is of a good quality, and the situation favourable for the sale of the articles raised.

The next calculation which we shall exhibit to the reader will demonstrate the difference between *renting* a farm in England, and *purchasing* one in Pennsylvania.

'I believe the rent, taxes, tythes, manure and stock of a farm of one hundred acres, in our part of England, *will purchase double the quantity of land in this country, with one hundred acres of it cleared, and put the same stock upon it.* I have made the estimate very carefully, so far as it respects the American side of the water: you must be a judge, whether it is so on the English side. I submit both to your deliberate reflection.

Rent, Taxes, Stock, &c. for 100 acres in England.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	Dols.
Rent,	200	0	0	or 889
Taxes and poor rates,	50	0	0	222
Tythes,	20	0	0	88
Manure,	20	0	0	89
12 Cows,	156	0	0	693
60 Sheep,	67	10	0	300
4 Horses,	100	0	0	444
6 young Cattle,	40	0	0	176
Wagon and Cart,	50	0	0	222
Ploughs and Harrows,	10	0	0	44
Geering, &c.	18	0	0	80
4 Hogs,	9	0	0	40
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	740	10	0	3286

Two hundred acres of land, one half cleared, with a farm house and building on it, would in Susquehanna county

	Dols.	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Cost	2000	or 450	0	0
12 Cows,	240	54	0	0
60 Sheep,	120	27	0	0
4 Horses,	280	63	0	0
6 young Cattle,	80	18	0	0
Wagon and Cart,	222	50	0	0
Ploughs and Harrows,	44	10	0	0
Geering, &c.	80	18	0	0
4 Hogs,	40	9	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	3106	699	0	0
Surplus	180	41	10	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	3286	740	10	0

‘Leaving a difference in favour of the Susquehanna farm of forty one pounds ten shillings, or one hundred and eighty dollars. I have omitted the fractions of the dollar in this estimate. I have consulted three English farmers who are here, and who have had opportunities of examining the cattle, and various kinds of stock; and drawing a comparison of the prices of those of the same quality in England. The poor rates and tythes will differ in different parishes. But the best way for you is to draw up for yourself, a statement of the expenses of the English farm: I will be answerable for the American estimate.

Dr. Johnson makes no pretension to the character of an author, his object being to execute the commission which his English

friends have committed to his charge. Every page bears testimony to his intelligence and his industry; and our own personal observation enables us to vouch for those of his statements which relate to the general appearance of the country. Robberies are seldom heard of, taxes in the country are very light; mendicity is rare; no slavery is permitted in this state; and every man of sound constitution and tolerable industry may earn a livelihood with little labour.

The author has given the best proof of the truth of his statements by pitching his own tents in this Settlement, and we know that great numbers are daily joining him.

We shall conclude our account of this useful book by a few quotations, taken at random.

‘I say *no poor*, for Mr. R. who is the largest proprietor in the county, and whose lands extend into eight different townships, informs me, that all the poor tax assessed on him during the nine years which he has resided here, amounts to but six dollars and ninety-eight cents, and this was for the purpose of conveying a person, not an inhabitant of this county, home. When you look over your list of taxes, how many will you find omitted here? What a glorious country this would be for some of your financiers to commence their operations in! What a crop they might reap, if the American citizen would suffer them to put their sickles into the harvest!

‘A labourer in this country can always have six day’s work in the week, for which he will receive six dollars: in England probably he cannot obtain more than two or three day’s work in the week, and he receives perhaps 1s. 6d. per day. How great the contrast! Would an industrious English labourer complain of poverty, if he could earn twenty-seven shillings per week; and buy his provisions at the above prices? and that in a country where he could buy good land at or under a pound per acre! would he complain? No. The question is, how long he would continue a labourer. He would soon become a proprietor; he and his family would be rendered comfortable in his old age, without the unpleasant reflection of becoming a burthen to the parish.

‘In Mr. *Cobbett’s* publication, which I send, you will see his diary of the weather during the last year. The weather you will find mentioned there, is, I have reason to think, very much like what is experienced here. You will remark, that he prefers the weather of this country to that of Great Britain. It has been observed in all countries that the winter becomes milder as the forests are cleared away. Virgil, Horace, Pliny, and Juvenal, all speak of the ice in Italy in their day; and the rivers of ancient Gaul were as much frozen in the time of Julius Cæsar, as the American rivers

are now.—From the inquiries which I have made, I believe the length of time the farmers fodder their cattle here, to be much about the usual time we have for the same business in England. The spring commences sooner in England than it does here; but the grass grows with more rapidity in this country than in that, when the winter is gone.

From an examination of meteorological tables, long kept, it appears that more rain falls in the United States, in a year, than in Europe, during the same time; but there are not *so many* rainy days here: in other words, less of mist and vapour. The spring much resembles our English spring, where in spite of all that is said or sung by our Poets, it very frequently happens that

“Winter lingering chills the lap of May.”

‘When the spring commences here, the influence of the sun, in consequence of the more southern situation, is more decisive than in England. The American autumn is much finer than in our island; and there is none of that misty, foggy, raining, soul-subduing weather, over which all the blue demons hover, like an assemblage of Fuseli’s night-mares; and to which some Frenchman alludes, when he begins his romance with, “It was in the gloomy month of November, when Englishmen hang themselves.” Here the sun is bright and beaming, and the November which I have passed here, was as fine as an English September.

‘It will be useful here to mention the roads by which settlers had better come to this county from Philadelphia or New York, which are the usual landing places for emigrants, one of which you will endeavour to arrive at. From Philadelphia the road is by Bethlehem and Wilkesbarre, unless you take the stage, in which case you go by Easton. From New York, the best way is to go by steam-boat or other vessel, to Newburg, from thence by a turnpike which is finished, you come to within ten miles of Montrose.

‘In the winter, if the steam-boats are prevented from passing by the ice, the best way is to come from New York by Easton, and Wilkesbarre, to Montrose. The stages now come to within ten miles on the north, and twenty miles on the south, and I expect by next season, they will pass by Montrose in all directions.

‘The Society have desired me to answer all letters that shall be written to me on the subject of the settlement, which I will do very cheerfully, as well as give every aid in my power to all our deserving countrymen, who wish to join us. Letters should be directed to me at *Silver Lake, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania*.

‘The cost of a voyage from New-Orleans up the Mississippi and Ohio, to Illinois is three times that of a voyage from England to the United States. The following are the rates charged from New-Orleans: for a grown person

twenty-eight pounds, two shillings and sixpence; children from two to ten years old, half price; those under two, one fourth; servants half price; way passengers, sixpence a mile.

‘In travelling by land to Pittsburg, and then descending the Ohio, to reach the Western Country, the emigrant must make his calculations for the expenses of a delay which may take place at Pittsburg, by want of water in the river. The family of a Mr. G——, who lately removed thither from Philadelphia, was detained one month at Pittsburg; and another month was spent on the water before they arrived at Shawanoe town.

These extracts will be sufficient to show that Dr. Johnson has given us a very business-like sort of book. We sincerely hope that it may induce many of his countrymen to seek the healthful breezes of Susquehanna county, and prosper under the equable sway of a republican government. But we cannot dismiss these entertaining letters without entering our protest against the *exclusive* character of this Settlement. Instead of preserving their former feelings and habits by such associations, foreigners should endeavour to acquire those which prevail in their present residence. If they can add to the stores of useful information they are bound to contribute to the common stock; and if they be ignorant, it is no less incumbent upon them to mingle with the family which has adopted them, and learn to cooperate in those measures which are calculated to promote the welfare of the whole community.

FRUGALITY.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption. It will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others, and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it, very few would be poor.

Though in every age there are some who, by bold adventures, or by favourable accidents, rise suddenly into riches; the bulk of mankind must owe their affluence to small and gradual profits, below which their expense must be resolutely reduced.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BANKS; OR WESTERN MELODIES.—No. I.

Air—Oh! blame not the bard.

Oh! blame not the banks if they fly to suspension,
 Where *Av'rice* lies carelessly smiling at *Shame*;
 They would have done better, and 'twas their intention
 T' have paid the last dollar, and died in a flame.
 That box which now languishes *lone* in the corner,
 Might have yielded delight to the countryman's heart,
 And the teller, alive to the impulse of honour,
 Would have paid it with gladness, and seen it depart.

But alas! for the banks; their fame is gone by,
 And that credit is *broken* which used but to *bend*,
 O'er their fall, each director in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis interest to love them, but *shame* to defend.
 Unpriz'd are their notes, or at *ten per cent* selling,
 Unhonour'd at home, unredeem'd on demand:
 But still they've a merit—I joy in the telling,
 They're taken for *pork*, though rejected for land.

Then blame not the banks, though they cease to redeem,
 (We should try to forget what we never can heal)
 Oh! furnish the dust; let the dollars but gleam
 Through the gloom of their vaults, and mark how they'd feel!
 That instant they'd pay! on demand they'd throw down
 The branch paper so lov'd, or the gold so ador'd,
 While the eagle, the dollar, and old Spanish crown
 Would jingle in concert, and shine on the board.

But their glory is gone! ev'ry dog has his day,
 Yet their fame (such as 'tis) shall abide in my songs,
 Not e'en in the hour when my heart is most gay,
 Will I cease to remember their *notes* or their wrongs.
 The stranger in passing each village shall say,
 (As he eyes the sad spot with his hand on his breast)
 THERE ONCE STOOD A BANK! but unable to pay,
 It *suspended itself*, and has now gone to rest!!

OHIO BARD.

THE BANKS; OR WESTERN MELODIES.—No. 2.

Air—Oh think not my spirits are always so light.

Oh! think not the banks will be always so poor,
 And as hard run for cash, as they seem to you now;
 Nor expect that each future demand at their door,
 Will be met with so empty or churlish a brow.
 No! the wars with the patriots* must sooner or later
 Be brought to a close, and then the bright ore
 The banks with both hands in profusion will scatter,
 And *current, uncurrent*, be heard of no more.
 So send round the bowl, let us drink and still hope,
 (May we never do worse, in our pilgrimage here)
 Let us never despair till they quite shut up shop,
 Nor then, even then, ever dream of a tear.

The thread of our faith would be weak heaven knows,
 If no end to the banks, and their due-bills appear'd,
 And I care not how soon they may sink to repose,
 When the sound of the dollar shall cease to be heard.
 Even they who have lov'd them the fondest, the purest,
 Now stare at the bubbles they've rais'd and believ'd,
 O! the short road to wealth is not always the surest,
 As all of us find when we're dish't and deceiv'd.
 But send round the bowl—while a relic of hope
 Is in banks or in bankers, this toast shall be mine,
 May they cease to *suspend*, and escape from the rope,
 Or, *suspending*, be stretch'd at the end of the line.

LAUREATE TO THE BANKS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

To the following lines I am certain your readers will be eagerly attracted when it is stated that they proceed from the same pen which traced the "*Letters from the Mountains*." They were written by the excellent author after her return from a tour in the Highlands of Scotland, which she performed in the autumn of 1817. In the course of this tour, Mrs. Grant visited Laggan, the scene of those afflictions which she has depicted with so

* Vide the report of a learned committee on the cause of suspension, by the Cincinnati banks.

much feeling and elegance. "I ought to tell you," says the amiable author in her letter to me inclosing these lines, "that I left my friends at D——, and rode down on horseback, the first time I had mounted a horse for twenty years, to the parish of Laggan. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on visiting that spot for the first time. Such of them as can be described you will find portrayed in a few verses which I have transcribed for you, and which you must consider as a swan's song, for it is the last and will have no successor."

I will only add, Mr. Editor, that the allusion in the close of these stanzas refer to the untimely death of Miss Frazer, late the heiress and representative of the ancient family of Foyers — in the North Highlands. Miss F. had been an inmate of Mrs. Grant's family in Edinburgh, and fell a victim to a pulmonary complaint in the summer of 1817, under circumstances peculiarly affecting.

I am, sir,

Your well wisher,

A. B.

Washington Hall, 20 Feb. 1819.

ON RETURNING FROM THE NORTH HIGHLANDS.

ONCE more my northern way I trace,
 Once more review each well-known place;
 Reverting pensive as I go,
 To scenes of former joy and wo.
 To sanguine hopes too dearly priz'd,
 To fears too surely realized;
 To fancy's dreams and passion's strife,
 And all that clouds or brightens life;
 Yet while I feel the inspiring gale,
 Well pleased I bid these mountains hail.

Eternal barriers of the land,
 In sullen majesty you stand,
 As when the Roman eagles cowered,
 When o'er the invading ranks you lowered;
 As when the Saxon foe gave way
 Before the native's fierce array;
 When all your echoes join'd to hail
 The triumph of the free-born Gael.

Advancing through the rugged strait
 Where many a warrior met his fate,
 At the dim visionary hour,
 When long remembered tales have power,
 To people air with dusky hosts
 The fleeting forms of warrior ghosts.
 As on their misty wreaths they sail,
 I bid the kindred phantoms hail!

While wandering o'er the moonlight heath,
 Once more I taste its freshening breath;
 Or see through clouds the brightening gleams
 Or hear the rush of mountain streams;
 Whose wat'ry music as they fall
 Does youth with all its joys recal;
 Its vanished dreams I cease to wail,
 While thus my wonted haunts I hail.

But why this pause 'twixt wo and fear,
 And why the involuntary tear,
 The frequent throb, the unconscious start
 The load that presses down the heart;
 While memory too much wak'd, explores
 With backward view her boarded stores;
 The downward path once more I hail,
 That leads me to the accustomed vale.

* * * * *

The heart's sad pilgrimage is o'er,
 That long lov'd vale I see no more;
 The clustered cottages around,
 Where minds by ties of kindness bound,
 Were wont with sympathetic glow,
 To share the mutual weal or wo;
 Those low abodes so dear to me,
 In distance lost no more I see;
 Ye faithful courteous race to you
 My heart unwilling bids adieu.

Your meads so rich in summer flowers,
 Your fragrant shrubs, your birchen bowers;
 Your skies with glaring meteors streaming,
 Your lakes in placid beauty gleaming;

Your aerial mists that meet the morning,
 With brightening wreathes the rocks adorning:
 To all that wont to cheer my view,
 And soothe my heart, a long adieu.

Yes humble friends, your cordial greeting,
 Your looks of joy that bailed our meeting;
 Your generous minds, your untaught sense,
 Your native glowing eloquence;
 The graces of your Celtic tongue,
 In which the loftiest lays were sung,
 In which the strains that softer flow,
 Breathe all the soul of tender wo,
 My earliest feelings all renew,
 While thus I bid your cots adieu.

Where wild woods sigh and torrents rave,
 And Ness with pure transparent wave,
 Soft murmurs near a lonely grave;
 There beauty, youth and talent sleeps,
 Her watch there faithful sorrow keeps,
 There every gentler virtue weeps;
 That hallowed tomb a wreath shall bind,
 Of sweetest flowers of rarest kind,
 As fair and spotless as her mind.
 Thick gathering mists obscure my view,
 Once more dear sainted friend, adieu!

ADVERSARY.

CANDOUR and tenderness are in any relation, and on all occasions, eminently amiable, but when they are found in an adversary, and found so prevalent as to overpower that zeal which his cause excites, and that heat which naturally increases in the prosecution of argument, and which may be in a great measure, justified by the love of truth, they certainly appear with particular advantages; and it is impossible not to envy those who possess the friendship of him whom it is even some degree of good fortune to have known as an enemy.

Observations on the method of *printing upon stone*, and on the composition of the ink.

Any calcareous stone, which is compact, with a fine and equal grain susceptible of being polished with pumice, and capable of absorbing a little moisture may be employed for lithography.* It was supposed, for some time, that the stones used at Munich alone possessed the necessary properties; but suitable materials have now been found in many of the departments of France. Among others; there are strata of calcareous stone in the mountains which separate Ruffec from Agouleme, which are well adapted for this kind of work.

In order to compose the ink a vessel varnished and luted on the outside is warmed; when it is warm we introduce one part by weight of white Marseilles soap, and the same quantity of pure mastic. These substances are melted and carefully mixed together; five parts by weight of shell lac is then incorporated with them, by stirring them together until the whole is completely united, and there is then gradually added a solution of one part of caustic soda, in 5 or 6 parts its bulk of cold water. This addition must be made cautiously; for if the alkaline ley be poured in all at once, the liquor would froth up, and rise above the sides of the vessel.

When these substances are completely mixed together, by employing a moderate heat and the agitation of a spatula, the necessary quantity of lamp black is added, and immediately after as much water as is sufficient to render the ink fluid and in a proper state for writing. The ink is applied to the stone as it would

be to paper. either by a pen or a pencil. When the design or writing is dry, and we wish to print from it, water acidulated with nitric acid, is employed, in the proportion of fifty parts of water to one of acid; by means of a sponge the surface of the stone is soaked with this water taking care not to rub the ink lines, this process is repeated as soon as the stone appears to be dry. An effervescence is produced, and when it ceases the stone is gently washed with pure water.

While the stone is in this state, and still moist printers, ink is applied to it, with the common apparatus, which only adheres to the parts that are dry. A sheet of paper, properly prepared to receive the impression, is then laid upon the stone, and the whole is subjected to the action of the press, or the cylinder. To retain the design upon the stone and to preserve it from dust when it is not used immediately after being prepared, it is covered with a stratum of solution of gum arabic, and this varnish is removed by water when we wish to print from the stone.

Instead of ink a peculiar kind of pencil is sometimes employed to draw upon the stone or upon paper, from which a counter impression is taken on the stone. The pencils are composed of the following ingredients melted together: three parts of soap, two parts of tallow, and one of wax: when the whole is melted, and well mixed, we add lamp-black, until the colour be sufficiently intense, the fluid is then run into moulds, where it becomes solid as it cools, and acquires the consistence necessary for the formation of pencils.

Additional observations on lithography.—The following particulars are for the most part extracted from a report on this interesting art made to the royal Institute of France, *Journal de Physique* for Feb. 1817.

Aloys Sennfelder, a chorus singer at the theatre of Munich, was the first who observed that certain cal-

* A stone, adapted to the purposes of Lithography, has been discovered in east Lothian, Scotland; it is very abundant in Kentucky. It has also been found in Argenteuil, in France, and Burgundy has furnished some specimens. Ed. P. F.

careous stones have the property of contracting an intimate adhesion to characters traced on their surface with thick oily ink, and that if the stone was afterwards moistened, and then dabbed with printers ink, an impression of the characters might be transferred to paper. In 1800 he obtained from the king of Bavaria a patent for his process, and first applied it to printing music. The history of the further progress of this art is foreign to the object of the present notice.

The only stone hitherto discovered which completely answers the purpose is a compact, nearly pure carbonate of lime of a greyish white colour. At Solenhoffen, near Pappenheim, in Bavaria, are extensive quarries of it; also at Kehlheim, near Ratisbon, at both which places it has for many years been raised, and made into clay-stones for floors and hearths, &c. an application to which it is well fitted by its easily splitting into lamina of the required thickness and area, and by the facility with which it is brought to a smooth surface. It is supposed to be the same rock, geologically speaking, as the white lias, a calcareous flag-stone which is found in England covering the blue or common lias limestone.

But I believe that specimens of the requisite hardness and fineness of grain has not hitherto been discovered in this country. The stones are first brought to an even surface by rubbing them against one another, and are then finished with fine sand and pumice stone.*

The ink is composed of soap, and rosin, and gum lac, dissolved in a solution of caustic soda; to which is to be added a proper quantity of lamp black: the above ingredients after

being intimately mixed by trituration, are to be diluted with warm distilled water to the consistence of a thick ink, which is then ready for use. The same ingredients being exposed to a gentle warmth, at length dry into a mass, which being put into a wooden case may be used as chalk or crayon. It is difficult to find a pen which, when charged with this ink, will draw lines sufficiently fine for delicate work, and therefore the brushes, &c. of the miniature painter should be had recourse to.

They who are accustomed to the fine handling required in pen and ink-drawing will, with due care, produce the best specimens of lithography. The design being drawn on the stone, either with the fluid ink or with the crayon, the whole surface is to be floated with water acidulated by nitrous acid, in order to remove any greasiness, and is then ready for use.

Another variety in the practice of this art is to bring the surface of the stone to a fine polish, and then to cover it with a varnish of gum and lamp black. The design is etched in by cutting through the varnish by means of a needle and other proper instruments, after which the prepared ink is applied with a brush, and insinuates itself into the places where the varnish has been cut through. The stone is then placed on its edge in warm water, the varnish loosens and falls off, and the traces filled with the prepared ink alone remain. The process has been found useful for maps, and other works, in which very fine lines are required; the varnish however, is so much harder than that in common use among engravers, that some practice is necessary before the artist can employ the requisite degree of force. It appears probable that by mixing treacle with the gum, the consistence of the varnish might be materially improved.

The effect of wood engraving is given very perfectly by covering the

* This stone is found in great abundance in Kentucky, of which specimens have been brought to this city by Mr. Clifford, of Lexington, and compared with the stone from Munich, to which it is found to be similar. *Dem. Press.*

entire surface of the stone with the prepared ink, and then scratching it off in the parts intended to be white.

The method practised by M. Engleman, of taking off the impression is as follows:—

The press consists of a hollow table terminated at one end by an upright frame supporting a roller, which, by means of a winch, may be made traverse along the table from one extremity to the other. The stone is laid perfectly horizontally in the hollow of the table, and is secured in its place by means of wedges. It is then moistened with a sponge dipped in pure water till it refuses to absorb any more. A wooden roller covered with leather and charged with very fine engravers ink, is then passed two or three times over the surface of the stone, and adheres to all the lines made with the prepared ink, and to those only. A sheet of paper, not so damp as is required in copper-plate printing, is next laid carefully on, a board is placed about it, and then, by turning the winch, the roller exerting a pressure of more than 1000 lbs. passes slowly over the surface of the board, and the process is finished by removing the board and taking out the print thus produced. It is necessary to take about a dozen proofs before the work cometh to its full perfection. After a number of impressions have been taken, the more delicate parts will begin to be a little blurred. As soon as this is perceived, remove the stone from the press, and first pass over it a sponge filled with rectified oil of turpentine, and then wash it well with pure water. By this treatment the whole design will be apparently discharged; this however is not the case; for on passing the roller charged with ink, over the surface of the stone, every line, even the most delicate, which was in the original drawing, will again become visible, and the printing may be proceeded with as at first.

Plain Preaching.—A century sermon delivered in Hopkinton, on the Lord's day, December 24, 1815, by the Rev. Nathaniel Howe, A. M. pastor of the church.

The sermon in a singular and even grotesque style gives a history of the town of Hopkinton, since its first incorporation in 1715. "There was formerly a man living in the kingdom of Great Britain," says our author, "whose surname was Hopkins; he lived in England, but he thought of the difficulties which must be experienced in educating youth in America." After mentioning the establishing of Harvard college in 1636, Mr. Howe goes on to observe: "In the year 1642 the general court established a board of overseers. In 1659 the charter of the corporation was granted. And in the year 1657, Edward Hopkins, Esq. made his will."

"Squire Hopkins was a man of great wealth; his estate was estimated at 20,000*l.* sterling.—Eight hundred pounds of this property was given to be laid out in lands, three fourths for the benefit of the college, and one fourth to the German School in Cambridge." "This donation of Squire Hopkins to Harvard College, was the money which first purchased Hopkinton." As the town was purchased by the donation of Squire Hopkins to Harvard College, the lands were to be leased out to tenants at one penny sterling per acre, to be annually paid to the college to the year 1823, and three pence like money afterwards.

Our author then gives the details of the history of the town as to its parochial and secular concerns, from 1723, to the present time. The most amusing part of the sermon relates to the reverend author's own connexion with the parish since 1791. He complains that he could not get his first year's salary paid him, until long after the year had expired, and proceeds: "Another difficulty your minister has had to

encounter, was the want of support. A vast change has taken place in the expense of dressing and living since my ordination, and yet no addition has been made to my salary. When a candidate, I determined I never would settle till I saw a reasonable prospect of a comfortable support, and when I settled I never would complain of my salary. I remained of this mind till I had been your minister for 15 years.

"Born down with the fatigues of manual labour, pressed into the woods in the winter, to the plough in the spring, and to the meadow in the summer, to support my family, I felt the business of the ministry was greatly neglected; that it was impossible for me to do what ought to be done in my profession, unless the people did so towards my support."

He then applied to the town, who finally refused to do any thing to assist him. He attacks those persons who voted against the increase of his salary, by name. He then continues—

"My brethren, may I ask a plain, simple question? How shall I obtain your consent? Your countenances discover a willingness. Shall I take your silence for consent.

"The question is this!—Do you know by what means I have become *so rich*, as to have a great house, finished and furnished; a farm, a herd of cattle, a flock of sheep, horses, and money at interest; *I say nothing about my debts to day*.

"Shall I answer this question; the principal reason is this: because I have been doing *your business* and neglecting *my own*. Your business is to support your minister, and that is what I have been doing for more than twenty years. And my business is to study and preach: and in this I have never abounded. I have sometimes administered reproof, both to the Church and to the Society, in a manner that has been thought to discover some degree of severity—but in those cases you

have already had good sense enough to know you richly deserved it."

He concludes his discourse by some admonition respecting their choice and treatment of another minister after his death or dismissal, which are equally remarkable for quaintness and originality.

The Winchester Gazette mentions the extraordinary case of a Negro Woman born in Virginia, about fifty years of age, originally very black, who has undergone a change of colour. Four parts in five of her skin are as white, smooth and transparent, as in a fair European. Her face and neck discover the veins under the skin; and the blush of the rose plays beautifully over the lilly white skin when excited by the passions of shame or anger.

American Genius.—On Tuesday last, was exhibited before the Society of Arts in this city a specimen of the genius of a *self-taught* astronomer. It is a machine whose power of revolution is a time-keeper. It consists of a 13 inch terrestrial globe, moon, sun, &c. The time-keeper puts in motion an appendage of fifteen wheels, twelve of which revolve round a stationary wheel denominated the arctick pole which describes the unequal orbit of the globe in its semi-annual revolution, viz. from the vernal to the autumnal equinox.

These revolving auxiliary wheels belonging to the appendage, are attached to a revolutionary plate; which revolves round an emblematic pole called the arctick, in one year, which mechanically depicts a solar and sidereal year at one view, with by transposing the eye from the solar to the sidereal index. The machine is so constructed on an incontestable systematic principle of revolution, as to coincide with astronomical calculations made and fitted to any designated meridian. It will coincide with the heavenly bodies

with as great precision and accuracy as can be supplied by mechanical powers. For instance, the machine may be set to the meridian of Greenwich; of the representative commencing revolution in the first degree or point of *Aries*, one year after bissextile, the Armillary, Elliptical axis, Declination 0; days and nights uniform—viz. meridian of Greenwich, *Aries*, Armillary, Elliptical pole, and the rational horizon coincide on the 21st June; the arctic pole of the globe elevated to 23 deg. 28 min.—vice versa in the winter solstice; declination north 23 deg. 28 min. sun in cancer. 23d Sept. sun in libra; on the 21st Dec. sun in capricorn; on the 20th March, sun in 14-70 hundredths of a deg. in *Aries*; therefore the vernal equinox will commence about 6 o'clock P. M.—The moon's mean diurnal motion 13 d 10 m—her inclination on the axis to the plane of her ecliptic 5 deg. 25 min.—her period 27 ds. 7 hs. 43 min.—synodical revolution 29 days, 12 hours, 44 min.—the extreme points of her northing and southing 28 deg. 42 min.—her diurnal northing and southing 3 deg. 14 min.—her periodical northing and southing about 9 deg. 43 minutes. She commences receding from the arctic pole, and approximates towards the antarctic on the 21st Dec. on an alternate declining wheel, and in a period of about 184 days, she will return to her inclined axis above specified, and regularly fall back into her nodes every period. She will likewise establish her continuance or duration in the anatomick signs.

The inventor intends by inverting the position of this revolutionary machine, to determine the latitude, and at the same time to determine the eastings and westings from a known departure by throwing a consecrated shade on a coinciding meridian.

It is further contemplated to attach the antarctic polar arbor, or southern extremity of the axis to a

revolutionary annual wheel, so that the axis remains parallel as it moves round a stationary wheel called the arctic pole in a solar year.—When compared with the index attached to the armillary, it will actually denote a sidereal year, and move through the 12 signs of the zodiack, at the same time, point out the month the day, the sun fast and slow o'clock.

The inventor of this machine is Mr. Theodore Newell, an aged and decrepit citizen, whose indigent circumstances render it impossible for him to pay a mechanic to finish his machine with the contemplated improvement. If the opportunity is offered to the public for contributing means, to enable him to progress in his improvement, there is no doubt but he will meet with the liberality his genius and industry deserve. *Albany Gaz.*

The Harmonites.—The Dutch society, formed by Frederick Rap, a minister of the Gospel, settled some years ago, in the western part of Pennsylvania, made extensive improvements on lands they purchased at a reduced price, built a town with a number of good brick houses, which they called Harmony. They also planted a vineyard, made wines, &c. established almost all kinds of mechanism, and cultivated the land very extensively as their society increased. Many of their Dutch friends joined them in a few years and placed all their property into the hands of Frederick Rap, their spiritual teacher, leader and protector. They willingly submitted to his government and laws, which they delighted in. All their property, like that of the shakers was one common stock, to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked of such as joined them in a destitute situation. Their discipline was strict, prohibiting them from keeping bad company; drinking ardent spirits; of marrying; all which they considered sinful.

Their society becoming large and

the climate not suiting for their vineyards, they made extensive purchases of land on the Wabash, in the state of Indiana, where they are making rapid improvements. They have lately sold property to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of which it is said they have upwards of two millions in gold and silver. They have purchased upwards of one hundred thousand acres of land on the Wabash, at two dollars per acre, which from their industry and neatness of improvements will no doubt in a few years be worth from twenty to fifty dollars per acre. Their town is called New Harmony. The climate is well suited to vineyards, and they will doubtless soon be able to supply that country with the best of wines, malt liquor, &c. All kinds of mechanical business will be carried on as before. This will greatly improve that part of the State, and of course render the adjoining lands more valuable. Persons therefore who wish to remove to that state, will do well to make their purchases soon, as the numerous emigrants to that country will soon take up all the unoccupied land, or at least greatly raise its value. From exploring the western country, and hearing the different opinions of the people, I am induced to believe that Indiana is the most desirable state west of the Alleghany. Its climate is healthy, its soil productive, and its laws salutary.

Yellow Stone river will hereafter be familiar to the American ear. That a stream of its magnitude should heretofore have been so little known, is a proof of the immensity of our country. How little has it been thought that 1800 miles up the Missouri, a river was to be found equal in length and breadth to the Ohio? Yet such is the character of the Yellow Stone, or Roche Jaune, as it is called by the French. One of its branches, the Big Horn issues

from a lake near the peaks of the Rio del Nord on the confines of New-Mexico, and is navigable for many miles. The Yellow Stone itself issues from a lake in the Rocky Mountains. It was descended by captain Clark on his return from the Pacific Ocean. He found it deep, rapid, and navigable from the place where he struck to its mouth, a distance of 850 miles. Below the junction of the Big Horn the width was usually from 500 hundred to 800 yards, and sometimes a mile. Innumerable were the herds of Buffalo, and other game that ranged upon it. This abundance of game is a proof of the richness of the country. In fact the traders speak of the face of the country upon the Yellow Stone, the serenity of the climate, the rapidity and clearness of the waters, in terms of admiration.

New States.—The Illinois state is going into operation under the constitution which it has just formed. The Election is held this week for the members of the first legislature under the state government. A representative to congress will be elected at the same time. The legislature will meet in October, in time to appoint two senators to sit in the next congress.

The Illinois will be the twenty first in the numerical order of the states; the second in territorial extent; and the first in richness of soil and capacity for supporting a dense population.

The Missouri territory will be formed into a state this winter. She will be number 22 in the union, and will be a star of the first magnitude, if justice is done her in the next congress.

The Alabama territory will probably become a state also this winter. Her inhabitants are getting up petitions to that effect; and taking her population to be upwards of 60,000, the success of the application will be a matter of course. The

thirteen United States of America will then be twenty three in number.

The following winter will likewise probably see the erection of three new territorial governments.

1. The Red river, and the country which lies south of it towards the gulf of Mexico. The proximity of this district to New Mexico, the settlements forming on the Trinity and Galveston, and the tide of emigration which is now flowing up the Red river, may require the presence of a vigorous local government to prevent the irregularities which might otherwise happen on a territory so exposed and so remote from the seat of the national power.

2. The North West territory.—This name was formerly given to all that country which lies in the forks of the Mississippi and Ohio; but since the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois have been carved out of it, the name is confined to that district which lies towards the head of the Mississippi, and is bounded by lake Superior to the north, and by lake Michigan to the east. It is still a great territory though reduced by the formation of such considerable states. It is still more than twice as large as the state of Virginia, and comprizes the ancient French settlements of Prairie du Chien and Green Bay. It also comprizes the rich copper mines on Copper Mine river, which have been so long and so unaccountably neglected by the American government. Another interesting feature in this territory is the near approach to each other of the Onisconsin and the Fox rivers, which form the channel of communication between the Mississippi and lake Michigan, and was the route followed by the French when they discovered the Mississippi in the year 1673.

Prairie du Chien at the mouth of the Onisconsin, is a thoroughfare of Indians and of Indian traders, and would be a suitable place for the re-

sidence of a governor and superintendent of Indian affairs.

St. Louis Eng.

The current of population flows towards the west as rapidly as ever. We are informed by Mr. Harner, who resides at gate No. 2, on the Berks and Dauphin turnpike road, that from the 17 of March 1817, to the last of December in the same year, two thousand and one families passed through that gate, all for the land of promise!

Allowing eight persons to each family, which considering the fecundity of New England, is rather below than above the truth, we shall find that in the space of about nine months eighteen thousand emigrants passed through this place. Besides, Reading is not the only thoroughfare from the east to the west. It is probable that many prefer the route through Buffalo and Erie; so that we need not be surprised at the rapid increase of population in the western states.

How many of those emigrants settle in Pennsylvania? Not one, if he can possibly get through it—and yet the northwestern parts of this state, present as fine a country as any in the union. The fertility of its soil, the rivers and numerous creeks which intersect it in every direction; its riches in iron, coal, &c. throw out every inducement to arrest the progress of our industrious eastern brethren—besides, the day cannot be far distant when an internal navigation, passing through this country, will connect the Delaware with Lake Erie. Why, then, are the northwestern parts of the state still so thinly settled? It is, because land titles are insecure, as the squatter or actual settler (as he calls himself) is still permitted to swindle the bona fide owner out of his property.

Cortes.—Diego Velazquez took Cortes with him to Cuba as one of his secretaries, a situation for which

he was not at that time well qualified, being too apt to jest, and too fond of conversation. Whatever the cause may have been, they soon disagreed. Judges of Appeal arrived at Hispaniola, and the malcontents in Cuba threw out secretly their complaints against the governor. There was no other means of crossing over to present them than in an open canoe, and Cortes undertook this desperate service. Just as he was about to embark he was seized and the papers found upon him. Velazquez at first was about to hang him; but upon intercession, contented himself with putting him in irons, and embarking him on board ship to send him to Hispaniola. He contrived to rid himself of his fetters, and while the crew were asleep, got overboard, and trusted himself upon a log of wood, for he could not swim; it was ebb tide, and he was carried a league out from the ship; the flow drove him upon shore, but he was so exhausted that he was on the point of letting loose his hold and resigning himself to his fate. It was not yet day; he hid himself, knowing search would be made for him as soon as he was missed on board; and when the church doors were opened he took sanctuary.

Near this church there dwelt one Juan Xuares, who had a handsome sister of excellent character. Cortes liked her, and found means to let her know it. Whoever has seen Vertue's print of Cortes, from Titian's picture, will know that of all men he must have been one of the most beautiful. One day he was slipping out of the church to visit her, an Alguazil watched him, slipped in at another door, came out behind, and carried him to prison.

Velasquez was about to proceed against him with extreme rigour, but this governor was of a generous nature, and was persuaded to forgive him; Cortes married the girl, and said he was as well contented with her as if she had been the daughter

of a dutchess. The Alguazil, Juan Escudero, who had entrapped him, was one of the conspirators whom he afterwards hung in New-Spain.—*Herrera.*

Of these singular facts in the history of so extraordinary a man, no mention is made by Robertson. What that author has said of Antonia de Solis may be applied to himself: "I know no author in any language whose literary fame has risen so far beyond his real merit:"

Polar Expedition.—On Thursday se'nnight, Mr. Fisher, an officer belonging to the Dorothea, capt. Buchan, arrived at the admiralty with despatches, announcing the return of that ship and her consort, the Trent sloop, from the Arctic seas. It appears that the highest latitude the ships ever attained was about 80. 30 longitude 12 east:—They attempted proceeding to the westward, but as, in the case of captain Phipps, in the Race-horse, in 1773, they found an impenetrable barrier of ice. The ships proceeded nearly over the same space as captain Phipps did and met with similar impediments as experienced by that officer. The Dorothea and the Trent are on their way to Deptford. They arrived on Thursday se'nnight in Scarborough roads. We are sorry to learn that one of the ships has sustained considerable damage, having been caught between two floating ice-bergs, the collision of which was so great, that she was lifted completely out of the water. Her irons were all forced, and her ribs broken, and we understand it has been with great difficulty she has been able to make port.

These are the ships which were equipped with a view to their reaching the Pole, and entering the Pacific Ocean by Behring's Straits. This is, we believe, the 17th or 18th failure to accomplish the daring project of crossing the Polar regions.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On the death of an interesting and intelligent young lady, who fell a victim to the fatigues of a journey to the western country.

'Tis done! the dreadful hour is past,
And king'ring hope at length has fled;
That bursting sigh was nature's last,
And she, who liv'd to charm is dead!

Where glowing Health's fond roses bloom'd,
And Youth prevail'd with raptur'd mien,
Where Genius breath'd, and Love perfum'd,
Death's cold impressive seal is seen.

Far from thy weeping friends, sweet maid,
Resistless fate thy footsteps led,—
Wide round thee clos'd the forest shade.
And health and hope thy bosom fled.

Yes, distant far from thy lov'd home,
Beneath a dark and cheerless sky,
'Twas thine, alas! sweet maid to roam,
And mid a lonely wild to die.

There, mid a trackless forest drear,
The last sad rites were briefly paid;
A grassy mound, and simple bier,
Along proclaim where thou art laid.

But, though amid the woodland's gloom
Thy relics all unhonour'd lie,
Though all unknown the rising tomb,
Thy name, sweet maid, shall never die.

For memory shall thy image trace,
And friendship all thy worth recal,
And love shall shield each early grace,
And kindred genius weep thy fall.

Nor shall thy rural tomb remain
Unrev'renc'd in the desert wild,—
Nor rude, nor wand'ring foot profane
The sod that wraps Affection's child.

But there some kindred heart shall raise
A guard around thy narrow bed;
And there the Muse shall breathe her lays,
And tears of love and pity shed.

And, journeying through the desert wild,
The stranger oft shall pause to see
Thy tomb amid its terrors pil'd,
And, sorrowing, drop the tear to thee.

And oft, as chance his footsteps lead,
Or as the chase directs him near,
The huntsman there thy woes shall read,
And, pensive, own thy fate severe.

Thus o'er thy grave each feeling breast
Shall nature's soothing tribute pay—
Shall bid thy gentle spirit rest,—
Then, musing, take their lonely way.

And, could Compassion's gentle sway
The spirits of the desert quell,
Each moaning blast should seem to say,
"Farewell, dear girl—sweet maid, farewell!"

W.

SONG.

Laura, thy sighs must now no more
My faltering step detain,
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o'er,
Nor clasp thee thus in vain.

Yet while thy bosom heaves that sigh,
While tears thy cheek bedew,
Ah! think—though doomed from thee to fly
My heart speaks no adieu.

There would I bid to cheek those sighs,
If thine were heard alone—
There would I bid to dry those eyes,
But tears are in my own—
One last long kiss—and then we part—
Another—and adieu—
I cannot aid thy breaking heart,
For mine is breaking too.

REFLECTION.

The ball of last night, say, my Emily, say,
Did it please us, my love, though so brilliant
and gay?—

'Twas not the bright region, which once it
had been,
When we flutter'd around it, to see and be
seen.

In thy looks (I could read them) were painfull
ly shown,
The thoughts of thy bosom—the thoughts of
my own.

And still on those looks, though the morning
is here,
Soft tinges of lingering sadness appear;
For the tale of thy heart is too heavy with
truth,

—Gone, gone, are the hours of enchantment
and youth;
They smil'd as they passed—but so gayly they
flew;

That we heard them not bid us for ever adieu.

Yet say do not others advancing appear!
Oh! turn and behold them, more kind, more
sincere.

More gentle are these, and though modest
their mien,
Though near them no frolics, no raptures are
seen,

Content, the calm pleasures, the virtues are
nigh,
And a form that instructs them and points to
the sky.

A world have I known thy attractions admire,
And thy spirits no toll, and no gayety tire;
Thy triumphs I shared—yet must youth pass
away,

And life, as it blossom'd—mature and decaying,
Regret for the past may the present destroy,
But no art can their pleasures united enjoy.

When the fruits of the autumn thy senses in-
vite,

No longer can spring with her promise delight;
When the bearch brightly blazes, the winter
to cheer,
When the song, and the dance, and the viol
we hear,

Ask not for the beams which the summer
adorn,
The soft sighs of eve, or the smiles of the
morn.

Look, Emily, look, through creation's wide
range,
All is life and extinction, succession and
change;

Advancing—retiring—our pleasures we see,
They are fleeting, my love, and as fleeting are
we;

The reasoner may sigh, and the beauty repine.
—'Tis the law of our being, enjoy and resign

Yet come, ye cold glooms, and ye clouds gather round,
 My bosom a refuge, a shelter has found,
 Thee Emily, thee; swiftly rolls on the year,
 But it finds thee more honoured, and leaves thee more dear:
 To thee my heart turns in all changes unmoved,
 And when dying shall bless thee—as living it loved!

TO CORDELIA.

"The theme though humble, yet august, and proud
 "The occasion—for the fair commands the song."
 COWPER.

LADY, when last in circle gay,
 We met to speed the wing of time;
 You bade me raise the simple lay,
 And tune my voice to dulcet rhyme.

And could I then refuse to sing,
 When you with sense and taste refin'd,
 Requir'd from Music's trembling string,
 The rapture of the minstrel's mind?

Ah! yes, for tho' my hands have stray'd
 O'er magic chords that thrill'd the soul;
 And tho' my voice its feeble aid,
 Essay'd the passions to control,

Yet then no chords my hands could move—
 My voice no soothing strain prolong,
 I could not breathe those notes of love,
 That melt in Pity's flowing song.

For, Lady, I have bade farewell,
 To airs of social mirth and glee;
 And taught my lips in sacred cell
 To frame the praise of Deity.

I love to chaunt in solemn hour,
 The hallow'd strains that Israel sung;
 And feel the sweet harmonic power.
 That trembl'd from the Psalmist's tongue.

And if with his celestial fire,
 I could Jehovah's praise rehearse;
 I'd strike the harp of golden wire
 And tune it to seraphic verse.

Then Lady, when in circle gay,
 We meet to speed the wing of time,
 I will thy mandate then obey,
 And sing for thee in sacred rhyme.
 Charleston, S. C. WILFRED.

THE VINDICATION.

Oh! no, my love; thy vindication
 My willing thoughts already find;
 The kindest heart may feel vexation,
 And wisdom leave the wisest mind;
 What tongue can tell each strange emotion,
 That rules the soul with wayward power;
 Countless as are the waves of ocean,
 And transient, as the sunny power.

Some friend, perhaps, with harsh intrusion,
 Had whisper'd censures too severe;
 Dispell'd, perhaps, some dear illusion
 Some hope to dreaming fancy dear;

The balls, to which, so gay we hasted,
 The circling scenes of fashions glare,
 Leave thee perhaps, with spirits wasted,
 The restless child of spleen and care.

Some pleasure fails thee for to-morrow;
 Or pleasure's self no more can please;
 A mind like thine, untouched by sorrow,
 A whim may fret, a trifle tease;
 Dear to my life, my bosom's treasure,
 Loving and loved, I ask no more,
 No critic scales have I to measure
 The faults of her that I adore.

—Midst rival winds, 'mid struggling trial
 Of chance and change, defeat and pain;
 'Tis thus that man can self-denial,
 And patience, temper, wisdom gain;
 But, heavenly woman, softness, beauty,
 Tears, sighs, and smiles! must woman learn.
 Mid sufferings learn, man's fitter duty,
 His colder heart, and virtues stern.

Oh! no, from me no haughty railings,
 No words of sway shall love dethrone;
 Unschool'd by me thy faults and failings,
 I turn to quarrel with my own:
 The poets to describe his blindness,
 Round Cupid's eyes a fillet drew,
 Come drop with me a veal of kindness,
 And shroud the eyes of Hymen too.

The Banks; or Western Melodias. No. 3.

"Oh! think not my spirits are always as light."
 Oh think not that cash will be always as scarce,
 And as hard to be got as it seems to be now;
 Nor expect that this laughable locking up
 farce,
 Will continue much longer to sadden your
 brow.

No! specie is always a moveable treasure,
 That seldom the vaults of a bank can retain;
 And the teller who fingers the silver with pleasure,
 Is always the first to return it again!

But send round the bowl, and be happy the while,
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
 Than the frown that bank paper can gild with a smile,
 Or the uncharter'd note that can banish a tear!

The gloom of our woods would be dark, heav'n knows,
 If there was not a bank here and there to be spied,
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When I find one erected on every hill side.

But they who have lov'd them the fondest, the purest,
 Too often, alas! are a little derang'd
 And the man who has fancied their paper securest,
 Is happy indeed when he gets it exchange'd;

But send round the bowl—while a Canton remains,
 Or a Union-town bank bill, this prayer shall be mine;
 That the sun-shine of gold they may see once again
 And the moon-light of silver console their decline.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A manuscript of about fifty pages, in the hand writing of Tasso, was lately purchased in Paris for the grand duke of Tuscany, for 4000 francs. It is remarked, that from the number of erasures, it is clear that this great Epic Poet was very familiar with the art of blotting.

Anacreon Moore.—A late London paper says, a seventh volume of Irish Melodies has just come forth. The airs are all genuine Irish, and possess the sweetness and originality which distinguish the former volumes, and they have received from sir John Stevenson the addition of beautiful accompaniments. Of the verses it is enough to say that they come from the pen of Thomas Moore, Esq.

OBITUARY—GENERAL PRESLEY NEVILLE.

DIED, at his residence, near the town of Neville, in the state of Ohio, General PRESLEY NEVILLE, in the 63d year of his age.

Death has laid his icy hand on one more veteran of the revolution, but although among his victims there have been some whose names were more familiar to the voice of fame, a better or a braver man has not yet fallen, than the object of this notice. General Neville was a native of Virginia. After graduating at the University of Pennsylvania, with distinguished reputation for classical attainments, he entered the army in the year 1775, at the age of nineteen, as an ensign in a company commanded by his father, the late general John Neville. He quickly rose to the rank of captain, and, as such, became aid-de-camp to the marquis de la Fayette, in which capacity he served several campaigns. Similarity of feeling and of manners, created an ardent friendship between these accomplished, and, at that time, young officers, which has continued uninterrupted ever since, and which retained major Neville in the family of the marquis for three years. At the expiration of that period he volunteered, with his father, to join the southern army, and received the brevet of lieutenant colonel. He was made prisoner at the surrender of Charleston, returned thence to Virginia on parole, and was not exchanged until the end of the war.

General Neville was in the battles of Princeton, Trenton, Germantown, Brandywine, and Monmouth; at the last of which he had a horse killed under him. At the close of the revolution he married the eldest daughter of general Daniel Morgan, and emigrated to a property which he held near Pittsburg, at that time in Virginia. In 1792 he removed to Pittsburg, where he continued until the year 1816. He then changed his residence to Ohio. He was always honoured with the friendship of general Washington, and until within a few years, he held many of the most confidential offices, under the general and state governments. Governor Snyder was the first to

inflict a wound on the peace and the pride of this distinguished citizen and meritorious soldier in the evening of his days, by removing him from the lucrative office of prothonotary of Allegany county;—we impeach not his motive, but we hope that it was such as to justify him at a future day.

It falls to the lot of but few men, to enjoy so great a degree of personal popularity, as has attended the subject of this notice, through a life of many years and much vicissitude. Until he had passed the meridian of life, he was favoured by Providence with the possession of an ample fortune, which enabled him to indulge to excess a benevolence as warm and as expansive as ever glowed in a mortal breast. If it had a fault, it was that it was too lavish for prudence, and too indiscriminate for justice; but it was the offspring of a heart too truly kind to allow prudential maxims to mingle in its counsels, and too honourable to doubt the rectitude of its ardent impulses. Like most generous men he suffered dearly for his liberality, but he repined not at the dispensations of Providence, nor repented of those acts which he performed with pleasure and reflected on with pride. He was admired by his equals, respected by his inferiors, and loved by all who knew him; the oppressed clung to him for support, and the prayers of the needy ascended to heaven in his favour. In general Neville, we had a brilliant example of the character which we may emphatically term that of a well bred gentleman. The distinguishing features of his character were a courteous hospitality, and a polished urbanity of manners. He carried into private life that nice sense of honour which so peculiarly belongs to the soldier, and which, though the native growth of his own bosom, was polished and refined in the camp. His affections were warm, and his philanthropy pervaded the whole tenor of his thoughts and actions. As a husband he was delicate and affectionate, as a father warm and indulgent, and as a man mild but firm. The rule of his conduct towards society was to do nothing which a gentleman should be ashamed of, and he cared but little what name the world might put upon his actions, if he gained the approbation of his own heart, without trespassing upon the feelings of others. Yet so nice was his sense of the delicacy which ought to be observed towards the opinion of the world, as well as the feelings of individuals, that it would have given him serious pain to reflect for a moment that he had offended against the one or the other in the most minute particular. He breathed his last on the banks of Ohio, not surrounded by all the comforts of life, for this would have been too great a happiness for an old soldier; but he drew his last sigh surrounded by his children, on the soil that was granted to him for his revolutionary services. At the present day the remembrance of those services are but of little value, except as a theme of pride to his numerous descendants, but the future historian will rank him among those heroes to whom his country owes her independence. O.

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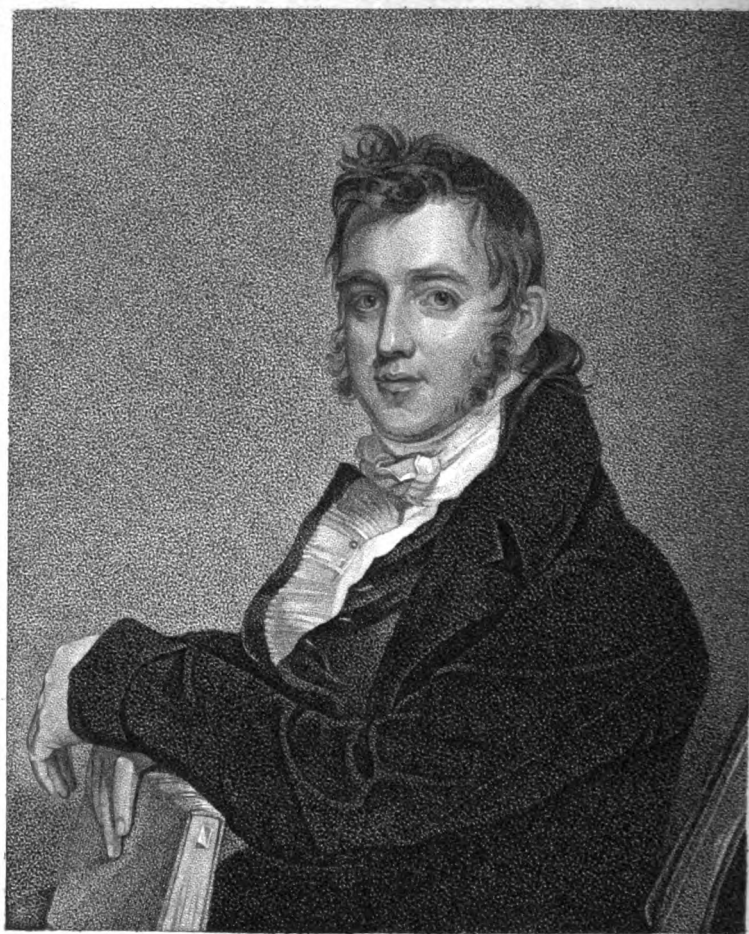
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Painted by T. Sully.

Engraved by C. Goodman & Co. New York.

As a Memorial of a Beloved Preceptor?

THIS PORTRAIT OF THE LATE

JOHN SYNG DORSEY M.D.

PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

WAS caused to be ENGRAVED by his PRIVATE PUPILS.

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

APRIL, 1819.

Embellished with a portrait of JOHN SYNG DORSEY, M.D.

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PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 209, CHESNUT STREET:

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN MILLER, 25 BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To C. C.—We receive a variety of letters from correspondents, who, in kindly offering advice on the best manner of conducting our miscellany, generally succeed so far as to let us understand what would be most agreeable to each individual. One complains that our articles are too long, and another finds fault with our brevity; one thinks the general complexion of our pages is of too serious a cast; while another complains that our speculations are too light. It would be endless to repeat the *recommendations* that we receive, and utterly impossible to adopt them. C. C. must be informed that the Port Folio is not calculated for persons in his situation, who have access to libraries and large collections of magazines. Our patronage is not in the cities, but in the sequestered places of rural life, where people *want to know what is going on*, and expect to get that important information from one literary and one or two political journals. We are aware that our engravings might be more numerous, and better executed, but we can assure C. C. and all others in like cases complaining, that we do as much as we can. Since the 1st January, 1816, when this work devolved upon us, the sums due from subscribers have increased to an aggregate of upwards of seven thousand dollars. Poverty may have contributed to swell this account, and the deranged state of the currency has born severely on our revenues; but we believe the delinquency is to be ascribed, chiefly, to the unpardonable indifference with which debts of this description are universally regarded. It is very questionable whether the patronage of literary miscellanies in this country bears any proportion to the enormous expense which they require. Nothing but an ardent zeal for the promotion of the great cause of letters would chain us to the oar, where we are obliged, literally, *to work our passage, against wind and tide*. Since the establishment of the Port Folio, several journals have been commenced in each of the larger cities in the United States. A certain “pride of place” has enabled these works to strut their little hour on the stage; but they have soon ceased to exist. Not all the classical learning, the fine taste, and the sound principles of the *Anthology* at Boston, could preserve that work; and it would be difficult to recount the number of failures in New York and Baltimore. These remarks are made in order to show that we are nurturing a plant of feeble growth, and require all the aid of the liberal. The tale to which C. C. alludes, was not published as “original,” and the note prefixed to the poetry entitled “Women,” was from an unknown correspondent. What trifles are these! If C. C. finds every number more “uninteresting” than the last, we have only to reply, that we have substantial testimony that our labours are more favourably received by other readers. We have to contend against all the difficulties arising from a scarce and depreciated currency, and a general apathy in regard to literary enterprises which are not of a novel and striking description, and which do not promise to pamper our pride by individual adulation. To these add, that booksellers occasionally pirate our pages, and injure the sale of the original, by publishing cheap copies of selected parts. The latest offenders of this description are Monroe and Francis, of Boston, who republished our papers on the Putnam controversy, and Wells and Lilly, of the same place, who, by reprinting the *Letters from Geneva*, have greatly affected the value of those volumes in which that correspondence first appeared. These volumes are not in our possession, it is true; but the remark is not the less applicable. No copy-right of the Port Folio has ever been taken out, because we did not anticipate any such interferences; but as we find that the ordinary rules of right are not sufficient to prevent wrong, we shall resort to effectual means for the protection of our property.

We readily inserted Mr. Allen’s song, which does credit to his taste and his patriotism. We did not discover, until too late to reject it, that it had been previously published in a weekly journal. The editor does not relish *morceaux* which have been blown upon.

The imitator of Scot must try it again.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. VII.

APRIL, 1819.

No. IV.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF JURISPRUDENCE.

THE following view of a very important subject is from the pen of *Peter S. Duponceau*, Esq. It was written for the new edition of the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, now publishing in this city by Mr. *Edward Parker*, through whose permission we are enabled to present it first to our readers. We have only to add to this excellent sketch, that since it passed through the hands of its learned author, and before it could be published in the form originally intended, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the States have no power to pass Bankrupt Laws. We earnestly hope that this important decision will hasten the period when an uniform System of Bankruptcy shall be enacted.

AMERICAN LAW.

THERE is, in fact, properly speaking, no general law of the United States of America, except the federal constitution, and the statutes enacted by congress in pursuance of it. Of course it extends only to such subjects, persons, and places as are within the purview of federal legislation.

The legislative powers of congress, vested in them by the constitution of the United States, are expressly defined by that instrument, which limits, at the same time that it declares, the au-

thority of the various branches of the federal government. These powers may be divided into three classes, or heads:

1. As they respect place or locality.
2. As they respect or affect persons.
3. As to their subject matter.

I. *Of local jurisdiction.*—By the sixteenth paragraph of the eighth section of the first article of the constitution, it is provided, "That congress shall have power to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such district, (not exceeding ten miles square,) as may by cession of particular states, and the acceptance of congress, become the seat of government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by the consent of the legislature, in which the same shall be for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other lawful buildings."

By virtue of this express grant, the congress have, and exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over the district of Columbia, where the seat of government is now established; and which has been duly ceded to the United States, by the states of Virginia and Maryland, of which it was formerly a part; and over the various spots of ground which they have purchased in like manner of different states, for the sites of forts, arsenals, and other similar establishments; yet although they have the power so to do, they have not yet established a general code of laws for those places in which they have the sole right of legislation; they have as yet gone no farther than to define certain offences, and fix their punishment by statute; in other cases, the laws of the states, from which the several districts were severed, have hitherto been suffered to prevail. It is understood that a code of civil laws for the district of Columbia has been ordered to be prepared; this, however, will, probably, be local in its nature, and will not extend to the other places over which the federal government has exclusive jurisdiction.

In the territories not yet erected into states, the congress also possess the right of general legislation; but do not exercise it by themselves; they have hitherto delegated it to the local and temporary governments which they have established over those territories.

Although the power of legislation on the high seas (exclusively of the separate states,) is not expressly granted to congress by any article of the constitution, (except in cases of piracy and felony); yet, it appears to flow naturally from the general tenor and object of that instrument, and may be even deduced from a fair construction of several of its parts. Congress, therefore, has found no difficulty in passing laws for the regulation of seamen in the merchants' service, which extend even to the forms of their contracts made at land. On the same principle, many are of opinion that the federal legislature has a right to regulate by law, all maritime contracts; such as insurance, bottomry, freight, and the like. Even shipwreck, the English statutes of Richard II. notwithstanding, appears fairly to be within the federal maritime and commercial jurisdiction.

II. *Of personal jurisdiction.* There appears to be also vested in congress an exclusive right of legislation in cases concerning or affecting certain descriptions of persons. In cases affecting foreign ambassadors and other public ministers and consuls, they have hitherto exercised this power with the general approbation, although it is not expressly granted to them, but is fairly deduced from their right to make war and peace, to negotiate treaties, and of course to maintain the nation in peace and harmony with foreign governments, and from the exclusive power vested in the federal tribunals to hear and decide on cases of this description.

Over alien enemies in time of war congress have also exercised the right of legislation, and the power appears to be generally conceded to them; but it is more doubted whether they can exercise the same over *alien friends*, by an alien law similar to that of Great Britain. Such an act was passed in the year 1798, at a time when it was believed that danger was to be apprehended from the emissaries of the directory of France (then a republic). But this law, the duration of which was limited to two years, and was at the time very unpopular, was suffered to expire by its own limitation, and has never since been re-enacted.

Over the persons composing the army and navy of the United States, congress have undoubtedly a right to legislate, and as far as relates to their military duties this right is admitted to be exclusive; they have even passed laws to exempt them from the ju-

jurisdiction of the states in civil cases; but it is not understood that they can by law free them from the consequences of a breach of the peace or violation of the criminal laws of the state in which they may reside at the time of the act committed.

Congress have also the power of exclusive legislation over their civil officers, as far as respects their official duties; they may likewise declare the privileges of their own members, and enforce them by their own authority.

III. *Of legislative power founded on the subject matter.* This class of legislative powers is the most numerous and the most diversified of all those that are vested in the congress of the United States, and within the various circles of this jurisdiction, their authority extends over all persons and places within the American territory. Notwithstanding all the pains that have been taken to define these several powers by the constitution, a great many of them must be gathered by construction or inference from the context of the whole or particular parts of the instrument. Of these some are exclusively granted to the federal legislature by express provisions in the constitution; others (though not so expressly given) yet appear from their very nature to be also exclusive, while others are vested in them concurrently with the legislatures of the several states. To discriminate correctly between the exclusive and the concurrent legislative powers of the federal and state governments is a matter of no small difficulty; it is best to leave the decision of all these doubtful points to the competent authorities, whenever the questions shall come properly before them.

The legislative powers which the constitution expressly vests in the congress of the United States are the following:

1. To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises.

The exercise of this power is limited to the object of "paying the debts and providing for the common defence and general welfare of the United States;" which seems to be rather the expression of the motives which induced the grant, than a restriction of the authority granted; yet it is not impossible that cases may occur in which this clause may be restrictively construed.

This power is also modified, in as much as the same paragraph

provides "that all duties, imposts and excises, shall be uniform throughout the United States."

2. To borrow money on the credit of the United States.

3. To regulate commerce with foreign nations, among the several states, and with the Indian tribes.

4. To establish an uniform rule of naturalization.

5. To make uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States.

A general uniform bankrupt law was made by congress in the year 1800, which was limited in its duration to five years. Three years afterwards it was repealed, and has not been since revived; though such a law is much wanted in the commercial towns.

6. To coin money, regulate its value, and that of foreign coins.

7. To fix the standard of weights and measures.

This power has not yet been acted upon.

8. To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States.

9. To establish post offices.

10. To *establish* post roads.

The construction of this last article has occasioned much discussion in and out of congress, and is not yet finally settled. Some are of opinion that it gives to the federal legislature the power of making new roads, others that it only authorises them to erect roads already made into *post roads*. The power of making *military* roads, for purposes of national *defence*, seems generally admitted without any restriction.

11. To promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing, for limited times, to authors and *inventors*, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries.

It is questioned whether this power extends to granting a patent, or exclusive right, to the person who should introduce an useful process of art or manufacture, not originally invented by him, but known and used in another country, though it should be kept a secret there, and its importation highly advantageous to the United States. In the case of Livingston and Fulton's steam boat, the court of appeals of the state of New York recognized the validity of a *state patent*, on the ground that the patentees did

not claim as *inventors*, and therefore that their claim was not within the above clause of the constitution.

12. To constitute a supreme court of judicature, and tribunals inferior to it.

13. To define and punish piracies and offences committed on the high seas.

14. To define and punish *offences* against the law of nations.

It is remarkable that the power to "declare and enforce the law of nations" in *others* than criminal cases, is not among the powers expressly vested by the constitution in the congress of the United States; nevertheless, it does not yet appear to have been doubted, that from the general purview and context of the instrument, congress is possessed of this power *to the fullest extent, and exclusively of the state legislatures.*

15. To declare war.

The only declaration of war that has yet been made under the constitution, has been in the *defensive* form "THAT WAR EXISTS." Still it does not follow that congress are restricted from *making* "offensive war."

16. To grant letters of marque and reprisal.

17. To make rules concerning captures on land and water.

18. To raise and support armies.

19. To provide and maintain a navy.

20. To make rules for the government of the land and naval forces.

21. To provide for calling forth the militia.

This power is restricted to three objects.

1. To execute the laws of the union.

2. To suppress insurrections.

3. To repel invasions.

As war has hitherto been *declared* by an act of congress or law; it seems that after such declaration congress have the power of "calling forth the militia" for the purpose of eventual defence, though no actual invasion should have taken place.

22. To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia.

23. To *provide for* GOVERNING such part of the militia as may be employed in the service of the United States.

The appointment of officers, and the authority of training the militia, are reserved to the states; the last to be exercised according to the discipline prescribed by congress.

24. To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers; and all other powers vested by the constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof.

25. Since the year 1808, congress have the power to prohibit the importation of *persons* into the United States, even though the particular states should think proper to admit them. Under this clause they have prohibited the importation of *slaves*.

The constitution has not only granted certain express legislative powers to congress, but has restricted them, in the same express manner, from exercising others. Such are the following:

1. Congress cannot appropriate monies for raising and supporting armies for a longer term than two years.

2. They cannot suspend the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, except in cases of rebellion or invasion, and not even then, unless the public safety requires it.

3. They cannot pass bills of attainder.

4. Nor *ex post facto* laws.

5. They cannot lay a capitation or direct tax except in certain proportions, which the constitution provides.

6. They cannot lay duties on articles exported from any state.

7. They cannot give a preference, by revenue laws, to the ports of one state over those of another.

8. They cannot oblige vessels bound to or from one state, to enter, clear, or pay duties in another.

9. They cannot grant titles of nobility.

10. They cannot make laws respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

11. Nor laws abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press.

12. Nor abridging the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition government for a redress of grievances.

13. Nor infringing the right of the people to keep and bear arms.

14. Nor in violation of any of the articles of the bill of rights

annexed to the constitution in the form of amendments, and adopted by the requisite majority of the states.

While the national government is thus restricted in its powers of legislation, it is, on the other hand, protected by analogous restrictions on the legislative authority of the states. By the tenth section of the first article of the constitution, various prohibitions are laid upon the individual states, some of which are absolute, and others merely interdict the exercise of certain powers, without the permission of congress first had and obtained.

The absolute prohibitions are the following:

1. No state shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or *confederation*.

By this last word is clearly understood, not only with foreign states, but *with each other*.

2. Nor grant letters of marque or reprisal.

This amounts to an absolute prohibition from entering into a *maritime war*.

3. They shall not coin money; emit bills of credit, nor make any thing but gold and silver a tender for the payment of debts.

4. Nor grant any title of nobility.

5. Nor pass any bill of attainder.

6. Nor *expost facto* law.

7. Nor law impairing the obligation of contracts.

The prohibition against making *expost facto laws*, has been judicially expounded to apply only to penal statutes. [*Calder v. Bull*; in Sup. Cur. U. S. 3. Dallas, 386.] It does not, therefore, apply to laws merely affecting civil rights or engagements. These are provided for by the following clause, which prohibits the states from making laws *impairing the obligation of contracts*. There is a case at this moment before the supreme court at Washington, which involves the question whether an insolvent law, enacted by a state legislature, by which not only the person of the debtor, but the debt itself is discharged, comes within this prohibition. As to debts existing at the time of passing the law, there can be no doubt that, a state has no power to declare them discharged in any case against the will of the creditor; if the statute, however, is prospective, and to affect only such debts as may be contracted after its passage, there seems more reason to hesitate, as every contract is considered as made with a view

to the existing laws, and to be modified by them; but we will not anticipate on the decision of the supreme tribunal of the union.

We pass now on to the legislative powers which the states can only exercise with the permission of congress, and they are the following:

1. To engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will admit of no delay.
2. To keep troops or ships of war *in time of peace*.
3. To enter into any agreement or compact with *another state*, or foreign power,
4. To lay duty on tonnage.
5. Or any impost or duty on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing the states' inspection laws.

It is further provided, that all state laws laying imposts or duties on imports or exports, shall be subject to the revision and control of congress, and that the produce of all such duties or imposts shall be for the use of the treasury of the United States.

Thus our national constitution offers the novel spectacle of a confederacy of independent governments limited in their powers by a supreme government which has itself but a limited authority; so that it may be truly said, that a *general legislative power* exists in no delegated body of men in this country. Round the federal as well as round the state governments, the constitution has traced various circles, beyond which, like the sun and stars in the firmament, the power which created them has forbidden them to move.

That power is **THE PEOPLE**. Their paramount authority is secured by two special amendments to the constitution.

ARTICLE IX. The enumeration in the constitution of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by **THE PEOPLE**.

ARTICLE X. The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to **THE STATES** respectively, or to **THE PEOPLE**.

This last clause has established a very material difference between the powers of the federal and those of the state governments. The latter may legislate in all cases where they are not restricted by the constitution of the United States, or by their own, while

the congress can make no laws but in pursuance of the special authority delegated to them. This amendment was introduced to allay the great jealousy which at that time was entertained of the powers of the federal government, which many were led to believe would, in the end, annihilate and destroy the individual states, or reduce them to the rank of mere corporations. Experience has since proved that jealousy to be unfounded, and hitherto the federal government has received more efficient opposition from the states, in the exercise of its lawful authority, than the states from the federal government. The strong impediments opposed to the measures of the federal administration, during the last war, by certain states are well remembered; as well as the opposition made by the state of Pennsylvania for a number of years, to the exercise in a particular case of the admiralty jurisdiction of the federal Judiciary; and it is well known, also, that the state governments, by their powerful influence, have succeeded in withdrawing themselves entirely from the authority of the federal tribunals in controversies between them and individuals, to which the constitution, as first established, had subjected them. It is much to be wished that this authority were revived, so as to enable, at least, the federal courts to decide as arbitrators between individuals and the state governments, leaving the execution of their judgments to the honourable discretion of the latter. The usual compulsory means employed by courts of justice to enforce their decisions, do not well comport with the honour and dignity of sovereign states; but the greatest potentates of the earth have not disdained to submit their differences, even with their own subjects, to the arbitration of others than themselves.

With such a limited scope of legislation, it cannot be expected, that the laws made by the congress of the United States have yet reached many objects. The organization of the different branches of their own government, the regulation of the army and navy, the revenue, the public lands, the privileges of ambassadors, the militia, the rights of neutrality, and the definition and punishment of crimes and offences committed on the high seas, and in other places subjected to their exclusive jurisdiction, form the principal titles in the federal code. It is in the laws of the different states, that we are to look for what may be called the gene-

ral system of American jurisprudence. The federal courts are bound by those laws whenever they apply, and are, in fact, auxiliary to their due administration. So the state courts and magistrates, in many cases, lend an auxiliary hand to the administration of the federal laws.

In the states, however, we find nothing like a general system of legislation; they are at present, like the different provinces of France before the late revolution, each governed by its own local laws, usages, and customs. In most of the states, the common law of England, under certain modifications, is received as the law of the land; but it is not so in all; in Louisiana, for instance, it is rejected altogether, and a local code, (a servile copy of the *code Napoleon*) is the rule of civil rights; which the Roman law and the law of Spain are called in to explain, in doubtful cases. In Connecticut, (and, it is believed, in most, if not all, the New England states,) the common law is only binding in cases where its principles have been sanctioned by some act of their legislatures, or decision of their tribunals; in all other cases, it is respected as an equitable system, but has no obligatory force. "The common law," says an excellent commentator on the laws of Connecticut, "has never been considered to be more obligatory here than the civil law of England." *Swift's System of the Laws of Conn.* vol. I. p. 44, 45.

Thus, the common law of England is not the common law of the United States, generally speaking; and, in fact, as a confederated body, they have no common law, but the constitution and statutes of the union. So early as the year 1807, the supreme court of the United States declared, by the organ of the chief justice, MARSHALL, that the federal courts, being created by written law, had no jurisdiction but that given to them by statute. The question was, whether the power given to the court by act of congress to issue writs of *habeas corpus*, could be construed or explained by the *common law*, as to its application to particular cases. The court decided that it could not. *Ex parte Bollman*, 4 Cranch, 93. In a later case, the same court determined that they had no common law jurisdiction on the subject of libels, or in other words, in criminal cases. *United States v. Hudson*, 7 Cranch, 32. This was a case from the federal circuit court for Connecticut, in which the defendant was indicted for a libel on the president and con-

gress of the United States. If the indictment was founded on the common law of *England*, the principle on which the jurisdiction of the circuit court was denied, is easily understood; not so if the defendant was indicted for an offence made such by the common law of *Connecticut*, which, it would seem, the federal circuit court was bound to administer. Is, then, a libel no offence by the common law of that state, and were not the president and congress, in common with others, entitled to be protected by it? It must be acknowledged, that the report of that case is not very clear upon this subject.

Certain it is, however, that in criminal cases, the English common law has been decided not to be the common law of the United States, considered as an aggregate community; nevertheless, it has often been resorted to for the purpose of expounding institutions evidently borrowed from that system, and its forms have occasionally been employed to carry those institutions into effect. Thus, *trial by jury*, being a part of the law of the United States, its incidents in all cases not otherwise provided for by statute or local practice, have been regulated by the rules and principles of that system from which this noble institution was derived, *the common law of England*.

In the states where the common law obtains, it is variously modified by local statutes. It is difficult to reduce those modifications to a general system, as they vary considerably from each other. There are, however, certain features which appear to be common to all the states, and may properly be here mentioned.

1. The law of primogeniture is abolished in all the states; but the rules of descent which have been introduced in the place of it, are not the same every where. In general, the rule of the English statute of distributions has been applied to descents, not, however, without some variations and modifications. In Pennsylvania, inheritances ascend in certain cases, and the father and mother take by *ascend*; in the same state collaterals, in defect of lineal heirs, take by representation *ad infinitum*.

2. Entails have in all the states either been entirely abolished, or some easy mode of barring them has been introduced by statute. In Pennsylvania it is sufficient that the tenant in tail declare in a deed of bargain and sale, that it is his intention to bar the entail and convey a fee simple.

3. Joint tenancies of lands have in most of the states been abolished, and converted into tenancies in common. Trust estates are generally excepted from this provision.

4. The old incidents to the feudal tenures, as waifs, estrays, doodands and the like, have in some states been abolished, and in all are entirely out of use. A wager of law or battle would hardly be permitted in the United States.

5. The forms of proceeding have been greatly simplified in almost all the states, and special pleading is fast going out of use. In Pennsylvania the fictitious mode of proceeding in ejectments, has been abolished, and a more rational mode of proceeding substituted in lieu of it. It is believed to have been done also in other states.

6. All lands in the United States are held in free and common socage or allodially. All grants of land made by the state of New York are in *allodium*; in practice, however, lands thus held are considered as held in *fee simple*.

7. The penal laws of England have been mitigated in all the states, and rendered less sanguinary. The punishment of death is seldom inflicted, and the penitentiary system has been introduced almost every where.

8. The right of holding lands has been extended to aliens in many of the states. The *droit d'aubaine* of the common law, which subjects lands so held to confiscation, is still preserved in some of them, but may be considered as a dead letter, never having been enforced, that we know of, against a bona fide alien purchaser. After his death, however, it is difficult for his alien heirs to obtain possession of his property, because of the principle that *they have no inheritable blood*.

The administration of justice is, in general, on the English model, with simplified forms. In criminal cases, and in civil cases, at the common law, the trial is by jury. Trial by compulsory arbitration has lately been introduced into the state of Pennsylvania, and it is certain that this mode of proceeding has prevented much tedious and expensive litigation. The parties are heard before the arbitrators, and an appeal lies from their decision to a court and jury; not however, unless the party swears that he does not appeal for the sake of delay. Equity in most of the states, is administered by courts of chancery, variously constituted; in some

(as in the federal tribunals) equity jurisdiction is vested in the common law judges, who proceed in such cases, according to the forms of the English chancery court. In Pennsylvania, there is no court vested with equity jurisdiction, except in a few specified cases; the principles, however, on which courts of equity determine, are considered, where they apply, as part of the law of the state. The probate of wills and granting of letters of administration, with their incidents, belong to special tribunals created for that express purpose, under the various denominations of surrogates, registers of wills, judges of probate, and the like; with an appeal in some states to the court exercising chancery powers, in others to a Register's court and an Orphan's court, in which certain parts of the jurisdiction of the English ecclesiastical courts are vested for that purpose. The admiralty and prize jurisdiction belongs to the federal tribunals, and is at present vested in the district courts, with an appeal to the circuit courts, and ultimately to the supreme court of the union. The jurisdiction of the instance courts of admiralty, is restricted, as in England under the statutes of Richard II., though an opinion begins to prevail, that it ought to be further enlarged. In revenue causes, however, this jurisdiction has been extended to all cases of seizure for the violation of impost laws, or of those for the regulation of navigation or trade, when the seizure has been made on waters navigable from the sea by vessels of ten or more tons burthen. Such cases are tried *without a jury*. *United States v. Schooner Betsey and Charlotte*, 4 Cranch, 529.

Upon the whole, in the United States, the English system of jurisprudence is gradually undergoing great changes and modifications; which will probably produce, after a lapse of time, a different code; but whether better or worse, it is impossible to foresee. In some of the states, already, laws have been made to prohibit the reading or quoting in courts of justice the reports of English decisions made since the period of the American revolution. This course of legislation is not generally approved; it is thought that it would be better to amend the common law where it is thought deficient, than to prohibit the expositions given of it by learned men of any country. But it is always easier to cut down the tree than to prune it.

LORD BYRON'S RESIDENCE IN THE ISLAND OF MITYLENE.

A correspondent of the *New Monthly Magazine*, who signs himself "J. Mitford," gives the following interesting account of Lord Byron's residence in the island of Mitylene:—"In sailing through the Grecian Archipelago, on board one of his Majesty's vessels, in the year 1812, we put into the harbour of Mitylene, in the island of that name. We landed as usual, at the bottom of the bay, and whilst the men were employed in watering, and the purser bargaining for cattle with the natives, the clergyman and myself took a ramble to the cave called Homer's School, and other places, where we had been before. On the brow of mount Ida (a small monticule so named) we met with and engaged a young Greek as our guide, who told us he had come from Scio with an English lord, who left the island four days previous to our arrival in his felucca. 'He engaged me as pilot,' said the Greek, 'and would have taken me with him, but I did not choose to quit Mitylene, where I am likely to get married. He was an odd, but a very good man. The cottage over the hill, facing the river, belongs to him, and he has left an old man in charge of it; he gave Dominick the wine trader, six hundred zechides for it, (about 250*l.* English currency,) and has resided there about fourteen months, though not constantly; for he sails in his felucca very often to the different islands.'

"This account excited our curiosity very much, and we lost no time in hastening to the house where our countryman had resided. We were kindly received by an old man, who conducted us over the mansion. It consisted of four apartments on the ground floor—an entrance hall, a drawing room, a sitting parlour, and a bedroom, with a spacious closet annexed. They were all simply decorated; plain green-stained walls, marble tables on either side, a large myrtle in the centre, and a small fountain beneath, which could be made to play through the branches by moving a spring fixed in the side of a small bronze Venus in a leaning posture; a large couch or sofa completed the furniture. In the hall stood half a dozen English chairs, and an empty book case: there were no mirrors, nor a single painting. The bedchamber had merely a

large mattress spread on the floor, with two stuffed cotton quilts and a pillow—the common bed throughout Greece. In the sitting room we observed a marble recess, formerly, the old man told us, filled with books and papers, which were then in a large seaman's chest in the closet: it was open, but we did not think ourselves justified in examining the contents. On the tablet of the recess lay Voltaire's, Shakspeare's, Boileau's, and Rousseau's works complete; Volney's *Ruins of Empires*; Zimmerman, in the German language; Klopstock's *Messiah*; Kotzebue's novels; Schiller's play of the Robbers; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, an Italian edition, printed at Parma, in 1810; and several small pamphlets from the Greek press at Constantinople, much torn. Most of these books were filled with marginal notes, written with a pencil in Italian and Latin. The *Messiah* was literally scribbled all over, and marked with slips of paper, on which also were remarks.

“The appearance of the house externally was pleasing. The portico in front is fifty paces long and fourteen broad, and the fluted marble pillars with black plinths and fret-work cornices, (as it is now customary in Grecian architecture,) were considerably higher than the roof. The roof, surrounded by a fine light stone balustrade, was covered by a fine Turkey carpet, beneath an awning of strong coarse linen. Most of the house tops are thus furnished, as upon them the Greeks pass their evenings in smoking, drinking light wines, eating fruit, and enjoying the evening breeze.

“On the left hand, as we entered the house, a small streamlet glided away; grapes, oranges, and limes were clustering together on its borders, and under the shade of two large myrtle bushes, a marble seat with an ornamental wooden back was placed, on which we were told, the lord passed many of his evenings and nights till twelve o'clock, reading, writing, and talking to himself. ‘I suppose,’ said the old man, ‘*praying*, for he is very devout, and always attended our church twice a week, besides Sundays.’

“The view from this seat was what might be termed ‘a bird's eye view.’ A line of rich vineyards led the eye to mount Calça, covered with olive and myrtle trees in bloom, and on the summit of which an ancient Greek temple appeared in majestic decay. A small stream issuing from the ruins descended in broken cas-

cedes, until it was lost in the woods near the mountain's base. The sea, smooth as glass, and an horizon unshadowed by a single cloud, terminates the view in front; and a little on the left, through a vista of lofty chesnut and palm trees, several small islands were distinctly observed, studding the light blue wave with spots of emerald green. I seldom enjoyed a view more than I did this; but our inquiries were fruitless as to the name of the person who had resided in this romantic solitude; none knew his name but Dominic, his banker, who had gone to Canada. 'The Armenian,' said our conductor, 'could tell, but I am sure he will not.'—'And cannot you tell, old friend?' said I. 'If I can,' said he, 'I dare not.' We had not time to visit the Armenian, but on our return to the town, we have learnt several particulars of the isolated lord. He had portioned eight young girls when he was last upon the island, and even danced with them at the nuptial feast. He gave a cow to one man, horses to others, and cotton and silk to the girls who live by weaving these articles. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale, and he often gave Greek Testaments to the poor children. In short he appeared to us, from all we collected, to have been a very eccentric and benevolent character. One circumstance we learnt, which our old friend at the Cottage thought proper not to disclose. He had a most beautiful daughter, with whom the lord was often seen walking on the sea shore, and he had brought her a piano forte, and taught her himself the use of it.

"Such was the information with which we departed from the peaceful isle of Mitylene; our imagination all on the rack, guessing who this rambler in Greece could be. He had money, it was evident; he had philanthropy of disposition, and all those eccentricities which mark peculiar genius. Arrived at Palermo all our doubts were dispelled. Falling in company with Mr. Foster, the architect, a pupil of Wyatt's, who had been travelling in Egypt and Greece, 'the individual' said he, 'about whom you are so anxious, is lord Byron; I met him in my travels in the island of Tenedos, and I also visited him at Mitylene.' I make this statement, believing it not quite uninteresting, and in justice to his lordship's good name, which has been grossly slandered. He has been described as of an unfeeling disposition, averse to associating

with human nature, or contributing in any way to sooth its sorrows, or add to its pleasures. The fact is directly the reverse, as may be plainly gathered from these little anecdotes. No man can read the preceding pleasing 'traits' without feeling proud of him as a countryman. With respect to his loves or pleasures, I do not assume a right to have an opinion. Reports are ever to be received with caution, particularly when directed against a man's moral integrity; and he who dares justify himself before the awful tribunal where all must appear, alone may censure the errors of a fellow mortal. Lord Byron's character is worthy of his genius. To do good in secret and shun the world's applause, is the surest testimony of a virtuous heart and self-approving conscience."

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

La Campagne de 1815, ou Relation des Opérations Militaires qui ont lieu en France et en Belgique, pendant les cents jours; écrite a Ste. Hélène, par le Général Gourgaud. London, Ridgway, 1818.

Ever since the imperial tyger has been chained to the rock, the public has been amused by promises of something authentic in defence of the matchless enormities with which he has been charged. Book after book has appeared, but the grand mover of these puppets still keeps himself concealed. We have seen nothing to obliterate the recollection of his guilty course; what has been published, has generally been found to be false; what was true, was frivolous. This general Gourgaud is the gentleman who formed so conspicuous a figure in the pages of the credulous Mr. Warden. What will sadly puzzle the reader of this book, will be to discover how the power of the great emperor came to be overturned, since it does not appear that he ever encountered an enemy who was worthy of his notice. The glorious captain who made him bite the dust and relieved Europe from his iron hand, is a mere cypher. This is exactly in character. Magnanimity is a word which never existed in the Corsican's vocabulary. We are informed by this author that Bonaparte attributes the loss of the battle of Waterloo, chiefly, 1st, to the uncertainty of marshal Grouchy on the 17th respecting the movements of the army. If on the evening of the 17th he had been at Wavres

in communication with the left of the army, Blucher would not have dared to uncover himself before him, where Grouchy would then have followed him. 2d. To the misconception of the instructions given to this marshal, and the non-reception of the orders sent him on the night between the 17th and 18th, and on the morning of the 18th; and on the other part to the unseasonable attack which marshal Ney made with the cavalry, two hours too soon, notwithstanding the reiterated orders of the emperor. General Gourgaud endeavours to show that the battle of Waterloo could not have decided the fate of France, if Fouché and others had done their duty. The French army under Paris was equal, in numbers to that of the allies: and if they had been attacked when they marched through the valley of Montmorency toward St. Germain and Versailles, leaving their left flank totally uncovered during the whole operation, they would have been completely destroyed. The capital was abandoned without a struggle to an army only equal in force, whilst the Austrian and Russian armies were still at a distance of more than fifteen days march. "This was undoubtedly," he says, "one of the most shameful transactions recorded in the history of France."

RAWLE'S ADDRESS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

An Address delivered before the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture; at its anniversary meeting, 19th January, 1819. By William Rawle, one of the members. Philadelphia, pp. 35. 8vo.

It is the object of the author of this "Address" to consider, in a national point of view, the important subject of migration. He treats, first of that migration which is produced by force, and, secondly, of that which is voluntary. To the paternal care of James I. we were indebted for the first exportation of *dissolute rogues* from the mother country to these provinces, and Holland sent us the first cargo of slaves. Many attempts were made to prevent this injurious trade, "but colonists," says Mr. Rawle, "can do little more than murmur and submit." p. 7.

From this repulsive part of the subject we are quickly led to the consideration of voluntary migration. It is very properly premised, that while irrational animals, in their natural state, are confined to particular portions of the earth, man alone may be

traced in almost every latitude, and on almost every soil. Impelled by want, or animated by hope, he changes his place of dwelling, without any dread as to the means of subsistence. We are glad to find the impressive authority of Mr. *Rawle's* opinion in direct opposition to a flagitious doctrine which still has some advocates in our enlightened days. He insists that those who live by the chase alone cannot be divested of their right in the soil, by those who wish to cultivate it, but by the ordinary means of a bargain and sale.

"If the right of possession," says this profound lawyer, "were once admitted to be founded on the utility of employment, the cottager, who was desirous to cultivate a garden, might claim the ornamental lawn, or the enclosed park of his wealthy neighbour. What would be iniquitous and absurd among individuals, would not be less so in respect to nations; and a sort of public piracy would thus be generated, accompanied with this peculiar character, that its own acquisitions would be as destitute of permanency as of justice; since every person, claiming a title under it, would be equally bound to surrender it to him who afterwards proved that he could employ it to greater advantage." p. 13.

The progress of agriculture will be sufficient to extirpate or civilize the aborigines, without resorting to open hostilities. This has been the humane policy of the society of Friends in New York and Ohio, and they have been imitated with success by some liberal individuals on the borders of Georgia. An eloquent appeal to Congress has likewise been made by the Friends in this state, New Jersey, Delaware, and the eastern shore of Maryland. These efforts have stimulated the emulation of a few persons in the city of New York, and if the aversion and cupidity of our frontier inhabitants did not offer an obstacle which we deem almost insurmountable, we should indulge a hope that the wandering savage might be tamed to the wholesome restraints of civilized life.

Mr. *Rawle* divides our citizens into farmers, manufacturers, and those who pursue commerce. Of these, the first class is, by far, the most numerous and powerful, and it is to that, chiefly, that our author seems to be willing to admit any addition; though indeed he makes no objection to the artist who would confine himself to the fabrication of those articles which are either indispensable or conducive to the solid comforts of society. It will per-

haps repress the flippant sneers of foreign writers, to be told that so far from inviting emigration, we think that "this country is not required to make any material alteration in its polity, for the purpose of alluring strangers to join it." p. 19. Such is the opinion of Mr. *Rawle*, and there is no man in the community whose judgment is entitled to more respect.

He contends that it is simply a question of self-interest. We do not want foreigners to meliorate our social or political situation, because we have adopted so many of the European arts and sciences as to secure our domestic convenience: and in politics, they can render us no service beyond that of teaching what should be avoided: nor do we require their aid to protect us, as every man, woman, and child in America has been recently convinced that we can defy the hostility of combined Europe. We have no surplus produce to be consumed, since that is transported abroad by commerce. We have waste lands, it is true, but Mr. *Rawle* thinks, from the doubling of our population in twenty years,—1790–1810—that soil will be more in demand, in time, than inhabitants.

Some useful remarks occur on the mode by which migration may be protected from the mercenary and sometimes cruel conduct of owners and masters of vessels, who stint in provisions, and surcharge in their crews. In this State the owner is answerable, if an emigrant, whom he has brought hither, becomes chargeable on the county.

The author next treats of the process of receiving the emigrant into our country. All persons are equally entitled to the protection of the law. If an emigrant wish to become a citizen, he must declare that intention at a particular office, after which he may mingle in the mass of population unperceived and unquestioned. He may travel in all parts of our country without hearing of *passports* and *police*,—terms for which we doubt whether Dr. M—— could find any equivalents in the independent dialect of "Fredonia." "Every where," to use an emphatical phrase which we lately heard from the lips of an intelligent Frenchman, "he would see the effect of government, but in no place the arm."

The emigrant, in the next place, would enjoy the freedom of religious opinion, so long as his practice does not disturb the public peace.

The acquisition of property is placed upon terms sufficiently convenient. Mr. *Rawle* contends very properly against withholding from the alien the right of holding land immediately after his arrival:

"If the artist may open his workshop, fabricate and dispose of his wares; the merchant, with a small additional charge of tonnage duty, purchase and employ ships, or fill his stores with his own goods on their respective arrivals, surely the husbandman should not be compelled to remain years before he is allowed to become the proprietor of the very subject which he migrates to obtain." p. 25.

By a law of this commonwealth (March, 1818) an alien may hold lands not exceeding five thousand acres; and after a residence of five years, if he is a man of good moral character, and attached to the constitution of the United States, he may become a citizen. As soon as he assumes this character, his allegiance is due to the adopted country. His talents belong to the common stock, and his attachments should be removed as near as possible to his new associates. Our author condemns all establishments of individuals from abroad from which Americans are excluded. "They form," he says, "English, French, and German colonies in the heart of our territory." p. 29. And they show, that while they are ready to "abjure the allegiance of the law," they still adhere "to the allegiance of opinion." p. 30.

Nearly half the lands in this commonwealth are still unoccupied, although we have a healthy climate, good soil, and clear streams. The public interest has been shamefully neglected by our legislature. Immense sums have been appropriated for internal improvements, chiefly to effect political measures. Intruders from other states have located themselves upon our lands, and the owners, unable to obtain redress from the courts, or protection from the legislature, have been compelled to relinquish their property for a tenth part of its value. A better spirit begins to prevail. Our fears are alarmed by the competition for the western trade, which has been excited by an aspiring rival in the south, and a vain-glorious sister in the north. Our resources have been developed by the useful labours of Mr. C. Breck and Mr. W. J. Duane. They are splendid, powerful, and inexhaustible. Let us

then endeavour to extinguish the flame of political strife, and devote our labours to those measures which will cement the union, augment individual comfort, and insure the stability of the commonwealth.

With regard to the vacant lands, Mr. *Rawle* suggests a measure which ought to be adopted without delay. In order to enable emigrants to ascertain without difficulty the owner of land, the price, qualities, &c. he recommends that some sort of local register should be provided. "We may, perhaps," says this gentleman, "account for so much of our fertile land in Pennsylvania being passed over by those who proceed annually in great numbers to the westward, from this want of information as to the owners."

We should suppose that an office of this description might be opened in Philadelphia, and the agent might attend to the payment of taxes and other incidental matters.

We hope we have succeeded in giving a tolerable sketch of this "Address;" a task to which we were attracted, not less by the intrinsic importance of the subject, than by a desire to thank the author for the laudable example which he has presented to his associates. His book is full of useful and sententious truths, which demand the grave attention of our rulers, not less than that of the emigrant.



FRUGALITY.

FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependance, and invite corruption. It will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others, and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it, very few would be poor.

THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF A SINGLE FAULT.

(Concluded from page 217.)

LADY Sommers was now all attention—Belton still wanted courage to proceed. At length, with some hesitation, he added, Some one inquire of Foster, who and where is this sir Henry Sommers who makes you his agent? The answer to this question escaped me; but I heard another person say, the bills must be taken up, or we come upon sir Henry Sommers in two days. And you heard no more, Belton? No more, madam. I thank you, I sincerely thank you; and hastily withdrawing to conceal her emotion, she rejoined her husband, to whom she communicated the intelligence.—“I see it all,” exclaimed he; “the storm approaches; the thunder rolls over my head; I am cast from happiness and prosperity, and laid level with the lowest dust. And you, Eliza, who might have done honour to the first peer in England, you who must have been raised to the highest station, but for the chance I have hitherto thought so happy—” He paused; unable to proceed from the violence of his emotion.—“No, Henry, you pity me,” exclaimed Eliza, “but with little reason—were I plunged into poverty, I should still be grateful to Providence for having united me to the husband of my choice—for having in him bestowed a treasure far more precious than every other blessing. Prove to me that I am sufficient to your happiness, and never shall I breathe a sigh of envy or regret. Come, my dear Henry, let us be prepared for the worst. What if we should leave this splendid mansion; if I still lean on your arm, I shall have no cause to lament the change; for in comparing what I leave with what I carry with me, believe me I shall still boast of my unbounded wealth.” “Oh! Eliza, what words are these? It is the dew of heaven which sheds on my soul a delicious balm! I am no longer disturbed with the phantoms which oppressed me. Hope revives;—I am born again; I owe my very existence to your matchless love.”

At this moment they were interrupted by the sound of a carriage, and in a few moments Foster was announced. At the first glance, Sommers whispered to Eliza, “How is this man’s countenance altered!”—“His countenance is indeed clouded,” replied Eliza; “’tis the expression of remorse.”—“Incomparable creature! you anticipate my meaning; you generously suggest my excuse;—you have learnt to divine my most secret thoughts;—you alone have the power to mitigate my sufferings.”

Foster approached the unhappy pair in evident confusion; but quickly recalling his confidence, he began with the dry prolixity of a man of business to detail his various operations in the public funds, all, he insisted, undertaken at the express desire of sir Henry Sommers—at his instance, and

with his authority. He then enlarged on the unforeseen circumstances which had thwarted his plans, solemnly protesting he had always considered his own interest as identified with that of Sommers, and that he was in fact equally involved in his misfortune. He only blamed himself for not having transmitted daily intelligence, though to little purpose, since they who once adventured on speculation cannot recede without certain loss, and by confidence alone can obtain success. "Whence had you the money employed in this disastrous speculation?" interrupted Henry.—"Of course the money was raised by bills to which you had signed an indorsement." At these words Eliza, by an involuntary movement, pressed her husband's arms, and not daring to trust herself or him at that moment, she led the way to an apartment, in which an hospitable repast was provided for their fatal guest.

The servant being dismissed, the subject was resumed by Eliza, who wished, if possible, to be the medium of communication between Foster and her husband. In answer to her inquiries, Foster frankly confessed that the loss would be considerable, but he conceived not irreparable. Sommers eagerly demanded the sum—reiterating the question with unusual vehemence. "I am unable to speak with precision, but I should conceive it will not exceed sir Harry's fortune." Sommers darted on his wife a look of unutterable import, accompanied with an indignant exclamation. "We must keep our temper," rejoined Foster, coolly. "I have been exposed to many casualties, and I always kept my temper—with patience and courage."—"Ay, sir, patience and courage might do for you; but you forget I have been hitherto a man of honour." "Hold! Henry," exclaimed Eliza; "for Heaven's sake be calm;" and following him to the sofa, on which he had thrown himself with the violence of desperation, she whispered: "Do not rashly irritate the man who has our fate in his power;—at least command your feelings till we have discovered our real situation."—Then turning to Foster, who had risen, apparently with the intention to withdraw, in evident displeasure, she thus addressed him: "Hear me, sir; I trust I am able to speak to you with composure." She paused, with an air so gentle, so serene, and yet so dignified, that even Foster was not insensible to her influence. He bowed with involuntary respect; and she continued—"It has unhappily been your misfortune—I well know it was not your intention—to bring desolation on a prosperous, a happy family, who had never injured you, nor perhaps one human being. It has pleased that Providence, which so long showered on us its choicest blessings, to prove our constancy by afflictions, which, I trust, we shall learn to support with patient resignation. We have but one child, a daughter, for whom we should perhaps have formed ambitious hopes. It will be our future task to prepare her for a new, and perhaps a more happy station." Here

her voice faltered; unutterable anguish was painted on her husband's countenance; even Foster cast down his eyes with some emotion. "What my husband now requests of you," continued Eliza, "is an exact statement of his affairs; a written affirmation of the obligations he has contracted to your creditors. Can you, and will you, Mr. Foster, in this instance satisfy us?"—"I will, madam; to-morrow sir Henry shall be in possession of every circumstance:—I pledge my word."—"It is not to me alone that it must be given," exclaimed Henry: "this angel requires it, and if you deceive her—a terrible vengeance shall pursue the falsehood." Foster retreated; he even appeared to tremble; then bending with reverence to Eliza, he replied, in faltering accents—"Yes, I pledge myself to that incomparable being whom man could not wrong. I will keep my word sacred. Would that for her sake I could recall the past!" He then quitted them with agitation, and even with contrition.

As Foster receded from the house, the afflicted pair, side by side, continued to watch his steps; his image seemed to haunt them like a phantom by which they had been appalled, and from which they could not avert their gaze. "At length, then," said Henry, "we communicate our thoughts without the intervention of words. We understand each other without explanation. Thou art good, supremely good, and I am all unworthy of the goodness—Enough of this; till to-morrow arrives we will not resume the subject."—"Agreed," cried Eliza, "and let us admit to our tea-table our dear little Clara, who has been almost exiled from us these two last days." At the name of his daughter, Henry breathed a deep sigh, and mechanically followed his wife to the drawing room, where the little Clara sprung towards him, and with open arms invited his accustomed caresses. But she was no longer welcomed with gladness. Henry kissed her cheek whilst tears swam in his eyes; then assuming a languid smile—soon chased by the bitterness of self-reproach—he gazed alternately on the mother and the daughter with an unutterable expression of mournful tenderness.

The apartment in which they were sitting was furnished with peculiar elegance. The long Grecian window opened on a beautiful lawn, and faced a hill crowned with the luxuriant verdure of May. The superb vases were embellished with flowers, which diffused through the air delicious fragrance. Still these agreeable impressions served but to fill sir Henry with the melancholy presage, that they were never to be renewed, and that this was the last time he should enjoy them. At length, drawing Clara towards him, and placing her on his knee, he said: "Clara, dear Clara, I see thou art thy mother's own girl; thou hast the same angelic expression of innocence and goodness."—"And whose girl should I be," cried Clara, "if I am not my mamma's girl?" Then, with roguish smiles, half-whispering, she continued: "The new doll does not come—the fine puppet that papa

promised me—a great tall thing as big as I am, that was to cost I do not know how many guineas! Why does not she come, papa—why?” Lady Sommers cast on her daughter a reproving glance. “No, let her laugh,” said Henry; “see how well gayety becomes those little cheeks, that move like the leaves of the rose, touched by the zephyr. Laugh, dear Clara; let not your father damp your smiles; life is happy to those who commit no faults: and,” added he, in a lower voice, “to those who can be satisfied with the good that Providence allots them.”—“It is in vain,” said Eliza, “you would disclaim this girl; all her looks are your’s; she is your living image.”—“I could have wished she had resembled her mother so perfectly as to be another Eliza: but now, tell me, Clara, what should she do who resembles me?”—“Love mamma.”—“Charming child!—to what truth is she prompted by the heart! Yes! if you resemble me, you will love your mother; you will know that she is the first of women: you will study to please her; you will be devoted to her happiness; you will never leave her—never: you will have but to call yourself Henry, and she will caress you.” Here he was interrupted by the screams of Clara, who, rushing from his arms, exclaimed, “Mamma is crying!—oh, help poor mamma!” Without articulating a single word, Henry dropt on one knee, whilst Eliza, covering her eyes, sobbed out, “One word more, and I must die.”—“Pardon, my best beloved, pardon—make peace for me with your mamma, my child, and retire to rest.” The little girl, half playfully, led him to her mother, joined their hands together, received their mingled caresses and benedictions, and then cheerfully obeyed the summons of the maid, who came to announce the hour of bed-time. At the same moment another servant entered with a newspaper, which Sommers eagerly snatched from him, with the hope of beguiling his suspense: but he had scarcely glanced his eyes over the page, when turning pale, he sunk on his chair, and in answer to Eliza’s inquiring glance, only pointed to the following paragraph.

“The noted speculator Foster falls not alone. A baronet is associated with him in those desperate enterprizes on the public funds to which he has been madly devoted. It is supposed that this gentlemen, whose honour and respectability were never before impeached by suspicion, was allured to the undertaking by the hope of gaining a seat in parliament, or by the prospect of being raised to a peerage. His loss is severe; but however we may pity him, as an unfortunate individual, we must be permitted to observe, that the nation would be ill represented by a stock-jobber, who, after having bought the votes of others, might very naturally be expected to sell his own.”

For some moments both Henry and Eliza were wholly silent. At last he repeated, “Whose honour was never before impeached by suspicion.”

It is too true. I am no longer honourable. I have forfeited that title:—I must assume another.” He suddenly raised his head, and fiercely added, “Yet where is the man who shall dare to pronounce that name before me, however crushed and disgraced?”—“Oh, Henry! even the feeble Eliza is sufficient to protect thee from such imputations. Leave her to attest before God and man that thou art the noblest, the most honourable of human beings. Renounce the world. Despise those that wrong you. Let us for ever quit this splendid mansion, to enjoy, uninterruptedly, the privileges of intimacy, and the luxury of domestic affection. I cannot indeed promise you more love, but I shall invent new signs to communicate to you my feelings: I shall descend without a sigh from the station to which you raised me. In domestic occupations I shall but find amusement—even cares shall minister to our mutual enjoyment.”—“Enchantress!” exclaimed Henry, “why cannot I accept such an asylum? Yes! I doubt not Eliza would embellish poverty; Eliza could atone for the absence of luxury, for the injustice of mankind, for the malice of destiny. We might still be happy;—but, dearest friend—I cannot dissemble the truth—I am unable to stifle the conviction that I have been guilty. I have to face something worse than ruin—disgrace—absolute disgrace—irretrievable infamy—insupportable despair. I know not the extent of Foster’s engagements—I am not even able to conjecture them; but if it should appear that they exceed the limits of my fortune—if I and my folly must be dragged forth to open infamy—if I should have to pass under the yoke of the merciless creditor, or be exposed to the horrors of a prison—covered with shame—pursued by ignominy;—if I should be reduced to this, after my former peace and prosperity;—why then what should I do?—how would it become me to act? What would be the suggestions of an Eliza, of a guardian angel, of a being unsullied by shame and reproach?” During this agitated speech, Eliza listened in silent agony, her hands clasped in prayer, her eyes cast on the ground, or only raised to heaven with an ineffable expression of impassioned grief, her cheeks overspread with the paleness of despair.

“Let us drop this conversation,” cried Henry, “to-morrow will decide every thing. To-morrow makes or mars me.” With these words he threw himself on a couch, where he long remained in gloomy silence. Eliza took her seat by his side; but had no longer courage to address him. A few broken words alone betrayed the secret of their thoughts. Yet Eliza, reclining on her husband’s shoulder, still showed by every look and movement the tenderness of her sympathy, till at length exhausted by the violence of her emotions, she closed her heavy eye-lids and sunk into a disturbed slumber.—Henry watched her with melancholy satisfaction, fearing to disturb even this imperfect repose. As he gazed on her pale but beautiful countenance,

he experienced a new and indefinable feeling which prompted him for the first time to address to her, thoughts and expressions of love, of which she should be wholly unconscious. He scarcely knew whether he was still in existence, so ominous were his presages, so dark the aspect of his future destiny. "Gracious heaven!" exclaimed he, "and was it for me to change the happy fate allotted us? Foul man, rapacious fool! never enough of honour, of glory, of fortune. We are misled by our ambitious views, our restless aspirations, and seduced from the simple path of peace and safety. Sleep on dear Eliza; let tranquillity remain in thy heart; let the guilty suffer; it is for me alone to pay the penalty. What do I say? we form but one being; it is I that have struck the arrow into thy soul. Miserable fate! even from what exquisite happiness have I fallen!" "Yes," murmured Eliza in her agitated slumber; "yes, I dearly loved him—Henry." At the sound of these broken words, so strangely accordant with his own thoughts and situation, the unhappy husband penetrated with anguish shed a torrent of tears. At that moment Eliza unclosed her eyes. The morning sun illumined her apartment, and starting from her couch, with a sudden and confused recollection of the preceding day, she exclaimed, "Is the letter arrived?" "Not yet," said Henry, with a mournful sigh. "Not yet, you are sure?—Whence then this unmeasurable grief? Come, there is now no secret between us." "None, my beloved; we have but one soul, and till this fatal missive arrives, let us brace our strength, and if possible, renovate our spirits. Come, the rising sun has a cheerful smile, let us breathe the pure air, and open our hearts to the blessed influences of nature." Though Eliza was still feeble, she made an effort to obey, and, supported by Henry, rambled through the park in which she had spent so many happy hours, and visited the spot which her elegant taste had so richly embellished.

It was not till the afternoon that the promised letter arrived. Henry instantly went with it to his own apartment, unwilling that even Eliza should witness his first emotion.

The communication of Foster was brief but decisive. It confirmed the total failure of his desperate speculations; it explained the use he had made of sir Henry's imprudent confidence, and finally announced a defalcation which greatly exceeded his whole fortune. But the most important part of the communication was contained in the postscript. He stated, that for the present he judged it necessary to abscond, and that as this measure, to which he had been compelled by self-preservation, might subject the baronet to trouble and importunity, he earnestly recommended to him to follow his example. When Henry had read the letter, he continued to gaze on the paper almost unconscious of its import. He still held it in his hand when his faithful servant Belton presented to him several demands for mo-

ney, which the news of his misfortune had quickly brought upon him. "I know not what is passing," said the good old man, "but it is right, sir, to tell—" "Leave me to myself," cried Henry, "when I want your services, I will call for them." Scarcely had his servant obeyed his last injunction, than Henry reproached himself for the imperious manner with which he had rebuked his intrusion. "A gentler tone would have better become thee now, miscreant," cried he, striking his forehead, "bereaved of every thing, no longer possessing rank or fortune, or even honour, is there a wretch on earth more base than I am? It is enough, let destiny be accomplished." With these words he rang the bell and Belton re-appeared. "Excuse my impatience, Belton; I remarked your absence yesterday; tell me where you were." "In the porter's lodge, where I had been the preceding day." "And for what purpose?" With evident reluctance Belton replied, he had been endeavouring to drive away the insolent people who wanted to force themselves and their bills on sir Henry Sommers. "Why should you call them insolent, they are entitled to justice? I perceive how it is; they abused me, Belton.—What did they say?" "Excuse me, sir, their language was shameful." "Let me hear it, Belton; if you still consider me as your master, let me hear it this instant." "They are impudent slanderers; they pretended to say, that sir Henry Sommers did not keep his word. What, said I, when he pays his tradesmen's bills regularly, and his servants' wages punctually, and is the best and kindest of masters? They answered, that it was with another's money, and that sir Henry would soon be called to account, and that there would be people in the house to-morrow. If I had not been afraid to disturb you, sir, I should have begged you to give me a warrant to commit them." "I am satisfied, Belton, you are a good servant, and an honest man; retire to rest. To-morrow, you say—to-morrow; good night, Belton." "To-morrow," reiterated he, when he was alone; "it is enough. I am pleased to find there is so little in the world to regret. Men are hard unfeeling beings, and I shall not be loth to leave them. I have been more sinned against than sinning. The loss of life and fortune will be some expiation for my imprudence; my personal degradation could be useful to none. For me the world shall have passed away, when my patrimony is alienated, and my memory disgraced. I will not live to be the spectator of my own shame. I shall not taste the dregs of that bitter cup, which folly prepared for my presumption." At this moment, glancing at the letters which Belton had placed before him, he had the courage to break the seals, and to examine their contents. An indignant blush overspread his cheeks, and his eyes flashed with disdain. "What language is this!" cried he, "is it that of the master to his slave? And is it thus that lord Weston, who was once so servile and so fawning presumes to arraign my conduct? Am I then condemned to every species of degradation?"

What is here—a letter from a friend, an intimate friend; I recognise the well known characters, and recall the intimacy which has long united us; in this there may be some consolation.” Sir Henry, perused the letter, then laying it aside with a sarcastic smile, exclaimed, “admirable generosity. He asks me privately to take up one of Foster’s bills of which he has accidentally become proprietor. Such are friends, all but one incomparable woman; and how have I requited her constancy and affection?” At this moment he seized a pistol, which had been accidentally left in his apartment. He found it charged;—a desperate impulse directed his movements; another moment and he should be relieved from the burthen of existence; one cherished image still flitted before his eyes, and the name of Eliza rose to his lips. At that moment he felt his arm arrested, the faithful Eliza stood before him, and snatching from his hand the fatal weapon, sunk almost breathless at his feet. “Thy friend is here, Henry, thy last, thy inalienable, thy everlasting friend.” Henry opened his arms to receive her, and they both shed torrents of tears. “Eliza, you now know all—you are convinced that poverty is not my worst misfortune; to that I would have submitted with patience. In the evils I once thought so terrible I could have acquiesced with cheerful resignation; but my whole property is not equal to the engagements which I am bound to fulfil. Ruin is my portion, disgrace attains my name, even my personal liberty is at the mercy of creditors; I already see myself within the walls of a prison. I might indeed evade the penalty by an ignominious flight; but I dare not offer such violence to the laws of my country. In this extremity there is but one path to pursue; a hard resolution perhaps to one who has so largely tasted of happiness; yet more terrible in the image than the reality. Eliza, I cannot support disgrace, that last worst of evils, the sum of human misery. I”—he paused one moment, then added in a lower voice—“have thought of every thing for the future.” “Stop, Henry, you abuse my weakness; my husband shall never desert me; whithersoever he shall go, thither will I follow; such is my last and unalterable resolution.” “No, Eliza, thou art still in the flower of youth and beauty; remain on earth to expiate my offence, to implore my pardon; and when thou shalt be called to the regions of eternal bliss, where virtue receives her recompence, then perhaps thy prayers may prevail, and I too shall be admitted for thy sake to a share of thy felicity.” “There can be no felicity without thee; I can form no conception of the paradise to which thou art not admitted. We must both become guilty in the sight of Heaven; and both be suppliants for divine mercy; together we shall be rejected or accepted. Oh God! always together, never disunited.” “Tempt me not Eliza to accept thy devotion; I grow enamoured even of the evil which is shared with thee; my soul recoils

not as it ought to do from this fatal image; that word *together, eternally united* bewilders my reason. That thus a wedded pair should have lived and died together intermingling their last sighs, is an idea that annihilates even death. Oh God! what is my language? I no longer know myself." "Be calm, Henry, compose your spirits. Thy happiness was ever dearer than my own; I would have given my life-blood a thousand times to spare thee a single pain, and yet I recoil not at the idea that thou hast offered to my mind." "What, am I a ferocious ruffian, or only an impassioned lover? What if I should detect in myself the jealous tyrant, who would hide from all other eyes the idol of his heart? Must I then on the verge of death forfeit my own esteem? I have need of reflection; Eliza is too indulgent a judge. I may perhaps become better after a few moments of quiet examination." "Do not imagine Henry, you could change my purpose, though you should unkindly deprive me of the consolation of dying with you; for here I swear from that moment in which your fate shall be accomplished, I will pursue your steps: to live or die with Henry is my only hope, my unchangeable determination. Yet reflect, whether thy devoted wife could not soften even poverty and disgrace. I feel myself rich in the resources of affection and consolation; perhaps our new situation includes other evils than poverty, and such as may at first glance appal your soul. Examine whether you are sufficiently fortified by patience to support calamity, or whether love alone may not counterbalance all the evils of existence. Fear not to apprise me of the decision, though in that you should pronounce my sentence." Henry listened in silence, or replied but by the pressure of her hand, which he bathed with his tears. Eliza seized the moment to conjure him to take repose. He no longer resisted her wishes, and both exhausted by previous conflicts and agitation, had this night that heavy sleep which sometimes visits despair, as the gloomy harbinger of death. To awake to misery is like returning from a state of suspended animation to the painful consciousness of existence. Eliza had hoped, that when the feverish agitation of Henry's spirits was allayed, he would contemplate with more firmness the evils of his situation. She was deceived. With newly invigorated strength, he acquired new faculties for suffering, and existence so clogged with misery, so polluted by self-reproach, and the sense of degradation, became more than ever the object of his execration and abhorrence. The more, however, he reflected on the generous self-devotion of Eliza, the more he revolted from the idea of permitting such a sacrifice. To prevent its accomplishment was now his great object, and he allowed himself to hope, that by assuming an air of serenity, he might elude her vigilance; soothed by this persuasion, when she tenderly inquired for his health, he replied that he was

better, and that he would take a solitary walk to collect his thoughts, and steadily examine his situation.

At parting Eliza detached from her neck his miniature, which she presented to him with these words: "I had thought never to part from this pledge but with life. I now resign it to your care. If it should be returned at our next meeting, I will consider it as an indication that we are both to continue to endure existence, otherwise I shall conclude that our sentence is passed, and only await your summons for the second time to unite our destinies." She paused, but suppressing her feelings, added, in a sweet familiar tone: "You accept my pledge. I am sure you would not deceive me. I know you will not be long absent." Henry pressed her hand with an expression of acquiescence. "I will but take my morning walk and rejoin you as usual. My Eliza, I shall not be long absent; the moments are too precious to be wasted." With this assurance she was tranquillized, whilst with the yearnings of a fond maternal heart, she hastened to her daughter's chamber, with that mournful impatience which is sometimes the presage of an unhappy destiny. In her way she had to pass through her dressing-room, where she had collected her favourite books, her best drawings, and above all a portrait of her husband in his happiest hours, when flushed with hope and joy, and exquisitely alive to all the charms of existence. She scarcely ventured to raise her eyes to that face beaming with love and happiness. Whilst her imagination rapidly passed over the departed period, she seemed separated from it by an immeasurable distance. She shuddered in contemplating the abyss on which she stood, that fatal abyss of death, so revolting to one who had hitherto been occupied but with the dreams of hope, and the smiles of love; but unknown to herself she possessed a natural courage which was now fortified by the fear of sinking in the esteem of Henry; and after a momentary struggle she regained her firmness, and secretly confirmed her former resolution. Was it the approach of death that appalled her soul? How often had it been the aspiration of her soul that it might be permitted to her and Henry to close their eyes at the same moment. But to die by means so horrible, so repugnant to nature, to duty, to religious resignation!—Eliza ventured not to pursue the thought, and desperately throwing herself on the mercy of Heaven, she could only articulate, "I cannot survive him, we must live or die together." With trembling steps she approached her daughter's couch. She hoped to gaze undisturbed on her lovely face, and once more at least to watch her innocent slumbers; but to her surprise, she found the little girl already risen, with the intention of selecting the most beautiful flowers, having accidentally discovered that this was her mother's birth-day. At the sight of her amiable parent, the delighted Clara rushed into her arms; but in separating with her little hands the beautiful

ringlets which fell in disorder on the mother's cheeks, she felt the trickling tears and eagerly exclaimed, "You weep, mamma; what has happened to papa?" "Nothing yet my Clara, but life is full of thorns which thou hast not yet felt. God grant thou may'st for ever be spared them." She drew Clara on her lap, and repeated her tender caresses. "Do you know Clara what it is to be a mother?" "'Tis to be *you*, mamma." "What should that mother be to a daughter who is as good as Clara?" "What you are, mamma." Eliza smiled through her tears. "The fond mother dotes on her child, and would see and caress her every hour. Nothing but necessity can lead her to quit this cherished object. She is unhappy and must submit to an inexorable destiny—such a mother must be remembered and pitied. In looking at her portrait, the little girl must think of that mother who so dearly loved her child." Eliza's voice faltered, and she had to turn away her face, to conceal the fast flowing tears. At that moment the maid entered, who was to attend Clara on her morning walk. A sudden hope dashed into Eliza's mind, that if this beloved child presented her offering before Henry, it might divert him from his fatal purpose. She therefore hastily dismissed the little girl and her attendant with a strict injunction, that she should seek her in the park, in a summer-house, which had received the name of the observatory. As Clara withdrew, Eliza listened to the light tripping step, and then sunk on the sofa in an indescribable state of perturbation, uncertain whether she was to live or die, and only fixed in the resolution never to survive her husband.

Forcing herself from this half unconscious reverie, she hastily traced a few lines to the wife of sir Thomas Mortimer, recommending her daughter to her care, and imploring her to watch her unprotected childhood. Eliza would have addressed the aunt, who had taken charge of her own education, but, sensible of her strict principles, she despaired of being able to soften her rigid judgment.—"And who," cried she, "could comprehend the union that existed between me and Henry? If I am precipitated by affection into guilt, it is to God alone, and not to man, that I am accountable." She again took the pen, and addressed a few parting lines to her daughter, after which her mind became more composed. She felt re-assured, or at least prepared to brave the greatest evils, and once more repaired to the breakfast room, where with emotions of joyful surprise, she beheld her husband awaiting her approach.

From the rapid succession of ideas in her mind, she could have conceived, that a long interval had elapsed since their last interview, and to behold him again was to welcome him from a tedious absence. Henry shared her feelings; but this sudden gleam of gladness was soon obscured. There was a pale placidity in his dejected countenance; its expression was

no longer *passion* but resignation—calm and subdued, the conflict had ceased, he was evidently prepared and resolved—but for what destiny? Eliza could not utter the inquiry. She espied the miniature she had suspended to his neck, but ventured not to ask an explanation. During their repast he assumed an air of cheerfulness, and even affected to speak of indifferent subjects. Unwilling as she was to interrupt this serenity, Eliza would have put the awful question, but the words died on her lips. She almost flattered herself that the storm of passion had passed away, and in that persuasion forbore to hazard one word, or even one look, which might recall its fearful agitation. Once only Henry appeared affected; the tears came into his eyes. He hastily arose, and, to hide his emotion, withdrew to a window. 'Twas the weakness but of a few moments. He resumed his seat, and the slight blush, which passed over the pallid cheeks, but heightened the mournful expression of his haggard countenance.

"You are not well," exclaimed Eliza, with a wistful look.—"I shall soon be better," he replied, "if you will but join me in a walk."—"To the observatory?" interrupted Eliza. Henry suppressed a sigh as he answered; "That is too proud a title."—"Call it then *Eliza's fancy*."—"No," returned he, with a mournful smile, "*Henry's folly*." She took his arm, and as they slowly proceeded on their walk, both felt the reviving influence of the sweet morning air. For some time they advanced in silence, but on approaching a stately cedar, remarkable for its height and foliage, Eliza said: "Let us hail this tree with a last adieu: let us sit one moment beneath its majestic shade. This rural bench was placed here by your order, Henry; and how often on this spot have we here breathed aspirations that we might close our eyes at the same moment."

Here grief suppressed her utterance. Henry experienced the same emotion, and both wept in silence. At the sound of the village clock Henry started.—"Another hour has elapsed: that bell strikes," cried he, "to warn men of their progress towards the end of life! Alas! to those who are near the last stage, what imports the subdivision?"—"Then we are both on the brink of eternity," cried Eliza, interpreting his meaning by a mournful presage: "be it so: to live or die with Henry is all I ask for!"—"Hold, Eliza! you misconceive me."—"No, Henry, I read your thoughts:—I anticipate your intentions and am satisfied." After a short pause, she added: "Methinks I should like to be buried under this stately cedar." She took out her pencil and wrote a few words on the bench.—"What are you doing Eliza? This is rashly to prejudge the cause. It is true we must leave this spot; the place of my birth; the asylum in which are deposited my father's ashes; the abode of my youth, in which I have passed so many happy years as a lover and a husband. Unworthy of that felicity which I have for ever forfeited, I had bequeathed to my Eliza this

house, these gardens, the whole demesne, and yet basely risked the property thus transferred to another. I have squandered the fortune I had consecrated to your use. Like a prodigal and a villain, I have added fraud to improvidence and unkindness.”—“Hold, Henry! I will not listen to these unjust aspersions. I see our destiny is fixed. I am ready to accomplish the sacrifice. Let us speak no longer of the future but as it belongs to another state—to a better world.” Then, grasping Henry’s hand, and kneeling with him, she cried: “Almighty Maker of the universe! behold two poor suppliants, too weak, too frail, to endure to live under the stigma of disgrace. They approach with humility towards their judge! For themselves they presume not to offer defence or justification;—they bow their heads with the oppressive consciousness of shame and guilt! Thou hadst showered on them thy most precious bounties—wealth, honour, distinction, conspired in their happy lot; and in the bosom of their family, the endearments of conjugal and parental love, filled up the measure of their felicity. Loaded with favours, accustomed but to blessings, they want courage and firmness to support the bitterness of adversity. In their happiest days, they have, perhaps, done some little good; and never have they ceased, by praise and thankfulness, to bless that God whom they worship: the author of their faith, the arbiter of their conscience, the ruler of their destiny;—shall such be judged with rigour by thee, who, though just art merciful; good, supremely good, and overflowing with love for thy unworthy creatures—hear me whilst I implore thy pardon—whilst I pray for Henry, and supplicate for both!”

“Oh God!” exclaimed Henry; “it is she alone who may ask to be forgiven;—that matchless woman who has created whatever virtues I possess, and who would now even plunge her innocent soul into guilt for my worthless sake!”

Here overpowered with the violence of his emotions, he covered his face with his hands, and his sobs became audible. During some moments Eliza uttered not a single word, so much was she impressed with awe by the sacred majesty of grief. At length Henry looking up beheld the innocent little Clara advancing to meet both parents: her face radiant with joy; grace, sprightliness, and gayety in every movement. At the sight of this lovely child, Henry uttered an exclamation of horror and astonishment:—“What brings her hither? Must she too be sacrificed?”—“She comes but to present me with these flowers, which she has gathered in honour of my birth-day:—her mother’s birth-day: and shall she be robbed of a mother’s tenderness, a father’s protection?”—“Merciful God! what a wretch have I been! Pardon my rashness, and here I swear never again to spurn the precious gifts thou hast offered to my acceptance.”—“And wilt thou indeed consent to live for thy wife, thy child?”

Henry fell on her neck, and struggling to suppress his tears, softly murmured: "If it be the will of God, if he will indeed preserve me for virtuous exertion and salutary repentance, I swear never to violate the first law of nature. Let us return to the house: it may not yet be too late. Oh, were this cup passed from me, all should be well."

The little Clara had by this time joined them, and with unwonted loquacity was expatiating on the beauty and delicacy of her flowers. Henry whispered to Eliza to dismiss the pretty prattler, as he felt not quite well. Alarmed by this intimation, the mother instantly reminded her daughter of her morning task. Clara's sparkling eyes were at once suffused with tears; but a kiss and a smile reconciled her to the injunction, and she quietly yielded obedience.—"Innocent creature!" cried Henry, "she deserved a better father!"—"Say not so, Henry; if you but live to form her mind, to guard her conduct, she will never have reason to repine at her humble lot.—But you are pale; you surely tremble!"—"No, it is nothing but a momentary pang:—I am already better;—I shall soon be well;—I know what medicine will effect my cure."—"You are, then, really ill. You could not, surely, abuse my unsuspecting confidence."—"I would not forfeit thy esteem for a thousand worlds!"—Eliza pressed his hand with transport. Henry returned the pressure with a deep-drawn sigh, in which apprehension was mingled with remorse. Naturally ingenuous, he knew not how to conceal, yet was utterly unable to confess, that he had swallowed a slow poison, since he still hoped, by the timely application of an efficient antidote, to arrest its mortal progress; hitherto he had experienced no symptoms of indisposition, and he firmly believed it was not too late to counteract the effects of his former desperation.

They now approached the house; but instead of entering by the common outlet, Henry passed through a private door to the library, where he knew he could easily procure the antidote, to which he trusted his future safety. On entering this apartment, the first object that met his eyes was the pistol which Eliza had the preceding day wrested from his grasp, and which, in his agitation, he had suffered to remain without discharging its contents. Shuddering at this recollection, his first impulse was to render it innoxious; and he was proceeding to execute his purpose, when an exclamation from Eliza rivetted him to the spot; and the next moment, the voice of Belton from an adjoining room explained the mystery.—"Where is sir Henry? where is our good master? let him conceal himself or fly: the bailiffs are already in the house; he will be dragged away by force!—Oh, that I should live to see my young master conducted to jail!"

At these words Eliza cast a fearful glance on Henry, in whom surprise and horror produced an alarming change. The poison, which had been before dormant, was instantly excited to activity; and with a ghastly aspect he staggered towards a chair, his eyes still fixed on the pistol with some vague consciousness of his former purpose. Eliza now first perceiving the object to which they were directed, her terrors were renewed;—"Hasten from this house;—steal through the garden to the Parsonage, where you may have a temporary asylum. Leave me to receive these men. I fear them not. They cannot injure—they will not insult an unoffending woman."—But for the first time Eliza's words were unnoticed by her husband. While she spoke, his features became distorted. A convulsive shivering ran through his veins, and, writhing with torture, he attempted to speak, but the imperfect accents died on his lips.—"Oh, God! what means that awful look?—speak, let me once more hear that voice. Henry, my best beloved Henry, what have you done?"—"Forgive, forgive me!" was all he could articulate. Eliza gazed on her husband with speechless anguish. The whole truth flashed on her mind. She exclaimed, "It is well. I am not yet too late!" She eagerly snatched the pistol, and true to her aim, the ball was lodged in her bosom; she fell, clasping the knees of her husband, who had made a last effort to rise, but sunk by her side, with his arms outstretched to support her. In this attitude were the faithful pair discovered by the terrified domestics. Interred in the same grave, their mournful history terminated with this simple inscription:—

"IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED."

POETRY.

IN almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best. Whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation, surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent, which it received by accident at first; or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcription of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed, that the early writers are in possession of *nature*, and their followers of *art*.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

ABOUT the year 1630, a man by the name of Henry Adams came from England, with seven sons, all of whom were married. The father and one of the sons settled in the town of Braintree, about ten miles from Boston, in the then province of Massachusetts Bay. The other sons, excepting one, who returned to England, fixed their abode in several other parts of the same province. Their descendants have multiplied in the common proportion known to the experience of this country, and the name is one of those most frequently met with, in almost every part of this commonwealth. They were originally farmers and tradesmen; and until the controversies between Great Britain and the colonies arose, scarcely any of them had emerged from the obscurity in which those stations were held. Few of them before that time had possessed the advantages of education. The father of the late governor of Massachusetts, Samuel Adams, was, I believe, the first of the name distinguished in any public character. He was a merchant in Boston, and for sometime a representative of that town in the general assembly of the province.

Samuel Adams, and Mr. John Q. Adams's father, John Adams, were both descended from the first Henry, but by two of the sons. They were therefore remotely connected in blood; but there is a very early incident in the life of each of them, which seems to indicate, that the *spirit of independence*, which is so strongly marked in the history of the New England colonies from their first settlement, had been largely shared by the family from which they came, and instilled with all its efficacy into their minds.

They were both educated at Harvard college, an institution founded in 1638, and thus co-eval with the first settlement of the Massachusetts colony. It is the seminary from which almost every man of any eminence in our history has issued, until the establishment so much more recent of other American colleges.

Samuel Adams was many years older than Mr. John Q. Adams's father. He received his degree of master of arts at Harvard college in 1743. It was then the custom at that college, that the

candidates for this degree, should each of them propose a question, having relation to any of the sciences in which they had been instructed, and assuming the affirmative or negative side of the proposition, profess to be prepared to defend the principle contained in it, at the public commencement, against all opponents.

The question proposed by Samuel Adams was, "whether the people have a just right of *resistance*, when oppressed by their rulers," and the side which he asserted was the affirmative.

John Adams took his degree of bachelor of arts in 1755, and that of master in 1758. There has been published in the *Monthly Anthology*, a letter written by him in the year 1755, and in the twentieth year of his age; written to one of his youthful companions, Dr. Nathan Webb, and in which the probability of a severance of the British colonies from the mother country; the causes from which that event would naturally proceed, and the policy by which Britain might prevent it, are all indicated with the precision of prophecy. The date of this letter, the age at which it was written, and the standing in society of the writer at the time, are circumstances which render it remarkable; no copy of it was kept; but its contents appear to have made a strong impression upon the person to whom it was written. He carefully preserved it, and dying many years afterwards it fell into the possession of his nephew. In his hands it remained until about the year 1807; when after the lapse of more than half a century, he sent it as a curious document, back to the writer himself.

John Q. Adams's mother's maiden name was Smith. She too is of English extraction, but her parents for three preceding generations had been natives of this country. Her father was a clergyman and grandfather a merchant in Boston. Her mother was a daughter of *John Quincy*, who was many years a member of the provincial legislature, several times speaker of the house, and afterwards a member of the council. His name is mentioned in Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts Bay.

John Q. Adams was born at Braintree; in that part of the town which is now incorporated by the name of Quincy. The day of his birth was Saturday, July 11, 1767. The next day he was christened by the name of his great grandfather, who at the very moment

when J. Q. Adams received his name, was resigning his own spirit into the hands of his Maker.

In the eleventh year of his age, Mr. Adams's father took him to France, where he was himself sent as a joint commissioner with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, at the court of Versailles. They sailed from Boston in February 1778, and arrived at Bordeaux in the beginning of April of the same year. Before that time J. Q. Adams's education had been that of our common schools, interrupted by the convulsions of the times, but supplied by the substituted cares and attention of both his parents. His obligations to them in this respect are such as gratitude can never repay to them. The impression resulting from it upon his own mind has been that of a special duty incumbent upon him to pay the debt of the former age to that which is to succeed; and to reward his parents by transferring the same obligations to his children.

After residing about eighteen months in France, where he was successively placed at two different schools, where he learnt the language of the country, and a little Latin, he returned home with his father. Instead of three commissioners, congress had found it more expedient to keep, at the French court, a single minister. Dr. Franklin was appointed to that office; Mr. Lee had a separate commission for Spain; and Mr. Adams's father received permission to come home. They came in the French frigate, *La Sensible*, in company with the chevalier de la Luzerne, who succeeded M. Girard, as the minister of France to the United States. They arrived at Boston, August 1, 1779. The Massachusetts convention, for forming a constitution, was then just about to assemble. Mr. Adams's father was elected a member of that body, and drew the original plan of the constitution, which, with some modifications, made by the convention, was afterwards adopted, and is still the constitution of that commonwealth.

In November of the same year 1779, the father of Mr. Adams was again sent to Europe, with a commission for negotiating peace, and a treaty of commerce with Great Britain, whenever that power should be disposed to terminate the war. He took J. Q. Adams with him again, together with his younger brother, Charles, who is since dead. They embarked at Boston in the same

French frigate, *La Sensible*, then upon her return to France; she was bound to Brest; but a few days after she sailed, in a gale of wind she sprung a leak, which, in the course of a very short passage became so large, that she was obliged to make the first land she could reach in Europe, and entered the port of Ferrol in Spain. She was unable without a thorough repair to accomplish the remainder of her voyage. Mr. Adams therefore disembarked, and travelled by land from Ferrol to Paris; where he arrived in January 1780. J. Q. Adams was here put again to school. But in July of the same year, his father went to Holland, and took his sons with him there. They were placed first at the public city-school at Amsterdam, and afterwards at the university of Leyden. In July 1781, Mr. Francis Dana, who had accompanied Mr. Adams's father to Europe, as secretary to the legation for negotiating peace, received a commission from congress, as minister plenipotentiary to the empress of Russia; and J. Q. Adams went with him, as his private secretary. He was with him fourteen months at St. Petersburg, and in October 1782, left him to return through Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg, and Bremen, to Holland, where his father had shortly before been received as minister plenipotentiary from the United States, and had concluded the commercial treaty with the republic of the United Netherlands. Upon this journey he employed the whole winter; passing several weeks at Stockholm, at Copenhagen and at Hamburg. He reached the Hague in April 1783. His father was then at Paris, engaged in the negotiations for peace. From April until July, J. Q. Adams remained at the Hague, residing with and receiving instruction from C. W. F. Dumas, a native of Switzerland, a man of letters, who had been a zealous friend to the American cause, and then held an office as agent for the United States. In July, an interval of suspension occurred to the negotiations, during which Mr. Adams's father was called for a short time to Amsterdam; on his return to Paris, he took his eldest son with him. The definitive treaty of peace was signed September 3, 1783; from which time until May 1785, he was chiefly with his father in England, Holland and France.

Mr. Adams was now nearly eighteen years of age; and his education, as the above detail of his wanderings about the world

will show, had been rather desultory than, regularly systematic; rather calculated to make him acquainted with men than with books. Hence it happened, that although he was always of a studious turn, and addicted to books beyond the bounds of moderation, yet his acquirements in literature and science were all superficial, and he did not attain so profound a knowledge of things as he could have wished. At the period of which we are now speaking, he became sensible of other inconveniences which might proceed from a longer continuance in such an unsettled course. By remaining much longer in Europe, he saw the danger of an alienation from his own country, which would disqualify him for contentment with his condition in aftertimes, and he found himself contracting sentiments, manners, and opinions of European growth, which he knew could not suit the regions where he expected to pass his days, and for which he had retained the warmest affection. His father was appointed minister to the court of St. James's; but instead of going with him, J. Q. Adams requested permission to return to his native country, and finish his education among his own people. This inclination exactly concurred with the wishes of Mr. Adams's father. He returned to America, and after six months of studies with a private instructor, to acquire sufficient knowledge of the Greek language (which, until then, he had neglected) for admission to the university at Cambridge, he entered there in a class advanced almost to the end of the third year of the collegiate course; and finishing with them the usual term of study, took the degree of bachelor of arts, in July, 1787. He then immediately entered as a student at law in the office of Theophilus Parsons, who then resided at Newburyport, and was one of the most eminent lawyers which this country has produced. After three years of attendance there, J. Q. Adams was admitted to the bar in the courts of the state, and fixed his residence in the capital of Massachusetts.

He resided in Boston about four years. His professional practice, during that time, was inconsiderable. His attendance at his office was unremitted; and having little business to occupy his time, he employed much of it in speculations upon political subjects in the newspapers. In the summer of 1791, he published a series of papers in the Boston Centinel, under the signature of

Publicola, containing remarks upon the First Part of Paine's *Rights of Man*. These papers were for some time attributed to his father, and, for that reason, excited much public notice, both in this country and in Europe. They were at first very unpopular here, as containing political heresy, and questioning the infallibility of the French revolution. But having been republished in England, and received with some public commendation there, they afterwards rose much in the estimation of that class of literary characters among us (and it was once, and still is, too numerous a tribe) who import their opinions, twice a year, from London or Liverpool, with the other articles of British manufacture.

In April, 1793, on the first information that war between Great Britain and France had been declared, Mr. Adams published in the Centinel three papers under the signature of *Marcellus*; the object of which was, to prove that the duty and the interest of the United States required that they should remain *neutral* in that war. These papers were published before president Washington's proclamation of neutrality, and when the writer had no knowledge that such a proclamation was contemplated. There are two political principles which form the basis of the system of policy best suited to the interests and the duties of this country—one in relation to its internal concerns—*union*; the other, in respect to its intercourse with foreign nations—*independence*. These principles appear to be the keys to his political creed. He believed that both the union and independence of the nation depended much upon the establishment of the system of our *neutrality* in the wars of Europe. He thought *that* was the critical moment for the establishment of this system, and there were symptoms of a tendency in the public opinion, which might have involved us immediately in the war, as allies of France. These were the motives which dictated the papers signed *Marcellus*, which were not much noticed at the time, and which have long since been forgotten.

Not discouraged by neglect, our young politician, in the winter of 1793 and 1794, published another series of papers in support of president Washington's administration, in the controversies excited by the French minister, Genet. It was his zeal for the independence of the nation, which again impelled him to write; and on this occasion his sentiments happened to accord so well with

the prevailing public opinion, that these papers were received with much favour, and contributed to give reputation to their author.

In May, 1794, he was appointed minister resident to the United Netherlands. The circumstances which led to this appointment were never known to himself. The nomination was, of course, made by president Washington. It was said that his name was mentioned to the president by Mr. Jefferson, before his retirement from the department of state. With Mr. Adams, Mr. Jefferson had some personal acquaintance while he was in France. It has also been said that the papers just mentioned had attracted the president's attention, and led him to make inquiries concerning their author. Mr. Adams's father was then vice-president; but the appointment was as unexpected to him as to his son.

From 1794 to 1801, Mr. Adams was in Europe, successively employed as a public minister in Holland, England, and Prussia. One of the last acts of president Washington's administration was the nomination of him as minister plenipotentiary to the court of Portugal. But while on his way from the Hague to Lisbon, he received a new commission, which changed his destination to Berlin. The nomination of Mr. Adams to this mission was made by his father; and has been represented as an office bestowed by him upon his son. It was even asserted, in the public newspapers, that he had received the separate *outfits* of these different appointments. The truth was, that on his first appointment, in 1794, he received the outfit only of a minister resident, \$4,500; that on his subsequent appointment as minister plenipotentiary to Lisbon, he received, not the full outfit of a minister of that rank, but so much as, with the \$4,500 received in 1794, amounted to that outfit; that is to say, \$4,500 more; making in the whole, \$9,000, the outfit which has always been allowed to every minister plenipotentiary, from the first appointment of ministers, under our present constitution. In this respect, the case of Mr. Adams, we believe, has been peculiar. There have, at least, been instances of a full outfit allowed, on a new appointment given to a person already abroad—and this circumstance may have given rise to the misrepresentation of the fact, as it respected Mr. Adams. The appointment which he held under the nomination of his father, sub-

jected him to additional expenses, but never gave him the addition of a dollar from the public treasury to that which he should have been entitled to, under the appointment to Lisbon. He resided at Berlin from November, 1797, until April, 1801; and during that time concluded a treaty of commerce with Prussia; which had been the principal object of this mission. He was then recalled, just before the commencement of Mr. Jefferson's administration. He arrived at Philadelphia, in September, 1801.

In 1802, he was elected a member of the senate of Massachusetts, and served in that capacity one year. He was then elected, by the legislature of the same state, a senator of the United States, for six years, from the 4th of March, 1803. In June, 1808, he resigned that office. In March, 1809, he was *nominated* by Mr. Madison for a mission to Russia, but a majority of the senate being of opinion that such a mission was inexpedient and unnecessary, no vote was taken on the nomination.

The part which Mr. Adams has acted, while in public life, has naturally been diversified in the detail, by the different offices in which he has been placed. While abroad, his situation was *ministerial*; his general duty was marked out by his instructions; and they were pursued to the satisfaction of the executive authority by which he was employed.

As a member of the state legislature, he made himself obnoxious to a great and powerful combination of banking interests, by a strong but ineffectual opposition to a bank-making speculation, of which the time is not yet come to tell the whole truth.

In the senate of the United States, he thought it his duty to support the existing administration, in every measure which his impartial judgment could approve. But while he thus discharged what he conceived to be his duty, he committed the unpardonable sin against *party*. The legislature of Massachusetts, by a small majority of federal votes, in May, 1808, elected another person to represent them, from the expiration of Mr. Adams's term of service, and he immediately resigned the remainder of that term. They had passed resolutions, in the nature of instructions to their senators, which Mr. Adams disapproved. He chose neither to act in conformity to those resolutions, nor to represent constituents who had no confidence in him.

It has already been remarked, that from the unsettled and desultory manner in which his years of infancy were employed, Mr. Adams never attained a profound knowledge of any of the sciences. He had always, however, an eager relish for the pursuits of literature, and acquired, at an early period of life, a taste for the fine arts. In the capitals of the great European nations, the monuments of architecture and of sculpture continually meet the eye, and cannot escape the attention even of the most careless observer. Painting—music—the decorations of the drama, and the elegant arts which are combined in its representations—have a charm to the senses and imagination of youth, vivid in proportion to the perfection which they naturally attain in those large cities, where immense multitudes of men are compressed within so small an extent of space. The exhibitions of excellence in all those faculties, which Mr. Adams had frequent opportunities of witnessing, at the time of life when they were calculated to make the strongest impression, gave him a taste for them, which has contributed to much of the enjoyment of his life.

In the year 1806, a professorship of rhetoric and oratory was instituted at Harvard university, founded upwards of thirty years since, by Nicholas Boylston, formerly a merchant of Boston. Mr. Adams was appointed the first professor on this foundation, and has delivered a course of lectures, on the subjects of the institution, which have been published in two volumes, 8vo.

Here it may not be improper to mention, that while Mr. Adams was minister in Russia, he wrote that *Journal of a Tour through Silesia*, which gave so much interest to the earliest numbers of this miscellany. The *first* letter formed the *first* article of the *first* number which our accomplished predecessor submitted to the public attention; and we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the editorial paragraph, because it shows with what elegance and justice one man of genius can praise another: “The subsequent letter is the commencement of a series, which will be regularly published in this paper. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the general excellence of the following tour. It will be obvious to every intelligent reader, that it has been made by no vulgar traveller, but by a man of genius and observation, who, in happy

union, combines the power of selecting the most interesting and picturesque objects, and of describing them gracefully."

Port Folio, Jan. 1801.

These letters were afterwards republished in London, in two volumes, 8vo., without permission from the proprietor of the *Port Folio*, and have since been translated into French.

Mr. Dennie found in Mr. Adams, what, among editors, is termed a constant and valuable correspondent, as very numerous articles in the early volumes of this journal would testify, if it were proper to designate them.

In August, 1809, he returned to a political life, having been appointed minister plenipotentiary to the emperor of Russia. His subsequent negotiations at Ghent, and his recent appointment to the office of secretary of state, must be fresh in the recollection of our readers.

Mr. Adams was married at London, in July, 1797, to Louisa Catherina, the second daughter of Joshua Johnson, then consul of the United States at that place. He was a native of Maryland, and a brother of Thomas Johnson, sometime governor of that state, and a distinguished patriot of the revolution.



THE WORLD. .

THE world is generally willing to support those who solicit favour, against those who command reverence. He is easily praised whom no man can envy.

Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge. To despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just; and if it were just, is not possible.

To know the world is necessary, since we were born for the help of one another; and to know it early is convenient, if it be only that we may learn early to despise it.

WAR.—Princes have yet this remnant of humanity, that they think themselves obliged not to make war, without a reason, though their reasons are not always very satisfactory.

STATE OF HAYTI.

La Système Colonial dévoilé.—Par le Baron de Vastey.

THE object of this Haytian nobleman is to lay before his countrymen a number of important facts, which, though possessing the authority of foreign historians, or the credibility of eye and ear-witnesses in Hayti, had not till now been given to Haytians in the language of one of themselves. After dwelling on the distinction of the original Haytians, the origin of slavery, and the monstrosities in the traffic in human blood, the baron proceeds to an enumeration of the cruelties which the French inflicted on his unfortunate countrymen. On the subject of West India slavery it is quite unnecessary to enter, when such writings are before the public as "lord Seatorth's correspondence laid before parliament," "Bryan Edwards's West Indics," and, though last not least, "Clarkson's History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade." But of the cruelties practised by the French in St. Domingo, Europe had, in a great measure, till now, been totally ignorant. The mask has, however, been withdrawn, by the liberty which the Haytians have given themselves; and perhaps the most signal vengeance they can now take of their ancient oppressors, is to give an impartial history of the sufferings of the one and the enormities of the other. In reading over the tract before us, we have doubted whether we were in the society of men or of wild beasts; but a little reflection easily convinced us that the brutes of the field could not act as the monsters we have been placed in company with. The authors of these crimes were French colonists in Hayti; the sufferers, poor slaves; the former called themselves the most polished people in the universe; the latter were the most obedient, serviceable beings that ever existed. History does not present a collection of men whom we can place in parallel with the colonists of St. Domingo; among all nations there exist not such profound wretches; at no epoch, among no people, have we ever read of from 4000 to 5000 *bandits*, of whom every man was a Nero, a Mèzence, a Phalaris; and every woman a Messaline, or a Frédégone.

We shall conclude this article with some information respecting Hayti, abstracted from a letter addressed to the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, by an English naval officer of high distinction. This gentleman informs us that baron Vastey is compiling a very full history of king Henry, with a large appendix of original letters and public documents. The king was born a slave, at St. Kitts; he was afterwards a steward in one of count D'Estaing's fleet. The merchants, who are settled at Hayti, consider their persons and property, under the protection of the king, to be as safe as at Kingston, unless the French should land an expedition. In such an event, the king has given notice, that all property will be burnt with the city, but he will take care of their persons. He is sharp in his dealings, and makes the merchants fulfil their contracts. He is a fine portly looking man, about 5 feet 10 inches. His dress, except on state-days, is very like the Windsor uniform, without lace or star. He is quite black, with a manner and countenance, when in good humour, very intelligent, pleasant, and expressive; his features are much that of his countrymen; his nose rather long, but flat at the nostrils; his lips are not thick; his eyes, except when in a rage, rather small, but quick; his forehead, which gives so much character to his countenance, high. His gusts of passion, can only be compared to a hurricane for its fury, but fortunately the fit now comes very seldom, and does not last long. He is in close and intimate alliance with Mr. Wilberforce and his party. This gentleman, together with Steevens, and Clarkson, and sir John Sinclair, are his principal advisers. His avowed intention is a religious, moral, and political change. How far he is sincere, and how far he possesses talents capable of bringing about so great a change, time will best show. He is possessed of strong powers of mind, attended with strong passions. He is wholly without education, and even now can read very badly, and can only write enough to sign his name. But to make up for that, he has been brought up in the school of danger, difficulties, and intrigue, where his deep policy and knowledge of human character have shone as conspicuously as his courage and talents as a soldier. It is *his* mind, and his alone, that governs all; he has the ablest men of his kingdom employed about his person, but they are mere executors. One proof of his neither being a

very changeable or cruel man, is, that almost all the great officers of the palace, were found by this officer in the stations where they were at the period of a former visit, four years previous. The king never forgives a fault. He sent his own son, the prince royal, a prisoner to the citadel, to show he paid no regard to rank. He is represented as a most affectionate father of a family, and his children are said to be under no fear or restraint in his presence. He has in his palace several little children, the orphans of some of his old officers. They are continually running about the rooms, when he has no business, and feeling his pockets for bon-bons.

When Dr. Burt was bleeding the princess royal, he came into the room and took the basin, and when the physician wished to relieve him from it, he said, remember I am a father. He is very much attached to the queen, who, by what every body says of her, deserves it. She is said to be of a most amiable character, and her charities are most extensive; plain in her manners, and jet black. Her two daughters, who have been educated by a lady from Philadelphia, are very accomplished, speaking English very well; in their manners particularly engaging, and affable to all about them. Four schools, on the Lancasterian system, have been established under the care of Englishmen. The physician at the hospital represents that institution as being most liberally endowed, and that there is not an individual in it that the king does not know by name, together with his character, his regimen, disease, and every thing about him. Whenever the king, in going the rounds of the hospital, comes to a blackguard, he gives him a crack on the head with his hand, saying ———. The soldiers are all delighted to see him, and crack jokes, but the officers look frightened.

The king has offered, through England, twenty millions of dollars to France to make an independent peace, guaranteed by England; but without the guarantee, he would not give twenty dollars; and till that is done, all his towns, and the country, will be kept in the present ruinous state. If the French invade the kingdom, the hour they land they will find themselves in a wilderness, without a house to cover them, or a morsel of bread but what they bring with them. He certainly is bringing to a fair trial the great question, whether the negroes possess sufficient reasoning powers to govern themselves; or, in short, whether they have

the same capacities as white men. The king has determined to change the language from bad French to English. They wish to annihilate every trace of a Frenchman.

The citadel is hardly to be described. It appears, from the sea, at the distance of fifteen miles, when clear of clouds, like one of those enchanted castles in old romances. It is built on the rocky pinnacle of the highest hill, said to be fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. He is now enlarging it, and this officer was told that it would contain 20,000 men. This he does not believe, but supposes eight thousand would be nearer the fact. The king is building strong martello towers on the adjoining hills, which will give him a great command of hill-country for raising food for his army. Except by treachery, the writer thinks it impregnable. Here is no want of water, for it is always in the clouds.

The governor of Cape Henry, the duke of Marmalade, a regular old black fellow, but an excellent and upright man, gave the writer and his brother officers, twelve in number, a grand dinner. They sat down thirty-six, and among the company there were two dukes, three counts, and four barons. It was a most gentleman-like dinner, with an elegant dessert, and good wine. All the toasts were drunk, standing, with three times three. The *coloured gentlemen*, as we should say in Philadelphia, were very moderate, but this is not natural; they like a glass of wine; but the king might send for them, as they were all of his staff.

RECOLLECTION.

THAT which is obvious is not always known; and what is known is not always present. Sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance; slight avocations will seduce attention; and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; so that the writer shall often, in vain, trace his memory at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

RESOLUTION.—Resolution and success reciprocally produce each other.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BULL-FIGHTS IN SPAIN.

Extract of a letter from an American gentleman in Cadiz, to his friend in Philadelphia.

You have undoubtedly heard much of the astonishing amusement of bull-fighting, known only to the people of Spain; an inhuman amusement, no less ancient than renowned, when the Spanish cavaliers like the knights of the Round Table won smiles and favours from their "ladies fair," in proportion to the gallantry and hardihood which they displayed in these fierce encounters. Such were the "olden times;" and to this day the attachment of all classes to these barbarous spectacles is almost incredible. Many persons deny themselves the common necessities of life, to save sufficient to pay for a seat at "the bulls." In Cadiz, they have them about once a fortnight, sometimes oftener, generally on holidays, or Sundays, when all the *knowing ones* pray for a Levanter or east wind, which is said to render the bulls more furious. The "casa de toros," or house of bulls, is a large open kind of circus, round which is a score of circular seats, rising one above the other, the highest only being covered by a roof, projecting out beyond the lower seats, which are raised, with a paling in front, five or six feet from the ground, and further protected by ridge ropes to the height of eight or nine feet.

The arena is an uncovered circular area, about twenty-five hundred feet in circumference, round which at intervals, are little places, like sentry boxes, with a space in the side just sufficient to admit a man's body, intended for those who are on foot, when closely pursued, to escape the fury of the bull. Large double gates in front admit the bulls, into a wide hall or passage-way leading to the arena, where they enter through folding doors, immediately opposite to which, in a box by themselves with some marks of distinction, sit the judges of the day, composed, I believe, of the corporation of Cadiz. Under them is a gate through which the bulls are driven, from the opposite side, into a narrower passage, where they are separated by portcullis' let fall between them,

and which are hoisted at pleasure, when a bull is required to be let out.

This circus is a rough unfinished wooden building, holding about fifteen thousand people; it is always well filled and often excessively crowded. You enter by a variety of little doors, to the different parts of the building, and ascend by as many different stairways, to the upper and scuttle holes, through which you must squeeze yourself into the lower seats. The price is regulated according to the place; but the greatest distinction is between the sun and the shade; the poorer sort only taking the side of the sun; the price being much less.

Between the hours of three and four in the afternoon, the crowd begins to collect, and in a short time nearly fill the house, as well as the open arena; where many go to make their observations upon the company collecting in the seats and boxes.

At the appointed time martial music announces the approach of soldiers (nothing is performed in Spain, without the intervention of the military, not even religious processions!) who enter the gates, and march through to the opposite side, extending themselves across the arena, with fixed bayonets; moving to slow time, they clear the place of all stragglers; they then file off to right and left, to their different posts, up to the boxes or seats, by means of cleets, on the sides, placed there for that purpose.

The arena being now clear, all the actors in this bloody tragedy, make their appearance, three on horseback and a number on foot. Those on horseback perform in the first act, which presents the most animated, bloody, and disgusting scenes; their situation requires great address, strength, and courage. They are called "*Picadores*," and are armed with lances eight or nine feet long, pointed at the end with steel, about an inch or two. They wear a round and very wide brimmed hat, tied under the chin; a short worked jacket, fitting close to the body and arms, made of silk of a bright colour, ornamented with shoulder knots and tassels, covered with gold and silver lace and trimmed with ribands; their hair, always long, clubbed up and put into a silk net, the fringe hanging down to their middle; their legs are cased with tin, over which they wear a kind of leather overalls; their heels are armed with immense spurs; and firmly seated in a true Spanish sad-

dle, which rises before and behind. Thus with their lances in rest, under their right arm, they are accoutred for action.

Those on foot are called "*Chulos*," or "*Bandileros*," and "*Matadores*," and are dressed in all the elegance of the Spanish costume.—On their heads they wear a small montero cap made of black silk velvet and hung with tassels; their long hair clubbed behind, and hung in a net; their jacket fitting close to the shape, are similar to those which are worn by the *Picadores*, of a bright coloured silk, a scarf round the waist of a different colour. They have ornamented silk breeches, fastened below the knees, and silk stockings and shoes. The whole dress is light and very costly. They carry a sort of mantle of red, blue, green, or white stuff, with which to provoke, draw off, or attract the bull's attention, and which they drop when closely pursued; and the bull is almost sure to quit the pursuit of the man, and vent his rage upon the mantle, tearing it to pieces, with his hoofs and horns. The *matadore* is dressed in a manner similar to the *bandilero*. He enters at the last act; his business is to kill the bull with a small sword as he rushes headlong upon him.

These personages having presented themselves and made their obeisance to the governor and the judges, the folding doors are thrown open, and a man enters, leading an ox, round whose neck a bell is tied, which he constantly shakes, and immediately after, or by the time he reaches the centre of the arena, eight wild bulls rush in together, though they are at first kept back, by the loud shouts and cries set up by the spectators. They follow the ox across the circus into the passage-way under the judges, and the doors are immediately closed upon them.

It is very singular that when thus together in a body, the bulls rarely ever make any decided attacks, although often much provoked. These animals, in general, are brought from the plains of Tarriffa, and are certainly very beautiful. They are much larger than ours; of a bright, clear colour; clean limbed, and horns long, sharp and curving; stately necks and heads. Ribands of different colours are fastened into the skin of their fore shoulder, before they are turned out, to denote their flock, or breed. Eight is the usual number fought at one Fête. All being now prepared for action, the *picadores* station themselves to the left, round the side of

the circus, at distances of forty or fifty feet, in succession to each other, while the bandileros betake themselves to their hiding holes. Silence reigns for a moment. Expectation stands on tip-toe.—The trumpets sound—the doors fly open.—Crashing all before him, out rushes, with extended tail, distended nostrils, and eyes of flame, the furious bull; and springing to the left attacks the picadore, whose horse stands unmoved while the lance of the rider enters the left neck of the animal; and probably turns him off to an attack on the second; so on to the third, who doing the same thing, the infuriated beast drives on, raging round the circus; and the picadores follow up and assume a new situation, always to the left, and await a new attack. If the picadore does not succeed in turning off the bull, the shock is dreadful. Horse and horseman are tumbled headlong to the ground with amazing violence; and the danger is great to both, if the bull follows up the attack, but he often passes on, or his attention is drawn off by the manoeuvres of the bandileros. The horse is often mortally wounded, and never rises again, particularly if struck under the chest; and the man is left severely stunned, or lifeless.

Sometimes, when the bull has been frequently turned off by the lance, he betakes himself to the centre of the "arena," and stands at bay, laving his dewlap and black hoofs, with the blood that flows copiously from his lacerated and gored neck, rolling his fierce eyes, and turning in every direction upon his numerous enemies, apparently meditating vengeance. At length he fixes upon an adversary, and rushes upon him, determined as it were, to conquer or die, for instead of giving way upon feeling the steel enter his neck, he forces himself with his utmost power against it. This is a period, replete with danger and honour to the combatants.—Should the bull succeed in breaking the lance, or in forcing it from the grasp of the picadore, wo betide him! for the onset is mortal: the fury of the animal knows no bounds, and he is cheered with loud acclamations.—But if the horseman resists him successfully, it is a *chef d' oeuvre*, and the highest compliments and encomiums are bestowed upon him. Sometimes, such is the power with which the attack is made, and such the prodigious strength of arm possessed by the picadore, the horse is tumbled over backwards by the pressure of the bull against the lance; and some-

times, bull, horse, and horseman, bite the dust together. But above all things, in this barbarous amusement, the affecting picture of the patience, docility, and courage, presented by the horses is truly astonishing. You see them, without flinching, await the attack of their all-powerful enemy.—You see them with their bloody entrails, just gushing, or hanging out of their gored sides, often trailing on the ground and trod under their own feet, to which their rider pays no attention, still obey the hand that directs or the spur that incites them; 'till tottering from loss of blood and gastly wounds, exhausted nature refuses longer to support them; the noble animal falls, and dies. He is instantly disencumbered of his bridle and saddle, if the distance of the bull will allow, and lies upon the “arena,” until the scene of slaughter is closed. Often in the interim the dead body of the horse is tossed and trampled upon (as if to tread him into dust) by the frantic and terrific bull, exhausting his strength in impotent fury. I recollect to have seen a bull, who at every attack sent horse and rider to the earth, and on he passed, seemingly despising a fallen foe. This bull killed five horses, and never gored one after he was dead, but appeared to be conscious of his victory by standing over the bodies of his tormentors. If the bull will not fight the horsemen, he is hissed and buffeted beyond measure. In order, as they say, to put spirits into him, barbed darts, fitted with fireworks are stuck all over him, and the wretched beast is tormented to death, enduring the scorn of the whole assembly.

When a bull clears the “arena,” that is, kills the three horses, before the picadores are remounted and returned, the hollow circus shakes with reiterated applause, and the scene is enlivened, by the white handkerchiefs of the ladies waving in all directions.

When it appears that the bull will no longer attack, or retreats before the horsemen, or sufficient time has been occupied, the trumpet sounds, and the picadores give way; though it sometimes happens if the bull is a favourite, and plays his part well, the spectators interfere, and *encore* him in such a manner, that the judges are obliged to permit the fight with the horsemen to continue. The bull, at this period, generally stands near the centre of the circus, spurning the earth, and lashing his sides in fearful rage. The signal being given, three or four of the *bandileros*,

armed with a barbed dart in each hand, covered with strips of white paper or riband, run behind the bull, who turns immediately upon them; at that instant, the body of the bandilero being brought exactly between the horns of the bull, he sticks his horrid weapons into each side of the neck, throwing himself off (the impetus being given by the bull) on one side with wonderful dexterity. The tortured animal now bellows with agony, his tongue lolling from his mouth, he plunges and jumps in all directions, attacking every thing before him, tossing and shaking his head and neck, in vain efforts to rid himself of the cruel darts, often springing up at the spectators, so high as sometimes to throw himself on the upper ropes.

When the brave animal has endured sufficient of this kind of torture to glut the appetites of the more savage populace, the trumpet sounds again, and the matadore makes his appearance, attended by the bandileros with their coloured mantles in their hands, with which to provoke the bull to pursuit, and lead him on to attack the matadore. This scene often lasts a long time, in consequence of the bull not making a direct, straight forward attack, which the matadore waits for (as it is extremely hazardous for him to attack the bull), with a piece of sky-blue stuff on a short staff in his left hand, and a small sword in his right; with the cloth he conceals his sword, and provokes the bull, when at bay, to rush upon him. When the bull thus attacks, he meets him front to front, with steady eye and iron nerve, directing the well poised arm, to drive his trusty blade, where the neck and body join, up to the hilt. The lordly beast then totters and reels; his flanks heave; at every breath his life-blood gushes from his nose and mouth; he sinks upon his knees; his enemies approach; one effort more; he rises; they retire. Rolling his swarthy eyes like balls of fire, threatening and terrible even in the agonies of death, the fountain of life being drained to its source, the powerless limbs give way, and down falls the struggling animal. Now the final *butcher* makes his appearance and consummates the murder, by plunging a small triangular dagger into the spinal marrow, where the neck and head unite. Instant death succeeds. If this is well done the whole house rings with applause. Music awakes and breathes again—the folding doors fly open—three

mouse-coloured horses, harnessed abreast, ornamented with red plumes, and covered with bells, are led in, and by these the mangled body of the dead hero is dragged in triumph round the circus, and they disappear through the gates, which close immediately. Again the trumpet sounds, all are prepared, and a similar scene is acted with another victim.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER—BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

MR. SAUNTER,

MOST of you writers have leaped into the censor's throne without leave or license; where you were no sooner seated, than, with the impudence one might expect from such conduct, you have railed, with all the severity of satire and the indecency of invective, against our folly, frivolity, forwardness, fondness of dress, and so forth. You can't conceive what a latitude is assumed, by the wittings of the day, from the encouragement of such pens as your's. Those well dressed young gentlemen who will *lay awake whole nights in carving the fashion of a new doublet*, and who will criticise Cooper without knowing whether Shakspeare wrote dramas or epic poems, these wiseacres, I say, saunter along Chestnut-street, when the sun shines, and amuse themselves with sneers against our sex: and in nothing are we so much the object of their ridicule as in our devotion to fashion, on whose shrine, according to these modern peripatetics, we sacrifice our time, our understanding, and our health. We have freedom of the press, and freedom of religion, and why should we not enjoy a freedom of fashions?

What do these sapient gentlemen wish? Would they have a dress for females established by an act of the assembly, as doctors of medicine have been created in Maryland? "Which dress aforesaid of the *aforegoing* figure, colour, materials, fashion, cut, make, &c. &c. all the good spinsters of Pennsylvania shall wear on all highdays and holidays, under pain, &c. &c." Horrible idea!—What! tie us down to the dull routine of the same looks, the same bonnets, the same cloaks? take from us that charming diversity, that

delightful variety, which blooms in endless succession from week to week, with the changes of the season—make us tedious to ourselves, and as unalterable and unattractable as an old family picture—or, what is equally out of the way and insipid, an old bachelor? Rob us of half our charms and deprive us of all subjects of thought and conversation! You men may talk of your dogs, your horses, and your wine; but alas! if you take fashion from us, pray Mr. Saunter, inform me upon what topic shall we converse with our beaux? Can you furnish us with any substitute for the delightful themes of ribands, laces, bonnets, shawls, new dresses—with all the various and interesting inquiries about the forms and fashions intended to be at Mrs. O's party to-morrow night, or which agitated the bosoms of so many belles on the preceding evening, at Mrs. T's? We should really mope ourselves into the melancholy of a young lawyer, who looks and sighs in vain for a mistress or a client, or a gay girl, who is shut up in the country, enjoying the poetical charms of turbid ponds, bellowing cattle, and neighbourly visitations; and the poor, dear little Dandies, for lack of new bonnets and gay ribands to talk about, would relapse into downright torpitude.

But some of you talk of the simplicity of nature; of the gew-gaw display of artificial charms; of deforming nature's works by the cumbrous and fantastical embellishments of art, and so forth. Now, sir, if you will pin the argument to this point, I shall have you in my power. Pray is nature simple, barren, tedious, dull, uniform, and unadorned, as you old bachelors would have us to be, so that we might resemble your comfortless selves? Look at the trees: are they all of the same colour? Are they not so infinitely diversified in their shades and figures, that, to an observing eye, no two are alike? Observe the flowers of the garden: do they exhibit the same sombre or pale hue? Do they present that dull simplicity which you recommend to us, whom your gravest philosophers allow to be the handsomest beings in creation? Do you prefer the dull uniformity of a trench of upright celery to the variegated bed of tulips? What would you say of a project to reform nature by robbing the rose of its blushing red, the lily of its silver lustre, the tulip of its gorgeous streaks, the violet of its regal purple, and allowing the vale to be no longer embroidered

with their various beauties? or, of blotting from the clouds their golden streaks and dazzling silver, and banishing the gay rainbow from the heavens, because they are not of an uniform colour, but for ever present more varieties and combinations of beauties than our imaginations can paint? And shall not we, who, at least, pretend to have the use of reason, imitate nature? Nature has given for *our* use the varied dyes of the mineral and the vegetable world, which enable us almost to vie with her own splendid gilding. Nature made us to be various, changeable, inconstant, many coloured, whimsical, fickle and fond of show if you please, and we follow nature with the greatest fidelity, when, like her, we use her beauties to delight the eye, gratify the taste, and employ the mind in the harmonious varieties of colour and figure to which fashion resorts, and to which we devote so much time and thought.

Attend to these hints, and if you properly digest them, I have no doubt so sensible a head as you possess must nod assent to my doctrine, that to study fashion and be in the fashion is the most delightful and harmless employment upon earth, and the most conformable to our nature. But if you should be so perverse as to think erroneously on this subject, I advise you to keep your observations to yourself, or to have your head well *wigged* the next time you come among us.

Your's, as you demean yourself.

VALERIA.

"If you don't believe this loaf of bread to be a shoulder of mutton," says Peter in the Tale of a Tub, in one of those sarcasms against transubstantiation, which no man could convey with more archness than Dean Swift, "then d—n you and all your generation for ever." As my fair correspondent does not impose such rigorous terms upon me, I shall pull my wig very closely about my ears, though my hair, for divers cogent reasons, is not in very imminent danger, and venture to make a few observations upon the subject of her spirited epistle.

The goddess Fortune is represented as blind: but she who presides over dressing-tables and mirrors, at whose shrine thousands worship, with such sincere devotion, darts a beam as unerring as the lynx, and like a meridian sun, she dazzles and even blinds her

admirers. How quickly does a cloak or a bonnet, which we should at first pronounce horribly ugly, and unbecoming, change its qualities, if we are told that it is imported from the regions of Fashion! How immediately do we begin to hesitate: then to palliate defects: then to discover beauties! At last we exclaim in raptures of admiration, how charming, how captivating! Surely it is the very thing, and we should never be able to exist without it! How truly may fashion be called

A host

That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
But with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And goes out sighing.

Potent as this empire must be admitted to be, every rational mind must lament the badness of her administration and the tardy pace of her laws. The city and the country never agree; and whole tracts of land are separated from each other by the colours of fashion, as distinctly as the counties or territories of a painted map. As in travelling the delightful change from mountains, high and airy, and covered with promising buds, through the humble vales, where we are regaled with luscious fruits, and to more southern countries, where we mark the appearance of the many coloured Autumn—so in an excursion from the city to the country, the latter is clad in the green livery of Spring, while the former dazzles the eye with all the gaudy tulips of Summer. While one description of bonnets glide through the aisles of the village church, in their full rage, when they have been consigned to the ocean of oblivion by the city belle: the country shrugs itself in the long pelisse or the close coat, while Mrs. — has forgotten their very names, and exhibits nothing but cloaks of all colours, and of all shades of colours, and ornamented with ingenious decorations of diamonds, scollops, convexities and concavities, leaves, sprigs, and flowers.

Yet this irresistible goddess can not only effect a revolution in the subordinate government of taste, but inspire the mind with the most powerful virtues. I have often looked with a mixture of admiration and pity, at a delicate form passing through our

streets, shrinking under a thin covering from the "churlish chiding of the winter's wind." Every fold and every wrapper of this thin material, was economically employed to turn off the sharp blast that still pierced it. I could not but admire a fortitude which enabled the wearer to defy the common feelings of pain, in the steadfast performance of her allegiance to the deity of her idolatry. Yet I sympathized sometimes in those feelings, which must now and then make themselves be regarded, and compel us to acknowledge the frailty of humanity!

My correspondent, however, pleads the cause of Fashion with so much ingenuity and naiveté, that I know not how to decide against her influence. Indeed, when I reflect upon the powerful arguments which are employed by Valeria, I know not whether it would require more than a few moments of verbal persuasion from a pair of pretty lips, to induce even me to burnish my pale cheeks, doff my slippers, and array myself in all the paraphernalia of a beau. I might be tempted to

—be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body.



FRUGALITY.

The mercantile wisdom of "a penny saved is two-pence got," may be accommodated to all conditions, by observing, that not only they who pursue any lucrative employment will save time when they forbear expense, and that time may be employed to the increase of profit; but that they, who are above such minute considerations, will find by every victory over appetite, or passion, new strength added to the mind, will gain the power of refusing those solicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly assaulted, and in time, set themselves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

WITCHES.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The witches of New England have afforded abundant matter of amusement for the wits of London. It may not be generally known among this class of writers, that in the Augustan age of English literature and science, when that country was adorned by a Newton, a Halley, a Swift, a Clarke, and an Addison,—in the year 1712 judge Powell, who was neither a weak nor a hard-hearted man, condemned Jane Wentham at Hertford. Four years afterwards, he, at Huntingdon condemned Mary Hickes and her daughter Elizabeth, an infant of eleven years old, who were executed in July 1716. At the beginning of the same century, of which English philosophers and English scholars talk with triumph, two unhappy wretches were hung at Northampton, 17th March 1705; and in July 1712, five other wretches suffered the same fate, at the same place. 4 *Gough's British Topography*, 225.

Who would dare to dispute the erudition, the integrity, the wisdom, or the piety of sir Matthew Hale? Who can read with indifference, the reasons which, with his usual modesty and sincerity, he assigns for declining the judicial office, and in which he represents himself as having “too much pity, clemency, and tenderness in cases of life, which may prove an unserviceable temper for bustling?”

Mitis precibus, pietatis abundans

Pœnæ parcus erat. Claud. de iv. Cons. Honor. l. 113.

Yet so far did he share in the credulity of his cotemporaries about witchcraft, that in the Suffolk sessions of 1664, he not only condemned two widows of Leystoff, but suffered judgment to be executed upon them; and even the learned sir Thomas Brown, is said upon this occasion to “have declared himself in court to be clearly of opinion, that the fits of the patient were natural, but heightened by the devil co-operating with the malice of the witches, and to have confirmed that opinion by a similar case in Denmark, and so far influenced the jury that the two women were hanged.”

Gough's Brit. Topog. in loc. cit.

So true is the language of the poet:

Suus cuique attributus est error;

Sed non videmus manticæ quod in tergo est.

Catull. Carm. 20.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE EIGHTH OF JANUARY; OR, THE VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS.

Written by T. J. Allen, Esq.

AIR—"Anacreon in heaven."

Britannia advances with white swelling sail,
 Her red cross is floating in pride on the gale;
 She comes with her host over ocean afar,
 And sounds, with shrill trump, the dread signal of war.
 And many a warrior of fame in the fight,
 And many a hero in chivalry bright,
 Descends with bold step on the patriot shore,
 Where Freedom is cherish'd and dwells evermore!

Ah! wo to her warriors of fame in the fight—
 Ah! wo to her heroes in chivalry bright!
 The scenery will darken, ere closes the day,
 And the war-kindled eye fade in dimness away.
 For fame they will battle, for glory they'll die,
 And, struck to the earth, in their blood they shall lie,
 The proud ones! who dare to invade the dear shore,
 Where Freedom has chosen to dwell evermore!

How vainly they thicken and press on the field,
 Where freemen the falchion of Liberty wield!
 There Death striding dreadful the columns among,
 Spreads carnage and horror amidst the deep throng;
 And thousands sink down to repose on the plain,
 Whom the reveillie never shall waken again;
 For they came to pollute and enslave the dear shore,
 Where Heav'n-born Freedom shall dwell evermore!

Let the festal of triumph resplendently shine
 Round the brows of the brave wreaths of laurel entwine;
 For the few that have fall'n in Liberty's name,
 Drop a tear in the cup that we fill to their fame;
 And to HIM who smil'd on us, who dwells in the skies,
 From our hearts let the tribute of gratitude rise.
 It was HE gave the vict'ry, and blest the lov'd shore,
 Where Freedom is sacred and dwells evermore!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A REFLECTION BY NIGHT.

How lovely the moon looks amidst the blue sky!
 She smiles as unconscious that sorrow is nigh,
 Yet that dark-rushing cloud seems to envy her smile,
 And deprives her of beauty and joy for awhile.
 Oh thus shone the moon-beams of Hope on the way,
 Through which Fancy had told me my manhood should stray;
 And thus, too, the clouds of misfortune have swept
 O'er the face of that morn; and like them I have wept;
 But the clouds that have darken'd the moon will depart,
 And sorrow will dwell but *awhile* in the heart.
 The rain-drops that fall from the dark clouds will cease,
 And the tears that we shed will be follow'd by peace.

MARINER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESS TO THE SUN—VERSIFIED FROM OSSIAN.

O thou that roll'st in yonder azure field,
 As round and bright as Trenmor's glitt'ring shield!
 Whence is that pure, and everlasting glow,
 Which pours its glory on the world below?
 When in the east appears thy radiant eye,
 The trembling stars forsake the flaming sky,
 Sinks the pale moon into the western tide,
 And leaves thee all alone thy race to ride;
 For not in heaven's expanded arch is one
 Who dares with thee thy rapid course to run.
 The *oaks* that crown the mountains fade away;
Mountains themselves rush onward to decay;
 The restless *ocean* shrinks and grows again;
 The *moon* is lost beneath the raging main;
 But *thou* still joyest in thy primal course,
 Darting thy rays with undiminished force.
 When warring tempests range the troubled sky,
 And thunders roll, and vivid lightnings fly,

Thou, midst the tumult, show'st thy placid form,
 And smil'st serenely on the frowning storm.
 But, though thy beauty gladdens earth and sky,
 Thou bring'st no joy to Ossian's sightless eye.
 He sees thee not, when in the rosy morn,
 Thy yellow hair on eastern winds is borne;
 Nor when thy trembling disk descends to rest
 Amidst the milder radiance of the west.
 He sees thee not, for he is old.—And thou,
 Like him, must lose thy fervid youthful glow.
 Yea! for these joyous hours that with thee fly,
 Still urge thee onward to thy destiny;
 When thou shalt sleep within thy cloudy hall,
 And hear no more the Morning's cheerful call.
 Oh then pursue with joy thy youthful way,
 Dark and unlovely comes life's wintry day;
 'Tis like the trembling light the moon-beams pour,
 Through broken clouds at midnight's lonely hour;
 When curling mists envelop every hill,
 And o'er the plain the north-wind whistles shrill;
 The wandering traveller hears its leaden sound,
 And, shivering, wraps his shaggy mantle round.

MARINER.

GOOD HUMOUR.

GOOD HUMOUR may be defined a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition, like that which every one perceives in himself, when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses.

Good humour is a state between gayety and unconcern; the act of a mind at leisure, to regard the actions of another.

IMITATION.

It is justly considered as the greatest excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it requires judgment to distinguish those parts of nature which are most proper for imitation.

No man was ever great by imitation.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE are indebted to Mr. Small's press for a very interesting volume, entitled, *Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful knowledge.*—This is the first of a series of volumes, intended to be published by a committee of the American Philosophical Society, on subjects connected with the history of this country. This volume is exclusively devoted to communications respecting the American Indians, with whom our historical scene naturally opens. It principally consists of a highly interesting "*Account of the history, manners, and customs of the Indian nations, who once inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighbouring States,*" by the Rev. John Heckewelder, of Bethlehem, a member of the committee. In this valuable communication, the result of the author's observations and experience, during a residence of near forty years among the Indians, we are presented with a clearer view of those aboriginal people, than has yet been given in any work now extant. It is divided into chapters, and interspersed with occasional dialogues, and numerous anecdotes, which give life to the picture, which the author has drawn, and make the likeness more striking.

The remainder of the volume consists of a correspondence between Mr. Heckewelder and Mr. Duponceau, the Corresponding Secretary of the Historical Committee, on the subject of the languages of the American Indians, illustrated by a collection of words, phrases, and short dialogues in the Lenni Lenappe, or Delaware language, by Mr. Heckewelder; in which the rich and elegant grammatical forms of those idioms, from Greenland to Cape Horn, are developed and explained; and in which, as well as in a report of the Corresponding Secretary, prefixed to the volume, it is argued, that they are not exceeded in copiousness of expression, or in regularity of construction, by any of the ancient or modern languages of the old world. This part of the volume will attract the curiosity of the learned; while Mr. Heckewelder's historical account of the Indians, will gratify not only the philosopher and

the philanthropist, but the general reader, who has only amusement for his object.

We understand that the second volume of the Committee's Transactions will soon be put to press, and will consist principally, if not altogether, of the correspondence of the great William Penn with his confidential secretary, James Logan, and others, on the political affairs of Pennsylvania, in the first twelve or fourteen years of the last century. This valuable collection, we are informed, is taken from the archives of the Logan family, and has been arranged and enriched with valuable and interesting notes, by Mrs. Deborah Logan, wife of Dr. George Logan, of Stenton, who is descended from the celebrated friend of our illustrious founder.

A patriotic poem, by the princess of Canino, wife of Lucien Bonaparte, is shortly to be issued from the press in France. It was composed during the period of her exile and captivity. She is said to be celebrated for wit and poetic talent.

There was published in France, according to the *Bibliographie de la France*, during the year 1817, four thousand two hundred and thirty-seven works—eleven hundred and seventy-nine engravings—and four hundred and seventy pieces of music. The three first weeks of the present year have produced two hundred and eighty publications, sixty-three engravings, and twenty-six new tunes.

R. Ackerman has in the press, "High Quarrel with the Pope. A correspondence between the court of Rome and baron Von Wessenberg, bishop of Constance, in which the bishop disputes the authority of the pope in Germany; with an account of his endeavours, and every probability of success, to effect a general reformation in the German Catholic church."

Copenhagen, 15th Sept. 1818.—The man-milliner* Ehrenholdt, has discovered the means of making paper out of *tang*; (a kind of sea grass; the *Zostera* of Linnæus.) For this interesting discovery, he has obtained a patent for three years.

* This is correctly translated from the original word, modehändler, and signifies, we presume, a tailor. Anciently in England, a harness-maker was called a horse-milliner. Ed. P. F.

The *Elements of Surgery*, by Dr. Dorsey, the late distinguished professor of the university of Pennsylvania, has been republished in Edinburgh, as a text-book for the students of that school of medical science. This is the first American book which has received that honour.

The *Travels of Lewis and Clarke* have reached a third edition in London. We believe a single edition was found to be a heavy article in the store of the American publisher. So little respect do we pay to our own literature!

The *Portico*, at *Baltimore*, has met with the same fate which has attended every effort of the kind that has ever been made in that city. We hear, however, that Mr. Robinson has had the temerity to offer another journal. The list of abortive essays, "in the periodical line," in *Baltimore*, during the last ten or twelve years, will average nearly two a year. In *New York* and in *Boston*, they have uniformly failed, not through want of merit in the works, but in consequence of the apathy of the public. The *New York Monthly Magazine*, which is now published, contains a great variety of intelligence respecting the state of literature and science; and the *Boston Journal* is supported with considerable ability. But we doubt whether any literary journal in the United States affords a liberal return for the labour and expense which they require. The number of subscribers to them is generally small, and in this scanty list of patrons there are too many who give no more than "the whistle of a name" to the luckless magaziner.

We ought to have mentioned before this time, that, at the close of the last year, Robert Walsh, Esq. announced, that particular circumstances had induced him to decline any further co-operation in the *Analectic Magazine*. We should regard this as a public loss, if we were not confident that the industry and the ambition of this elegant scholar will always prevent his talents from lying in abeyance. He has recently been appointed professor of General Literature in the University of this Commonwealth, and we believe that he is employed on a work relating to our domestic history. *Edward Ingersoll*, Esq. has succeeded the late editor in the management of the *Analectic*; and we are assured, "that such arrangements have been made for the supply of both original

matter and selections, as to give every expectation that the Magazine will possess much additional interest and value. Its pages will comprize the spirit of the *French* as well as British periodical works, and the original notices on American literature, biography, and history, will be furnished by an *extended number of able contributors.*" Mr. Ingersoll is a gentleman of pure principles and amiable character, and we shall rejoice in seeing him redeem the pledge which he has given.

Messrs. Littell and Henry have commenced a weekly paper in this city, under the title of the Philadelphia Register. It is in the royal 8vo. form, and is chiefly devoted to selections from the daily journals. Why will not some one give us a repository of *public documents*, free from comments, or original discussions of any description whatever?

Messrs. Barton and Edes have issued the first number of "the Ladies' Magazine," a Saturday paper, at Savannah, (Geo.) Their motto is the same which has adorned our journal nearly twenty years, and the paper, in other respects, evinces a lamentable lack of invention.

New method of detecting arsenious acid, or corrosive sublimate, when in solution.—Take a little recent wheat starch; add to it a sufficient quantity of iodine to give it a blue colour. Mix a little of this blue matter with water, so as to have a blue-coloured liquid. If into this liquid a few drops of an aqueous solution of arsenious acid be put, the blue colour is immediately changed to reddish brown, and is gradually dissipated entirely. The solution of corrosive sublimate produces nearly the same effect; but if some drops of sulphuric acid be added, the blue colour is again restored, if it has been destroyed by arsenious acid; but if it has been destroyed by corrosive sublimate, it is not restored, either by sulphuric acid or by any other acid. [Brugnatelli, Ann. de Chim. et Phys. iv. 334.]

Henriette Schubart has lately published, at Altenberg, a translation of Walter Scott's Scottish Ballads and Songs.

A curious book has lately appeared at Copenhagen, under the title, "Historia præcipuorum Arabum Regnorum, rerumque ab

iis gestorum ante Islamismum e codd. MSS. Arabicis Bibliothecæ Regiæ Slavniensis collegit, vertit, Animadversiones addidit, Dr. et Pref. J. L. Rassmussen."

Among the effects left by the celebrated Werner, there are several MSS. nearly ready for the press. This great man had printed nothing since 1774. His labours always appeared to him not sufficiently matured; but his instructions are spread over the world by thousands of his scholars. His cabinet of minerals has become the property of the mineralogical academy at Frieberg.

Professor Moricchini, of Rome, having discovered the magnetising power of the violet rays of the prismatic spectrum, the marquis Ridolfi has succeeded in magnetising two needles; the one in thirty, the other in forty-six minutes; and can now charge, with the magnetic power, by the same process, as many needles as he pleases. The needles thus magnetised (namely, by directing on and passing over them, for a period of not less than thirty minutes, the violet rays of the spectrum, through the medium of a condensing lens) possess all the energy and the properties of needles magnetised in the common way, by means of a loadstone. Their *homonomous* poles repel, while the *heteronomous* poles attract, each other; and, made to vibrate on a pivot, their points turn constantly to the north, their heads to the south! This adds to the wonders of magnetism, and must be regarded as a very extraordinary discovery.

Ossian.—It will be gratifying to those who patronize Celtic literature, and more especially to those who read the Gaelic language, to know that the poems of Ossian, *in the original*, are now in the press. These are reprinted from the splendid edition in three vols. 8vo., but without either the English or Latin translations, being intended for those only who can read Ossian in their vernacular tongue.

Don Valenzuela has discovered that meat may be preserved fresh for many months, by keeping it immersed in molasses.

A material for roofing, cheap and durable, is formed by dipping sheets of coarse paper (such as button-makers use) in boiling tar, and nailing them on boards or laths, exactly in the same

manner as slates. Afterwards the whole is to be coated over with a mixture of pitch and powdered coal, chalk, or brick-dust. This forms a texture, which completely resists every description of weather for an unknown time. Extensive warehouses at Deal, Dover, and Canterbury, and churches and farm-houses in the north, have been so roofed for more than fifty years, without requiring repairs.

The emperor of Austria, desirous of advancing useful knowledge, and transplanting to his dominions some of the valuable natural productions of the new world, has availed himself of the opportunity of the marriage and departure of his daughter, the archduchess Leopoldine, to send to Brazil a number of men of science, who, with the permission of the king of Portugal, are directed to explore the most remarkable parts of that country, to examine the different productions of the three kingdoms of nature, and to enrich the European collections with specimens of them. His imperial majesty has granted the sums necessary for the expedition, and given the chief direction of it to prince Metternich. The persons appointed to proceed to Brazil for this purpose are:—Dr. Mikon, a physician and professor of botany at Prague; M. Gatterer, belonging to the cabinet of natural history; M. Enders, landscape painter; M. Schott, botanical gardener at the palace of Belvedere; professor Pohl, advantageously known by several works on mineralogy; M. Buchberger, painter of plants; and M. Schick as librarian. The first four sailed from Trieste in the frigates *Austria* and *Augusta*, and the other three will embark at Leghorn with the archduchess. M. Schreiber, director of the imperial cabinet of natural history, is appointed to write the account of the voyage. Messrs. Spix and Martens, members of the academy of sciences at Munich, have joined the expedition.

The university of Dorpat, in Livonia, now numbers three hundred students, some of whom come from very remote parts of the empire, as well as from the provinces bordering on the Baltic. The buildings for the university are finished. One is occupied by a philosophical cabinet, and another by the library, containing nearly thirty thousand volumes. In these buildings have also been provided halls for public orations, and other solemn acts of the

university. The professors hold their lectures in a fine and spacious edifice, situated on the Dornberg; the anatomical theatre is arranged with taste. From amidst the ruins of the ancient cathedral rises another superb structure, one part of which contains the museum, and the other serves for the university church. Professors Jasche and Morgenstern are distinguished by their worth and erudition. In the *lounge*, or reading-room, a stranger meets with all the scholars of Dorpat, and also the foreign literary, political, and philosophical journals.

Among the publications which have lately appeared at Petersburg, are *Ephemerides Russes, politiques, litteraires, historiques et necrologiques*, par Spada, and *Description des Objets les plus remarquables de la ville de Petersbourg et de ses Environs*, par Paul Swinin, author of *Picturesque Travels in North America*. The designs are neat and faithful, and the text, in Russian and French, entertaining. An English translation of *Atala*, by the chaplain of the English factory at Cronstadt, is just published. *An Essai critique sur l'Histoire de Livonie*, in 3 vols. by count de Bray, Bavarian ambassador to the court of Russia, is in the press. The whole edition of this performance is destined as a present to the university of Dorpat, the produce to be laid out on historical works for its library. General Jomini is engaged upon a history of the last two campaigns, for which field marshal Barclay de Tolly has, among others, contributed very interesting materials. As the climate of Russia does not agree with him, he has availed himself of the leave of absence granted him for two years, and returned to Switzerland.

The rich, learned brahman of Calcutta, Ramohun-Roy, who is versed in the Sanscrit, Persian, and English languages, has paid a visit to the missionaries at Serampore. He has not renounced his caste, and this enables him to visit the richest families of Hindoos. Since the publication of his translation of the *Vedant*, several respectable inhabitants of Calcutta have declared themselves *Mono-theists*, and have united in a society, with a view to mutual assistance in adopting a system of worship conformable to their faith in one eternal, unchangeable, omnipotent, and omnipresent Deity,—regarding all other gods, pretended gods, or representatives of God, as blasphemers and impostors.

Dr. Marshman has completed the translation of the Bible into the Chinese language.

The young scholar, M. Rask, advantageously known by his Icelandic grammar, and his profound knowledge of the language and antiquities of Iceland, has undertaken a new journey for the elucidation of the antiquities of the north. His first excursion was to Iceland, where, supported by the Danish government, he resided three years. The regions of Caucasus are now the object of his curiosity: patronized on this occasion also by the government, he is going to seek among the Caucasian tribes the origin of the ancient northern language and mythology. The idea of this journey seems to have been excited in M. Rask by his prize essay, not yet printed, "On the origin of the Icelandic language." In this essay he has investigated the original sources, and clearly proved the great similarity of the abovementioned language to the Greek and Roman. The learned Icelandic Finn Magnussen, professor at the university of Copenhagen, has expressed the same opinion in his lectures on the mythic and ethic poems of the ancient or Sæmund Edda.

The Royal Economical Society of Copenhagen, founded in 1768, now numbers three hundred members, and its annual receipts, including the royal grants, amounts to six thousand rix-dollars. Ten volumes of the Transactions of this Society have appeared, and they contain many very important papers. Other useful treatises also are published at the expense of this society, which moreover possesses a very fine and instructive collection of models. The late major general Classen bequeathed to it not only his collections of minerals, models, and mathematical instruments, but also his valuable library, which was particularly rich in mathematical works, and is now open to the public. At the expense of this society, useful instruments for agriculture and other branches of industry are distributed, various kinds of fruit-trees out of its nurseries are sold at a low price to the peasants, and an encouragement is afforded to the formation of small libraries of books adapted to the use of the lower classes. Such collections are now to be found in many villages.

OBITUARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOHN SYNG DORSEY, M.D.

(With a Portrait.)

JOHN S. DORSEY, son of the late LEONARD DORSEY, and grandson of EDMUND PHYSICK, Esq. a distinguished officer under the proprietary government of the Commonwealth, was born on the twenty-third of December, seventeen hundred and eighty-three, in the city of Philadelphia. At the early age of fifteen, he commenced the study of physic, and four years afterwards (1802) he graduated in the university of Pennsylvania. On this occasion, he selected for the subject of a thesis, *the powers of the gastric liquor as a solvent* in particular cases. In the following year he visited Europe, and remained abroad thirteen months. On his return he commenced the practice of his profession in this city. The patronage of his preceptor and kinsman, Dr. Physick, and the engaging frankness of his own manners, quickly introduced him to an extensive circle of friends, where he early acquired the character of a skilful physician. As one of the attending surgeons of the Pennsylvania hospital, he had frequent opportunities of displaying talents in that branch of his profession. In 1807, he was associated with Dr. Physick, as an adjunct professor of Surgery in the university in which he received his medical education, and on the death of the professor of Materia Medica he was elected to fill that chair.

Not long after he received this appointment, the demise of the amiable Wistar, next called him to the chair of Anatomy. But in the very instant that he had thus reached the highest point of his ambition, surrounded by crowds of admiring friends, and career-ing in health and prosperity, he was laid low. On the day succeeding that on which he delivered his introductory lecture, he was taken ill, and in a short time he was summoned to another world.

We are not competent to enter into a survey of the merits of Dr. Dorsey's professional character; but we should estimate his judgment on a high scale, from the circumstance that his "Ele-

ments of Surgery," first published in 1813, in two volumes, has been reprinted in Edinburg, and adopted as a text-book in the celebrated school of that metropolis. From the early period at which he quitted college, it may be inferred that his classical attainments were not extensive; but he was fond of letters, and we recollect that some of his literary communications in the early volumes of the *Port Folio* evinced much classical taste and a vigorous imagination. In the arts of drawing and sculpture, we have understood that he was no mean proficient, and he was a very good engraver.

The qualities of his heart were of the highest order. Without the slightest tincture of adulation, he was easy, courteous, and affable. His disposition was the very abstract of good-nature. Happy in himself, he seemed to participate in the happiness of others, and imperceptibly communicated his own agreeable feelings to the social circle. There was no hypocrisy in his professions, no envy, no jealousy; on the contrary, his temper was so frank, so generous, so filled with amenity and candour, that he inspired universal confidence and ease. His mind was no less open and liberal; ardent and vigorous in the pursuit of knowledge, he maintained those opinions which he had early acquired and which were justly respected, with singular modesty.

We feel a mournful pleasure in dwelling upon the amiable character of one of our earliest friends; and we feel grateful to the members of his private class, that we are permitted to unite with them in rendering honour to the memory of one so dear. These gentlemen have summoned the arts of painting and engraving to their assistance; and in the portrait which accompanies this number of the *Port Folio*, they have endeavoured to express at once their respect, their affection, and their regret!

The body of the deceased was borne to the grave by twelve of his class.

The general regret which pervaded every class of the community, when the event was first announced, attests more powerfully the merits of Dr. Dorsey than any language which eulogy or friendship can possibly command.



J. E. H.

MR. CHARLES H. PARKER.

DIED, in this city, on the 9th of March, in the 26th year of his age, Mr. *Charles H. Parker*, a young gentleman who was ardently engaged in the study of the art of engraving, as a pupil under Col. G. Fairman, by whom he was highly esteemed. His disposition was happily adapted to conciliate affection; and in the exercise of his profession he was punctual, active, and assiduous. He had just finished the writing part of the splendid edition of the *Declaration of Independence*, which is about to be published; and we have occasionally been indebted to his genius for some of the embellishments of this journal. In the stations which were occupied by the deceased, as a member of three benevolent institutions, and one military association, he evinced a laudable readiness to perform his part in the great drama of life, and the concourse of soldiery and citizens which attended his funeral, with testimonials of public honours, and signs of individual sorrow, powerfully demonstrated, that though he had found an early grave, he had not lived in vain!

PROSPERITY.

PROSPERITY, as is truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers by inactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold, not yet brought to the test, of which, therefore, the true value cannot be assigned. Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and affections of mankind.

Moderation in prosperity, is a virtue very difficult to all mortals.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

NOTHING is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, which we read, not as a study, but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise is likewise short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience.

For the Port Folio.— To CAROLINE.

When Time uplifts his trembling hand,
And strikes the visage with his wand;
When cheeks no more with blushes glow,
And auburn locks are white as snow;
When eyes have lost their sparkling blue,
And lips have chang'd their roseate hue;
Ah! then how weak is Beauty's power,
To charm the slowly passing hour.

'Tis not the auburn locks of hair,
That play in ringlets round the fair;
'Tis not her cheeks o'erspread with smiles;
'Tis not her voice which care beguiles;
'Tis not her lips with rosy hue,
Where bees would seek the morning dew;
'Tis not her blue eyes' thrilling glance;
'Tis not her feet that trip the dance;
'Tis not the grace with which they move,
That warms my heart with ardent love—
But 'tis her finely polished mind,
By Virtue's fondest care refined.
Like Hesper, at the eve of day,
When Sol emits his latest ray,
This star displays its brilliant light,
And drives afar the gloom of night.
Modest and meek, without pretence,
To other charms than charms of sense:
To charms which shine when Beauty fades
And Time's rude hand the form invades—
To these a lovely Fair aspires,
And these excite my bosom's fires:
For they can cheer Old Age's heart
Without the aid of Fancy's art.

SEDLEY.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A YOUNG LADY.

Oft when sleep has stild to rest
The busy thoughts that rack the breast,
And Morpheus throws his pinions round—
Fancy usurps the vacant ground.

Then, unprov'd by anxious care,
Each object blooming fresh and fair,
The mind enjoys the ideal scene,
And naught disturbs the calm serene.

But morn returns, with jealous ray,
And ushers in the busy day—
So, like the visions of a dream,
Does thy short visit, Mary, seem.

Wak'd from the sleep, we strive, in vain,
To realize it once again.
But Mem'ry oft shall bring thee near,
And Friendship still shall hold thee dear.

When sweet Good-Nature shows her face,
And Frankness smiles with winning grace,
When eyes shall sparkle bright with glee,
Then, Mary, shall we think of thee!

SEDLEY.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

To search after bliss silly mortals still roam,
And are wilder'd before they're aware;
But joy and content are both center'd at home,
If love and good humour be there.

Take the world as it goes, neither grumble nor fret,
Nor preach o'er the sins of mankind;
'Tis in woman alone all your joys are complete,
If love and good humour you find.

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But, if cross'd when abroad, you return to your fair,

In hopes that her smiles will repay:
Take the edge from your spleen, clear your bosom of care,
And love and good humour obey.

If blasted your hopes, by a gloom on her brow,
Your sorrows with int'rest return;
Nor love nor good humour can soften you now,
In dull pensive silence you mourn.

If a wound is receiv'd from the arm of a foe,
Fierce passion your bosom will move,
But how great is the pain and how double the blow,
If dealt by the hand that we love!

Since so pleasing the charm, and so lasting the joy,
Be friends to yourselves then, ye fair,
Nor by frowns, or ill-humour, the blessing destroy,
And for love and good humour give care.

Let the sweet beaming smile ever light up each charm,
'Tis itself the sam'd cestus of love,
Its influence so great, will resentment disarm,
And love and good humour improve.

For why should a frown ever blacken a scene,
Cast a cloud o'er a beautiful face?
A frown must a beauty as instantly screen,
And the first work of heav'n debase.

May it then be my lot, in the arms of my fair,
Though by day through life's mazes I roam,
At night by her smiles bid defiance to care,
And find love and good humour at home.

THE BIRTH OF A DIMPLE.

I read the following couplet,

Sigilla in mento impressa amoris digitat
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem:
many years ago, perhaps in Aulus Gellius, and the idea has frequently, since, flitted across my imagination. The ensuing lines may convey a faint impression of its beauty.

Cupid, near a cradle creeping,
Saw an infant gently sleeping;
The rose that blush'd upon its cheek
Seem'd a birth divine to speak.

To ascertain of earth or heav'n,
To mortals this fair form had given,
He, the little urchin, simple!
Touch'd her cheek—and left a dimple.

SEDLEY.

TO ———: WITH A ROSE.

See, my love, this new-blown rose,
Its perfume lavish on the air;
'Tis Nature's liberal hand bestows,
These vivid tints that bloom so fair.

But ere the Sun has spent his ray,
And hid his glories in the west,
Thou'lt see this fragrant flower decay,
And all its beauty sink to rest.

So the bright lustre of thine eye,
Where each admirer reads thy heart,

Soon, soon, alas! must fade and die,
And no sensations soft impart.

Ah! then, dear girl, improve the hour,
Whilst its delights may yet be thine;
Misfortunes dark o'er us may lower,
And Fate may bid thee ne'er be mine.

SEDLEY.

SONG.

Love smiling sits on Celia's brow,
Her smiles his arrows wing;
He from her eye-brows shapes his bow,
Her tresses form the string.

From her he learns to touch the heart,
Her wit improves his skill;
Her glances point the fatal dart,
And give it strength to kill.

Each day with pleasing conquest crown'd,
Her triumphs she renews,
Till Love, relenting, mourns the wound
Which she with pleasure views.

So bright her charms, so fix'd my fate,
I'm past her power to heal;
Undone—by sorrow—should she hate;
By joy, should I prevail.

ADVICE IN COURTSHIP.

Air—Who to gain a woman's favour.

I.

Kitty, tender, gay, and blooming,
Lover! wouldst thou hope to gain?
Warmly court, grow more presuming;
Maids despise the bashful swain.
When she's coldest,
Press her boldest;
Fondly seize her,
Clasp her, tease her;
Let her be thus warmly press'd,
And you'll soon, you'll soon, be blest.

II.

But if after every trial,
Every proof of tender art,
She with coldness and denial
Still proves coy and mocks your smart;
Cease dull whining,
Moping, pining;
Vex her, grieve her,
Slight her, leave her;
Stamp, frown, swear, and bid adieu,
Cease to court—and she'll court you.

ON BELINDA.

To paint Belinda's mien and air,
Her soft bewitching eyes;
Requires a Raphael's happy care,
Or painter from the skies.

But ah! to paint the subtle heart
Where pride and falsehood dwell,
Demands a Fury's devilish art,
Or painter brought from hell.

At once she charms and shocks the eye;
Compound of good and evil:
The heavenly-hellish progeny
Of Venus and the Devil.

LAURA.

Fair Laura's heart new tremors seize,
For colder hopes from Pisa came;
Though bright the sky, and soft the breeze,
Still drooped her brother's faded frame.

And starting to her beauteous eyes,
Again I marked the unhidden tear;
My reasoning tongue no aid supplies,
She melts with grief, she sinks with fear.

Oh! come, I cried, the beguiling Spring,
To thee shall all its bliss display;
Soft pleasures to thy mind shall bring,
And steal thee from thyself away.

We ranged the fields, the sunshine smil'd,
Faintly she praised the cooling gale;
But heard no lark that caroll'd wild,
And saw no primrose in the vale.

The stream we sought, no more she sees
The landscape in the wave reflected;
The sparkling tide, the deepening trees,
The rock, the willow, all neglected.

In vain I showed 'at close of day,
What once her wandering eye could charm,
The western wave, the slanting ray,
The cloud with varying lustre warm.

To fashion's realm my fancy flies,
I tell of whims and follies gay,
With languid looks she faint replies,
And smiles my gayety away.

The poet's song, the sprightly page,
The drama, or the tale I read;
Awhile the magic sounds engage,
But soon the ebbing thoughts recede.

And now her musings she resigns,
Again the song she bids me try;
Her cheek, she on her hand reclines,
And lifts to mine her grateful eyes.

Again I read, I melt, I burn,
As wills the bard—my glance I raise—
But now no more those looks discern,
That kindling spoke the poet's praise.

In vain the muse, by heaven inspir'd,
Here had the mind by reason charm'd;
There by new forms the fancy fir'd,
Here all the soul to rapture warm'd.

Unmark'd my voice, unfelt the lay—
A passing dream, a tinkling sound;
Too soon was lost each cheerful ray,
In clouds of grief that gather'd round.

How vain! when lost the bosom's ease;
How vain our wish, relief to find,
From all that once had pow'r to please.
While light the heart and gay the mind.

But Laura's tear no longer flows,
And sprightly now her voice is heard;
No more her faded looks disclose,
The sickening tale of hope deferred.

Far happier sounds from Pisa came,
Her doubts and tears and sobs are o'er;
She now reviv'd her brother's frame,
She clasp'd him on his native shore.

The changeful fates for mortals weave,
A mingled web of joy and sorrow;
The gentle heart to-day may grieve,
But throbs with richer bliss to-morrow.

* *

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

[The following lines, from the pen of Thomas Moore, Esq. are to be engraved on the monument about to be erected to the memory of his late friend, that good, amiable, and ingenious man, Joseph Atkinson, Esq.]

If ever lot was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his, who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simplest heart that mocks at worldly wiles,
Light wit, that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles;

Pure charity, that comes not in a shower,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds;
But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads;

The happy grateful spirit, that improves
And brightens every gift by Fortune given;
That, wander where it will, with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven:

All these were his—Oh! thou who read'st this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live, like him may die.

For the Port Folio.—A PARODY.

Oh Mary wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave a city life,
Can rustic scenes have charms for thee?
Say, canst thou be a country wife?
Under an oak, whose friendly shade,
From summer suns shall guard the ground,
Our humble cot shall lift its head;
There, noisy strife shall ne'er be found.

When cheering Spring shall smile around,
And Flora all her charms display,
While painted blossoms deck the ground,
And tender leaflets grace the spray,
The feathered birds, in merry mood,
Will their delightful influence yield;
Their gentle strains shall fill the wood,
And cheer the labours of the field.

When Summer's sun, with ardent beam,
Shall cause the vernal bloom to fade,
We'll wander by the lonely stream
That seeks, like us, the cooling shade.
We'll listen to the distant call,
And herd-bells tinkling o'er the hill;
And when the evening shadows fall,
The minstrel's lay our cot shall fill.

When December's chilling hand
Shall closely shut our cottage door,
We'll draw around the glowing brand,
And tell our past adventures o'er.
The stormy winds that howl along,
And spread abroad the sleety rain,
We'll answer with a gentler song,
And music's soft enchanting strain.

M————N.

Bordentown, (N. J.)

THE DANDY.

SIR,

Traversing lately in your street,
A curious thing I chanced to meet.
I eyed its dress, looks, walk, and make,
As it pass'd on as stiff's a stake.
But what it was, there's no one knows,
As you'll perceive the sequel shows.

It was not an angel from on high,
Else it had wings wherewith to fly;
'Twas not a demon sent from hell,
Or else a cloven foot would tell;
'Twas not a man, I'll prove with ease,
Else it was bred in women's stays;

'Twas not a woman, else I vow,
The women wear the breeches now!
It had no tail—'twas not an Ape,
Although 'twas something like the shape;
Not earth, with all its tribes I know,
Can such another creature show.

THE WISHES.

From "*Poems from the Danish*."

By the late Johannes Evald.

All hail, thou new year, that apparel'd in
sweetness,
Now sprung'st like a youth from eternity's
breast!
Oh! say, dost thou come from the bright throne
of greatness,
Our herald of mercy, of gladness, and rest?
Cheer the heart of our king with benignity's
token!
Light his soul with the sun-beam that sets
not above!
Be his sword unresisted, his sceptre unbroken;
Oh, peace be to *Christian*, the monarch we love.

With an emerald zone bind the rocks of the
north;
O'er Denmark's green vales spread a buck-
ler of gold;
Pour the glories of harvest unsparingly forth,
And show that our wealth is our dear native
mould:
Smile on the conqueror of ocean, who urges
Through darkness and tempests, his blue
path to fame;
May the sea spare her hero, and waft on her
surges
Blessings and peace to the land whence he
came.

Round the forehead of art twine the wreath
that she loves,
And harden to labour the sinews of youth;
With a hedge of stout hearts guard our Eden's
fair groves,
And temper their valour with mercy and
truth:
Bless him, to whom heaven its bright flame
commandeth,
And shadow his couch with the folds of thy
love;
Give light to our judges—the heart that ne'er
bendeth—
Inspire our bards, and our teachers approve.

Oh, bless'd be the firm-hearted hero, who
weaves not
A thought or a wish but his spirit may own!
Oh, shame on the cold soul of interest, who
cleaves not
To the heart of his country, and loves her
alone!

Be her welfare our glory—our joy—our devo-
tion;
Unchill'd be her valour, her worth unde-
cay'd;
May her friends on her fields gaze with rap-
tur'd emotion,
May she long love the stranger, but ask not
his aid!

ANACREONTIC.

Bright while smiles the sparkling wine,
Music breathe thy softened strain,
Bid the heart its griefs resign,
Useless cares and wishes vain.
Time, our sorrow, or our joy,
Heedless, will alike destroy.

Hope, to cheer the path we tread,
Can but bid her violets spring;
Mirth, but round her sunshine spread,
Pleasure, but her roses bring;
Catch, enjoy the noon-tide ray,
Ere towers the sky, ere sets the day.

* *

SYMPATHY.

Why, Julia, say, that pensive mien?
I heard thy bosom sighing;
How quickly on thy cheek is seen
The blush, as quickly flying!
Why, mark I, in thy softened eye,
Once with light spirit beaming,
A silent tear—I know not why,
In tremulous lustre gleaming.

Come, tell me all thy bosom's pain—
—Perhaps some faithless lover,
Nay, droop not thus, the rose with rain
May sink, yet still recover.
Oh! Julia, I my words recal,
My thoughts too rudely guide me;
I see afresh thy sorrows fall,
They seem to plead, and chide me.

I too the secret wound have known,
That makes existence languish;
Links to the soul one thought alone,
And that, a thought of anguish;
Forgive, forgive an aching heart,
That vainly hoped to cheer thee—
These tears may tell thee, while they start,
How all thy griefs endear thee.

* *

VERSES

Sent to a Lady with a Prize Carnation.

To her who shall thy beauties know,
With taste to mark, with skill explore;
Go, flower, in modest triumph go,
And charm the maid that I adore;
Go, envied flower, and whilst her eye
Surveys thy form with critic care,
And whilst she smiles bestows, which I
Would barter worlds with thee to share,

In thine own history, if thou canst, impart
The thought I cannot speak, that glows within
my heart.

Thus tell her, that in thee she views
A flower for beauty far renown'd,
The fairest form, the brightest hues,
Approv'd, admir'd the country round.
Tell her to find a flower as fair,
That I myself with happy pride,
Search'd every garden and parterre,
But flower like thee I none descried;
No flower by nature's hand, so richly drest,
So partially adorn'd, so exquisitely blest.

But tell her, I with reason fear'd,
A stem like thine would ne'er sustain
Singly, so weak, so unprepar'd,
The driving wind, the beating rain;
And say, that hence a stronger reed
I stationed at thy friendless side,
A guardian band round each conveyed,
And both in happy union tied;
That wedded thus, safe could thy gentle form,
Pour forth its opening sweets, and mock the
coming storm.

Thus, sweet ambassadress, from me,
Thus beauteous flower address the fair,
And if she should the moral see,
(For more is meant than meets the ear)
And if thou mark a truant smile,
Quick o'er her bright'ning features fly,
And if a vivid gleam, the while,
Fire the blue lustre of her eye;
Ah! then, thou loveliest flower! kind, faithful
be,
And bear one fond, one warm, one trembling
vow from me.

* *

THE FAIR GAMBLER.

Altered from Lilly.

The God of Love last night essay'd,
At cards to beat a lovely maid:
A maid who long has known the art,
To catch each eye and win each heart.
Hearts were the trumps: he stak'd a king,
And soon she won the thrilling bliss:
A dimple shar'd its happy fate,
And soon another was its mate:
The lustre soft that mark'd his eyes
Louisa made an early prize.
His ivory teeth with ease she drew,
And from his lips she won their hue:
She won his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves and all her sparrows;
Insatiate grown, she next beguiles
The urchin of his archest smiles.
In vain the boy on table throws,
The lily white, the perfum'd rose,
Louisa plays her cards so well,
That nought resists her powerful spell,
And Cupid own'd the luckless hour
When first he felt superior power.
In mute surprise and wild despair
I stood behind Louisa's chair,
And as the game I view'd, I sigh'd,
And to myself thus sadly cried:
If thus, oh! Love, she deals with thee,
What will the gambler do with me?

SEDLEY.

SELECTIONS FROM THE GAZETTES.

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."

Wotton.

Canal across the Continent.—A resolution has been laid before the senate of the state of Ohio, by Mr. Foos, the purport of which is as follows: That it would be of great importance, in a commercial point of view to this country in general, and to the states bordering on the Mississippi in particular, to open a canal through the isthmus of Darien—which divides the Pacific ocean from the gulf of Mexico; that the long and dangerous passage round cape Horn would thereby be avoided, shortening the distance about 9000 miles, from the 12th degree of north latitude, the point most practicable, to the 55th degree of south latitude, and returning north again to the same parallel. That it would afford an easy and short communication with that part of the North West coast claimed by the United States. It would completely lay open to the use and control of our government, the whale and seal fisheries in those seas, and the fur trade on that coast, with the facility of planting and protecting commercial colonies in those immense and fertile regions of the west. The American empire, and the commercial enterprise of a free people, could and would be extended as circumstances might require. Our fellow citizens would be enabled to participate deeply in the rich traffic of the East Indies, especially as that trade could be carried on by the whale, seal, and furs found on the North West coast, thereby saving our specie from continual exportation to a quarter of the world that has heretofore swallowed up the precious metals of every age and nation.

Therefore, the resolve requests the general government to endeavour to obtain the privilege from

the court of Madrid, of examining the ground, and opening the canal for large vessels, from the Spanish Maine, across the continent at lake Nicaragua, or such other point as may be found most practicable.

How to get a Client off.—At the last District court for the city and county of Philadelphia, David Carr, who was an applicant for the benefit of the insolvent acts, was opposed on the ground of fraud. It appeared, from the evidence produced, that the applicant's goods had been levied on by the sheriff, and a watchman was left in charge; it was, however, contrived to make the watchman intoxicated, and take away and secrete all the property. Mr. Lloyd, who was counsel for the petitioner, produced a bill of sale of the goods, made to a third person; and contended, that his client could not be convicted of fraud, under the act of Assembly, which consisted of concealing his own goods from his creditors: whereas Carr had at most carried away and concealed the goods of another person. The learned judge admitted the poignancy of the counsellor's argument—but declared that, as a necessary consequence of the same, the defendant must be committed for *larceny*, and accordingly committed the insolvent to answer for that offence. This is what is termed getting out of the *frying-pan* into the *fire*.

The count de Arcos, at present prime minister in the Brazil, has immortalized himself, in the opinion of his countrymen, by a magnanimous trait. It was through the wise measures and exertions of the count that the late revolution of Pernambuco was attended with no fatal consequences to the crown. King John

VI, the reigning monarch, grateful for his important services, handed to the count a blank sheet of paper, with his name only signed at the bottom, telling him to write thereon any thing he wished, as it would be considered the sovereign's will, and immediately executed. The count took the paper, and wrote thereon an order for the liberation of all the prisoners detained at Pernambuco, and held for execution. The king commanded that the order should be carried into immediate effect.

Antiquities of the West.—William Donnison, Esq. of Nashville, describes a stone fort, situated at the confluence of two of the most southern forks of Duck river, on the N. W. corner of Franklin county, (T.) The fort covers about 32 acres of ground; is surrounded by a stone wall from 16 to 20 feet in thickness at the base, and at the top about five feet through. The letter which describes the outlines of this work, mentions that within seven years, a fine piece of flint glass was ploughed up in the area, about one inch in thickness, and of remarkable transparency; it appeared to have been part of a bowl, neatly fluted on its sides. A small stone, carved and ornamented, was also found. Evident marks of the hammer and chisel are perceived upon the walls; though they are rough and uncouth, from the lapse of ages. About forty miles from this fort, in Maury county, a cave has been discovered, containing a variety of earthen ware, bricks of a different form from those of modern make, and an iron sword, resembling the sabre of the Persians or Scythians.

Western Trade.—The following list of steam boats, built and building on the Mississippi and its tributary streams, was compiled by a gentleman lately from Louisville. The vast increase of the number of steam boats on the western waters since the year 1811, at which period the

first boat was launched at Pittsburg, will give rise to proud and gratifying reflections.

The gentleman, who communicated this list, observes, "in estimating the weight of tonnage. I may have made some trifling errors; the aggregate amount, however, will be found sufficiently accurate to warrant the calculations I have annexed."

Boats in operation, or ready to descend the river.

	wt. of ton.
Ætna, . . .	180
Vesuvius, . . .	200
Orleans, . . .	200
Washington, . . .	140
Napoleon, . . .	200
Ohio, . . .	200
Buffalo, . . .	180
James Monroe, . . .	70
Madison, . . .	100
Cincinnati, . . .	85
Gov. Shelby, . . .	60
Constitution, . . .	45
Franklin, . . .	70
Harriet, . . .	30
Louisiana, . . .	50
Vesta, . . .	110
Eagle, . . .	50
Johnson, . . .	120
Kentucky, . . .	70
Volcano, . . .	140
Hecla, . . .	70
Exchange, . . .	120
James Ross, . . .	250
Maysville, . . .	150
Gen. Jackson, . . .	100
Name unknown, at Louisville, . . .	60
Rapid, . . .	30
Newport, . . .	40
Cincinnati Packet, . . .	40
Experiment, . . .	100
Henderson, . . .	59

31 steam boats.

Boats building—nearly completed.

	ton.
1 at Pittsburg, . . .	200
2 do. 120 each, . . .	240
1 Steubenville, . . .	90
2 Wheeling, 100 each, . . .	200
1 Marietta, . . .	130

7 Carried over.

PARAGRAPHS.

351

7	Brought over.	ton.
1	Maysville,	110
3	Cincinnati and neighbour-	
	hood, 150 each, .	450
2	do. 100 each, .	200
1	Miami, . . .	90
1	Frankfort, . .	120
1	Jeffersonville, .	500
2	Shippingport, 100 each, .	200
1	Clarksville, . .	100
3	New Albany, for passen-	
	gers only, . .	
1	Elizabeth, . .	90
1	Wabash, . . .	80
1	Vevay, . . .	110
1	Madison, . . .	120
1	Rising Sun, . .	90
1	New York, . . .	150
1	Philadelphia, . .	140
1	New Orleans, . .	300

30 steam boats.

In addition to the above, the keels of many others are laid, and still more projected, which will, in all probability, be in operation in the course of next summer.

By the above statement, the tonnage in present operation, amounts to

Do. do. building, 3710

Tons 7010

7010 tons, at 4 cts. per lb. freight up amounts to \$628,096

7010 do. at one cent per lb. freight down, 157,024

10 passengers down in each boat, at \$60 each, 36,600

5 do. up in each boat, at 100 dolls. each, 80,500

Sum total for each voyage, \$852,220

Allowing each boat to make three voyages in a year, the amount produced by 61 boats, at the above rate of freight and passage money, will be the enormous sum per annum of 2,556,660.

Finances of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.—The following view of our finances, is copied from a letter addressed to C. Miner, Esq. by Maskell Ewing, Esq. one of the Senators—dated 11th Jan. 1819.

The treasurer has received for the use of the Commonwealth, in the course of the last year:

One year's dividend on Pennsylvania bank stock, \$150,000 00

Do. Philadelphia bank do. 31,398 00

Do. Farmers and Mechanics do. 8,540 00

Do. Columbia bridge, 2,700 00

Do. Susquehanna and York turnpike road, 200 00

Do. Easton and Wilkesbarre do. 500 00

\$193,338 00

Borrowed of the Philadelphia bank, 100,000 00

Received for auction duties, 73,910 89

Do. for lands, etc. 52,425 72

Do. for taxes on banks, established by act of 1814, 37,631 37

Do. for tavern licenses, 30,682 10

Do. for miscellaneous accounts, 27,426 27

Do. for taxes on certain offices, 13,044 87

Do. for fees of office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, 2,592 22

Do. monies returned of advances, etc. in relation to the late war, 2,294 80

Amount received, \$533,346 24

To which add the balance in the treasury, 1st December, 1817, 191,862 56

Amount in the treasury in the course of the last year, \$725,208 80

There has, in the course of the last year, been paid out of the treasury of the State, as follows:

For improvements, \$364,079 52

the expenses of government, 184,530 60

miscellaneous expenditures, 26,271 79

militia expenses, 23,046 98

Carried over, 598,528 89

Brought over,	598,528 89
For pensions,	18,389 80
cash paid Pennsylvania claimants,	5,779 49
building the penitentiary near Pittsburgh,	7,438 20
expenditures consequent to the late war with Great Britain,	2,346 84
the state capitol,	705 77
	<hr/>
	\$633,188 99
To which add the balance now in the treasury,	92,019 81
	<hr/>
Amount,	\$725,208 80

The reader will observe by the above statement, that government borrowed 100,000 dollars from the Philadelphia bank last year, and that the balance now in the treasury amounts to 92,019 dolls. 81 cts.; it may be remembered that in a statement which was made last year, there was upwards of one million of dollars then remained unpaid of the monies appropriated by law; since which considerable sums have been paid towards those appropriations, and there now remains unpaid, of the monies heretofore appropriated by law, 846,039 dolls. 48 cts.

American Banks.—It is said that there are no less than 375 chartered banks in the United States, and eight in operation within Charleston. Of the 375 chartered banks, 38 are in Massachusetts, 15 in Rhode Island, 42 in the state of New York, 59 in Pennsylvania, 25 in Maryland, 15 in the District of Columbia, 28 in Ohio, 43 in Kentucky, and 17 in Virginia.

Codfish.—It is a little surprising that many a good housewife is not apprised, that the dumb or dried codfish ought not to be boiled to have them tender; it operates as on

an egg, oyster, and clam; the more you boil them the harder they grow; let them simmer on or near the fire two or three hours, according as the fish are hard; and then change the water; and, before dishing, put this up to near a boiling heat, but no higher. This management does not draw out, but revives the glutinous, and enlivens the nutritious substance in them; and leaves the fish tender and delicious.

From the Union.

Mr. Bronson—During a late visit at Mount Vernon, I found in the blank leaf of a book, the following compliment from lord Erskine to general Washington. The book was entitled "A View of the Causes and Consequences of the present War with France; by the honourable Thomas Erskine." S****

"TO GENERAL WASHINGTON,

"SIR—I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence, which is to be found in the book I send you.

"I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men; but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence.

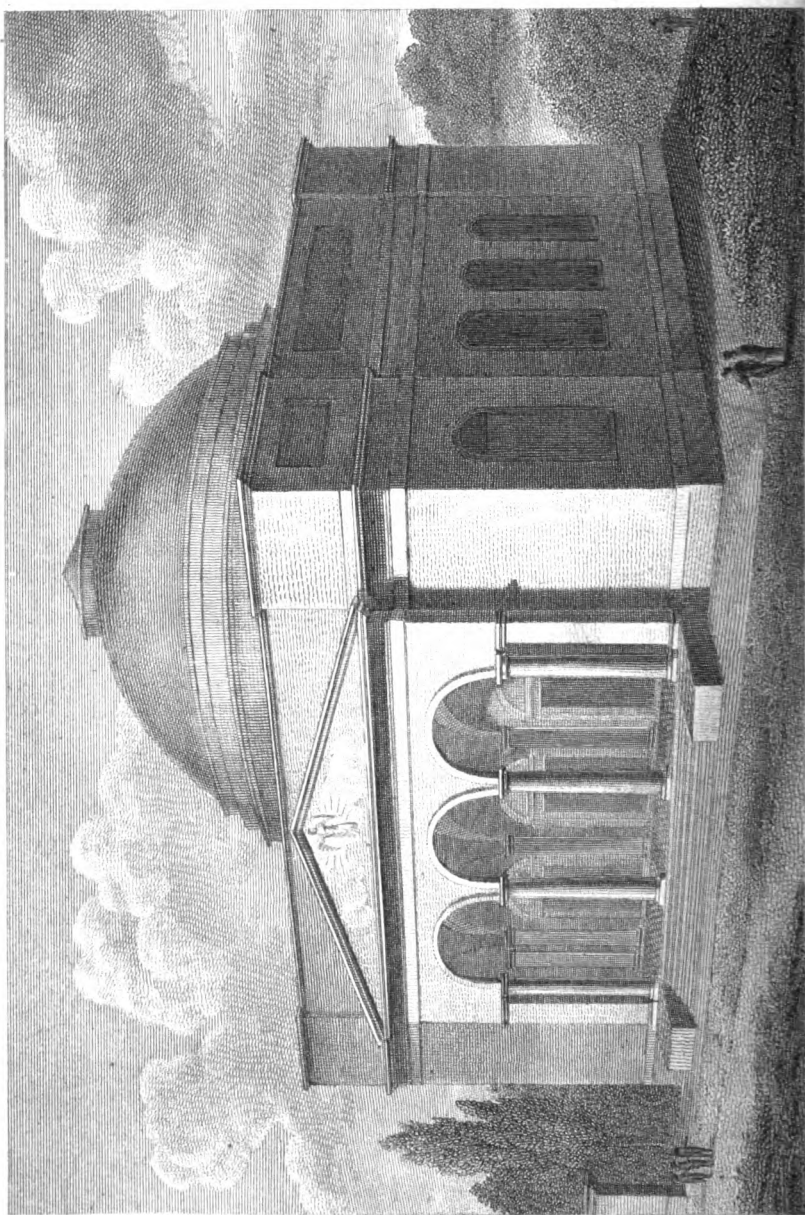
"I sincerely pray God to grant a long and serene evening, to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world.

"T. ERSKINE.

"London, 15th March, 1797."

A member of a certain legislature moved for leave to bring in a bill for extending the powers of justices of the peace. Another requested, as a previous motion, that a statute might be passed to extend their capacities.

The establishment of a new bank in Kentucky, was lately announced, by posting bills to the following effect: 'A new bank will be opened in a few days.' Some wag was at the pains of altering the word *in* to *for*. The projectors taking the hint, the bank was not opened.



some discordancy in dates, there are such essential differences between Robinson Crusoe and Peter Wilkins, as to render it very unlikely that both should have flowed from the same individual. Our readers need not be under any alarm, lest we should enter into a fresh criticism of the book which was the delight of the boyhood of most of us, in order to show these differences; we would only say, that the great charm of Robinson Crusoe is its reality, the perfect faith we put in its varied relations, as if they were undoubted historical facts, and as if the hero had had a positive being; while on the contrary, we read Peter Wilkins as a poetical invention, that describes something out of nature, but at the same time with such truth and vividness, as to induce us to believe in the possibility of its existence. Robinson Crusoe is a work of talent, in which the adaptation of known means is the chief recommendation; Peter Wilkins is a work of genius, where even those means of accomplishing particular purposes are the effort of invention.

In the short space to which we are under the necessity of confining ourselves, more especially in noticing a new edition of a book, we cannot pretend to enter into any detail of the strange story of the Life of Peter Wilkins: it will be enough for our present object to observe, that he is a mariner, who, after a series of very singular and admirably-related adventures, is cast upon a barren rock; he lives alone for some time on board the wreck of his ship; but at last, sailing in the ship's boat round the rock, he is drawn into a sort of gulf, or cavern, and, by the force of the current, is carried for some days through a subterraneous passage, which at length opens into a salt lake, surrounded by impassable precipices, leaving a wooded and fertile tract round the margin of the water. Here he is compelled to take up his abode, not being able to force his boat back against the stream; and having built himself a grotto, soon after his arrival he hears voices as of human beings sporting in the air, at night, and sees shadows floating along the surface of the lake. On one occasion, after sorely lamenting the solitude he was destined to endure, he hears something strike against the thatch of his cottage, and looking out, with his lamp in his hand, he sees a beautiful woman lying at his door, the lower part of her person covered with a thin film

er web, while her head and shoulders are surrounded by a kind of wings that spread like an umbrella. Peter Wilkins carries her in, and finds to his astonishment that she is a *Gawrey*, or flying woman—a female of a new race of human beings, who, by means of this film or web, when expanded, (which is called a *graundee*,) are able to divide the air with more ease and greater velocity than birds. Wilkins is violently enamoured, and lives with her in a platonic sort of love during a whole winter; and after they have learnt something of the language of each other, they plight faith, and become man and wife. The flying lady, whose appearance is exquisitely described, gives this account of herself:—

“ Compliments (if in compliance with old custom I may call them so, for they were by us delivered from the heart) being a little over on both sides, I first desired to know what name she went by before I found her: ‘ For having only hitherto called you madam, and my lady, besides the future expression of my love to you in the word dear, I would know your original name, that so I might join it with that tender epithet.’—‘ That you shall,’ said she, and also my family at another opportunity; but as my name will not take up long time to repeat at present, it is **YOUWARKEE**. And pray now gratify me with the knowledge of yours.—‘ My dear Youwarkee, my name was **PETER WILKINS** when I heard it last; but that is so long ago, I had almost forgot it. And now there is another thing you can give me a pleasure in.’—‘ You need then only mention it, my dear Peter.’ ‘ That is,’ said I, ‘ only to tell me, if you did not by some accident, fall from the top of the rock over my habitation, upon the roof of it, when I first took you in here, and whether you are of the country upon the rocks?’ She, softly smiling, answered, ‘ My dear Peter; you run your questions too thick; as to my country, which is not upon the rocks, as you suppose, but at a vast distance from hence, I shall leave that, till I may hereafter at more leisure speak of my family, as I promised you before; but as to how I came into this grotto, I knew not at first, but soon perceived your humanity had brought me in, to take care of me after a terrible fall I had; not from the rock, as you suppose, for then I must not now have been living to enjoy you, but from a far less considerable height in the air. I’ll tell you how it happened. A parcel of us young people were upon a merry swan-gaan round this arkoe, which we usually divert ourselves with at set times of the year, chasing and pursuing one another, sometimes soaring to an extraordinary height, and then shooting down again with surprising precipitancy, till we even touch the trees; when of a sudden we mount again, and away. Being of this party, and pursued by one of my comrades, I

descended down to the very trees, and she after me; but as I mounted, she overshooting me, brushed so stiffly against the upper part of my graundee, that I lost my bearing; and being so near the branches, before I could recover it again, I sunk into the tree, and rendered my graundee useless to me; so that down I came, and that with so much force that I had but just felt my fall and lost my senses. Whether I cried out or no, upon my coming to the ground, I cannot say; but if I did, my companion was too far gone by that time to hear or take notice of me; as she probably, in so swift a flight, saw not my fall. As to the condition I was in, or what happened immediately afterwards, I must be obliged to you for a relation of that: but one thing I was quickly sensible of, and never can forget, that I owe my life to your care and kindness to me." (p. 139, vol. i.)

In a few years this couple have a family of several children, and when they are old enough, the mother takes such as have *graundees* (for all of them had not this appendage) to visit her father and relations, who were persons of great consequence and power in their own country, and in turn the father makes a flying expedition to the grotto of his unknown son-in-law. In the mean time, a prophecy is pronounced among the *Glumms* (such being the appellation of the flying men) that Peter Wilkins will be extremely instrumental in defeating a rebel named Harlokin, who had gathered great strength in a neighbouring district. Peter is, therefore, carried by the *Glumms* on a machine of his invention, to the capital of their kingdom, where he is introduced to the king *Georigetti*. Here the author allows a complete range to his fancy, in describing the government, manners, occupations, and mode of life of this new people, in every respect differing from others hitherto mentioned in any writer. We will give one extract from this part of the work, describing the sort of lamps used by the *Glumms*, the idea of which is ingeniously taken from the glow-worm.

"Being now in my oval chamber, and alone with my children, I had a mind to be informed of some things I was almost ashamed to ask Quilly. 'Tommy,' (one of Wilkins's children, who had resided for some time at the court,) said I, 'what sort of fires do they keep in these globes? and what are they made of?'—'Father,' said he, 'yonder is the man shifting them, you may go and see.' Being very curious to see how he did it, I went to him; as I came near him, he seemed to have something all fire on

his arm. 'What has the man got there?' said I. 'Only sweecoos,' replied Tommy. By this time I came up to him; 'Friend,' said I, 'what are you about?'—'Shifting the sweecoos, Sir,' answered he, 'to feed them.' 'What oil do you feed with?' said I. 'Oil!' answered he, 'they won't eat oil; that would kill them all.' 'Why,' said I, 'my lamp is fed with oil.'

'Tommy could scarce forbear laughing himself; but for fear the servant should do so too, pulled me by the sleeve, and desired me to say no more. So turning away with him, he said, 'It is not oil that gives this light, but sweecoos, a living creature; he has got his basket full, and is taking the old ones out to feed them, and putting new ones in: they shift them every half-day, and feed them.' 'What!' said I, 'are all these infinite number of globes I see living creatures?' 'No,' replied he; 'the globes are only the transparent shell of a bott, like our calabashes—the light comes from the sweecoe within.' 'Has that man,' said I, 'got any of them?' 'Yes,' answered he, 'you may see them; the king, and the colombs, and indeed every man of note, has a place to breed and feed them in.' 'Pray, let us go see them,' said I; 'for that is a curiosity indeed.'

"Tommy desired the man to show me the sweecoos, so he set down the basket, which was a very-beautiful resemblance of a common higgler's basket, with a handle in the middle, and a division under it, with flaps on each side to lift up and down. It was made of straw-coloured small twigs, neatly compacted, but so light as scarce to be of any weight. Opening one of the lids, I could make very little distinction of substances, the bottom seeming all over of a quite white colour. I looking surprised at the light, the man took out one, and would have put it into my hand, but perceiving me shy of it, he assured me it was one of the most innocent things in the world; I then took it, and surveying it, it felt to my touch as smooth and cold as a piece of ice. It was about as long as a large lob-worm, but much thicker. The man seeing me admire the brightness of it's colour, told me it had done it's duty, and was going to be fed; but those which were going upon duty were much clearer; and then opening the other lid, those appeared far exceeding the others in brightness, and thickness too. I asked what he fed them with. He said, 'Leaves and fruit;' but grass; when he could get it, which was not often, they were very fond of.' (p. 102, vol. ii.)

The Glumms, by Peter's advice and aid, having defeated the rebels, who were assisted by domestic treachery, he settles the whole kingdom, reforms such customs as he thought injurious, abolishes idolatry, and establishes christianity. Having resided

in the court of Georigetti many years, his children grow up, and are well provided for; and having contrived some time before a sort of artificial *graunder*, he longs in his old age to revisit his native country, and he starts from the land of the Glumms for that purpose. He drops into the sea, near the ship Hector, on board which he is taken, and the relater, "R. S. a passenger," represents himself as having taken the story from the lips of the old man, who died just as he reached England.

Some persons have supposed, that in this romantic story there were political allusions, as in Swift's most delightful political relations; but if so, they are now lost, and we apprehend, as we observed in the outset, that the *Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins* was written as a mere sport of fancy. It is not all equally entertaining, particularly towards the latter end, where it becomes prosing, though the author's opinions upon religion, politics, and the effect of trade upon nations, display great sagacity and observation. In conclusion, we must remark, that there is one small portion which, though beautifully and even delicately described, is not calculated for the perusal of all readers.

Prayers and Discourses for the Use of Families, in two parts. By Joseph Bowden. London. Longman, 1815, 8vo. pp. 197—204.

[From the Critical Review.]

THE first part of this work consists of the usual morning and evening prayers for families, with others adapted to particular occasions: the second of twelve discourses for domestic instruction with additional prayers suited to them. The publication comprises, in a short form, all that is immediately necessary for family devotion and instruction. No doubt that those who approve of variations in the form of prayers, will deem it to be expedient to enlarge the devotional part, and all will think it proper to extend the topics of the sermons employed, in the practical application of such domestic duties. The subjects however are very judiciously selected; in the two first the care of Abraham towards his family is contrasted with the negligence of Eli; the two next treat of early piety, of degeneracy; the following of the

self-conceit of Naaman, and the self-ignorance of Hazael; the others are on tenderness of conscience; uprightness; wisdom and innocence; the improvement, and the swift flight of time; and the last on the beautiful similitude of "man fading like a leaf."

As the subjects are peculiarly appropriate, so is the manner in which they are treated: there are no mystic allusions, no learned disquisitions, nothing that can incumber the simple practical purpose the writer has in view.

As a specimen, we have selected the following admonitory remarks, suggested by the character of Hazael:

"The lesson of universal experience is afresh impressed;—that there are few things, with which we are less accurately acquainted than the inclinations of our own hearts; that, if ever we be secure in our good principles, we are really in the utmost hazard. We fondly give ourselves credit for every virtue, to the exercises of which our stations and opportunities have not called us. We fancy that we should certainly hate and avoid every base practice, in which we have had no temptation to indulge. No sooner do new circumstances arise, than we find how baseless our self-flattery is.

"The example of Hazael, who could pass so rapidly from what seemed a generous indignation at the image of himself, presented in the glass of prophecy, to the most dreadful extreme of wickedness, will be allowed by all to be a striking one. But such it will be said are the deplorable changes, which ambition works; such the boundless mischiefs produced, when the spirit of a tyrant discerns the way of opening to the accomplishment of its wishes.

"If the example speak not directly to the heart of persons, placed far from the paths of greatness, devoid of ambition, and haters of cruelty and blood; let them recollect what they have witnessed themselves in common life, or what has been faithfully reported to them, of men, who were the pests of society, and paid, at length, the just penalty of their crimes. Had not these men their seasons of virtuous, perhaps of noble, feeling? When they began to transgress, were not their compunctions deep, and their purposes warm, and, as they thought, determined? When they had taken many an advancing step in the path of corruption, had they the least notion of the issue, to which they were tending? Would they not have resented it as a gross insult, if you had ventured, even then, to foretell their end? Possibly, but a few days before the commission of their chief crime, and when actually gotten into its immediate neighbourhood, they were not

only insensible of the impending danger, but would have revolted with indignation from the thought of falling by it." (2d part, p. 91—93.)

We cannot conclude without expressing our conviction of the importance of domestic piety, and our approbation of those who, like the author, with attainments, suited to a higher species of composition, condescend to accommodate themselves to its homely character. It is a remark somewhere of archbishop Tillotson that a family can scarcely deserve the name of christian, which does not daily assemble, for the purposes of prayer and instruction; and we regret the discontinuance of a practice which is so strongly recommended by the worthy primate. At the present day the neglect does not arise from the want of means, but from the deficiency of inclination; and we are persuaded that the perusal of these discourses, dictated in the genuine spirit of piety, will tend to encourage those sentiments that are most favourable to its revival.

GOVERNMENT.

GOVERNMENTS formed by chance, and gradually improved by such expedients as the successive discovery of their defects happened to suggest, are never to be tried by a regular theory. We must be content with them as they are; should we attempt to mend their disproportions, we might easily demolish, and with difficulty rebuild them.

In all political regulations, good cannot be complete, it can only be predominant.

No scheme of policy has, in any country, yet brought the rich and poor on equal terms into courts of judicature. Perhaps experience, improving on experience, may in time effect it.

To hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably, by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics.

To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to mollify the resentful, are worthy of a statesman; but it affords a legislator little self-applause to consider, that where there was formerly an insurrection, there is now a wilderness.

LETTER TO MR. JAMES HOGG.

[From Constable's Edinburgh Magazine.]

MY DEAR HOGG—

I AM desirous of talking with you for a few minutes about a strange sort of an essay, now publishing piecemeal in Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, on your life and writings. When I saw it announced in the newspaper advertisement, a cold tremor came over me, for I never doubted that you had died suddenly, and that your name had at last got into an obituary. I am happy to understand, however, that you are in good health and spirits at Eltrive-Lake, and preparing for publication two volumes of Tales, which I hope will be greater favourites with the world, than some of your late works, and, may I add without offence, a little better deserving popularity. This idea of publishing memoirs of the life of a man, before that life is terminated, seems to me not a little absurd; and, in the present case, the execution of the plan is as original as the conception. It would really seem as if the writer had sat down with the intention of trying how ridiculous he could make you and himself; and, though your genius and talents are proof against any such attack, I most willingly acknowledge, that the essayist's efforts upon himself have been crowned with complete success, and that he has made himself the subject of very general and sincere merriment.

Poets, my good friend, are notorious for their vanity, and it is possible that you may be gratified by this outrageous eulogy. If so, pray consider for a moment what I now tell you. All the good folks in this town, who know any thing of you or your writings, are walking about with a malicious grin on their faces, and asking one another "who can be the author of this alarming article?" There is a strong disposition to be merry at your expense—while their curiosity to know the critic is so great, that were he to exhibit himself in the George-street assembly room, at a shilling a-head, he would make more money than by writing in the New series of the Scot's Magazine all his days.

Take up your copy of that Magazine, and let us talk over the article paragraph by paragraph. Your friend being, it is to be

presumed, utterly ignorant of all languages but his own, and, as will be seen by and by, no great deacon in it, would fain persuade you and himself that nothing is so despicable and hurtful as erudition. For this purpose, he draws the picture of a certain imaginary class of men, whom he must have seen in a dream, "who look down from their fancied elevation on all those who have not been taught to prate in trim phrase of the philosophical creed that happens to be in fashion, or of *certain books written in languages that have ceased to be spoken for many centuries!* To an acquaintance with them, every one must be trained, and on them his opinions must be formed, or he can hardly expect to be admitted into good society any more than he should *if his coat were not in fashion!*" Now, my dear Hogg, all this you know is utter nonsense. I have seen you with my own eyes at a rout with top boots; and the flying tailor of Ettrick, though like yourself a man of genius, never hits your shape, and leaves the tail of your coat infinitely too long. So far from Greek and Latin being universally studied in Edinburgh, or the knowledge of these tongues being a passport into good society, there are not above half a dozen people here who could translate your name into genuine Doric; and I dined yesterday with seventeen young lawyers of great promise, when one of his majesty's deputy advocates was fined in a bumper of salt and water, for giving vent to three Latin words, from which fine he was saved by the timely suggestion of another, that he had committed three false quantities. This anecdote ought to set your friend's mind at ease. He is an alarmist, But let him be of good cheer, for, with the exception of Professors Christidon and Dunbar, and perhaps the masters of the High-school, some of whom may, like these gentlemen, have a small smattering of Greek (among others your friend Gray,) the inhabitants of this town are as ignorant of that language as our modern Palladios of the principles of architecture.

But, my worthy fellow, does not your own good sense lead you to despise the writer who can speak slightly of the lords of the ancient world? Though no scholar yourself, I know that you admire those who are, and regret that your want of education has for ever shut you out from such sources of inspiration. Ignorant of ancient lore as we are in this city, I did not think it contained

such a Hun as the writer of that Essay—one man who, with blinded eyes, could turn up his nose in derision of what his soul never could have understood. You have written some fine poetry, and your name will descend to posterity with credit among the bards of Scotland; but believe me, that one drama of a Greek tragedian is worth all that you and all the other uneducated poets in the world ever wrote or ever will write. Do not therefore allow this person to cajole you into this foolish faith, nor believe it possible that you can be the better of sharing in his ignorance.

Having delivered this violent philippic against learning and education, two of the great evils of this life from which he congratulates himself and you on having escaped Scot-free, the old gentleman, (for he must be exceedingly old) proceeds to trace your genius “to what he conceives to be the most favourable situation for its development.” No poet, he thinks, ever enjoyed such advantages as you. And, first of all, you had the supreme felicity, and incalculable benefit, of being born in Ettrick Forest, which we are told “combines almost all the soft beauty and wild sublimity that Highland scenery exhibits.” This, my dear Hogg, you must know to be a very great mistake, and that Ettrick Forest, though a most interesting district, scarcely possesses one of the characteristic features of our Highland scenery. He next tells you, what you never suspected before, and cannot possibly believe now, in the face both of tradition and authentic history, that every “cleugh in these vallies is sanctified by the blood of some martyr!” This is rather in contradiction with himself; for he says, in the very same paragraph, “that there the sturdy champions of the covenant found an asylum,”—not a very comfortable one it would appear. The inhabitants of Ettrick Forest are, it seems, chiefly descended from these “sturdy champions of the covenant, and retain all the noble-mindedness that arises from the consciousness of an *illustrious ancestry!*” Here the old gentleman waxes still more animated, and declares, “that if he were asked *what people of Britain had suffered least from the evil consequences of excessive refinement, he should answer, without hesitation, the inhabitants of Ettrick and Yarrow!*” Truly, my dear James, every person who has seen you, or indeed any other south country shepherd or farmer, observes at once that you

have suffered very little indeed from excessive refinement; but your friend must pardon me for thinking that I could exhibit, against all Ettrick, a sturdy celt from Lochaber or Badenoch, who would put you all to shame, and show, in unapproached perfection, all the beauty and glory of barbarism.

Your friend now ventures into particulars, and informs us, that your mother "was one of the most original of women,"—that she soon observed in you "a kindred spirit,"—that to her "the world is indebted for the Queen's Wake," a weight of national debt which can never be wiped off,—"that her mind of great original power was strenuously exerted in the formation of your heart, and the development of your understanding;"—and that "she held you in breathless silence, and fearful, though pleasing agitation, by stories of ghosts, and fairies, and brownies, and witches, and dead lights, &c. &c. &c." Her searching eye "soon marked your talent for versification, and she used to say, "Jamie, my man, gang ben the house and make me a sang." After all this, how distressing is it to find all at once that the old gentleman's memory is quite decayed. From this excellent mother, to whom you are represented as owing so much, indeed every thing, it appears you were separated entirely by domestic poverty, at the age of *seven years!* and that "your boyhood and youth were spent in the solitude of the mountains, *with no other moral guardian than the good principles* your parents had instilled into your mind, and your own reflections, and *no other intellectual guide than nature,* (i. e. no intellectual or moral guide at all.)

The old gentleman now informs us, in very pompous terms, that "you grew up to manhood in a state of servitude; but in you it produced no degradation, and could not repress the noble aspirations of a generous mind, conscious of its own value, leaning with confidence *on its own resources*, and feeling itself *equal to great undertakings.*" I have quoted this inflated passage principally to let it be contrasted with your own simple and beautiful narrative of your early life, in which it appears, that you struggled through many difficulties and hardships with an unshaken spirit; but that for many long years you felt your resources to be but small, and that, as for great undertakings, your ambition was - confined to little poetical competitions with brother shepherds as

ignorant as yourself, but not, as it afterwards appeared, blessed by providence with the same genius. Surely, this writer never read your own admirable memoir of yourself; but, as I said before, his memory is sorely decayed.

Born in Ettrick, descended from the Covenanters, educated at home, and by such a mother, until the advanced age of seven years, saved from all the evils of school, with a mind crammed with ghost-stories, early sent into servitude, untaught the dangerous and pernicious art of penmanship, and ere long imbued with the higher knowledge of "*Hervey's Meditations, and an occasional number of the Scot's Magazine!*" we find you at last in a situation which the old gentleman thinks highly favourable for the development of your extraordinary genius. "*While his flocks were wandering, or in the bosom of a sequestered glen, he had an opportunity of looking on nature freed from the mists of prejudice or the pedantry of books, where she is seldom seen (for seldom read never) in her original forms and native hues.*"

James, you who were so long a shepherd, will laugh at all this. You are well acquainted with the hills and vallies of the south of Scotland, and have looked on them occasionally with a poet's eye. But what is meant by *the mists of prejudice*? No, no, James, many a mist you have been in, and many a cold shower of sleet; many a blashing day and night has driven in your honest face; many a sore wetting have your good corderoy breeches endured; and many a glass of whiskey has the necessity of your situation forced you to drink, much against your inclination, no doubt. This old gentleman, sitting probably at a good coal-fire, with a tumbler of hot toddy before him, and a number of Constable's and Blackwood's Magazines slumbering together in peaceful fellowship on his table, talks to James "of the doings of the elements," (and pretty doings they are in a hill country) "mountain phenomena," "shadowy grandeur," "mysterious communings with thunder," (communings in which, from the strength of his lungs, and loudness of his voice, thunder must have a manifest advantage over any man,) and so forth; but he has never pictured to himself, you, James Hogg, commonly called the Ettrick Shepherd, with a great lump of bread and cheese in your fist, under the bleak shelter of a dripping rock, after a rainy night spent, without sleep

in gathering together the lambs, wearied and worn out into more than natural dulness and stupidity; and kept in life not by the spirit of poetry, but of malt, and simply wishing that, the weather would but take up a little.

The old gentleman now takes a new crotchet into his head, and is convinced "*that if you were to apply to art as a landscape painter, you would have no rival.*" I may add, that as you are a man of talents, you might still make an excellent denist. But painting and poetry, though sisters are very unlike each other, and there is no reason to suppose, that you could become an equal favourite of both ladies. We, who are your intimate friends, indeed know, that you are wholly ignorant of painting, and that you probably would not admire the finest picture of Guido so much as that of the five rampant beasts on the grass-green cover of the new series of the Scot's Magazine.

I find I shall be too late for the post if I write any more; so good bye, Hogg—and believe me yours, with the sincerest affection, and, if you will have it so, admiration.

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

South-side, 1 Feb. 1818.

P. S. I shall write again when the next number of the Scot's Magazine appears.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—DR. JOHNSON ON MATRIMONY.

LETTER I.

SIR,

THE following dialogue, between the great Dr. Johnson and myself, I committed to paper on the very day it happened. I am confident it is very accurate, for I have a retentive memory, whatever other talents I may want. The occasion was this:—during the first year of my marriage with the best of husbands, finding myself extremely unhappy, and supposing myself cruelly treated by the man, who, I knew, loved me, and of whom I was passionately fond, I paid a visit to Dr. Johnson, in order to consult him on this very extraordinary case. He was reading when I entered the room. I thus began:

"I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting your studies with so little ceremony; but if I may judge from your writings, you are

good natured and humane. You may refuse me your advice; but, when I tell you I am unhappy, it is not in your power to refuse me your compassion. You may command your tongue; but you cannot command your heart.”—He shook his head, without looking up or speaking a word. I also continued silent about five minutes, I was then going to begin a second apology, and had just pronounced, “I am sorry, Dr. Johnson”——when without raising his eyes from the ground, he said—“There wants no apology. That a woman should seek consolation where it is not to be found, excites neither anger nor surprize. The infelicities of which mankind complain, are generally the offspring of vice or folly. I accuse you of neither; but to-day I am busy. You may recite your story to-morrow morning. I shall be at home till two o’clock. Madam, I wish you a good day.”—“Doctor, your servant.”—And so ended our first conversation.

LETTER II.

SIR,

According to my promise, I now send you the dialogue between Dr. Johnson and myself. I presume you will think it worth your acceptance, as it is a curiosity of which none of his biographers are possessed. I told you in my last letter that the Doctor, when I first waited on him, was busy, and that he promised to give me audience the day following. I found him in his parlour with a thick book before him. As he continued his study, I had an opportunity of observing a singularity in his manner of reading. As often as he came to the end of a line, he brought his eyes back again to the beginning of the next, by turning his head, which seemed to move so regularly upon a pivot, that his nose swung seconds like the pendulum of a clock.

Doctor. Well, Madam, what is your pleasure with me?

Lady. From your writings I conclude you are a friend to the unhappy.

Doctor. Your conclusion may be false. Women are bad logicians; but proceed.

Lady. I am married—well married. I love my husband, and think, nay, I am sure, that his affection equals mine; yet I am unhappy, very unhappy.

Doctor. A very common case. Felicity depends less on circumstances, than on dispositions. How long have you been married?

Lady. Two years.

Doctor. You expected the honey-moon would never wane.

Lady. No, no; but I did not expect that I was to be contradicted, put out of temper, nay, even commanded; that my husband would ever prefer any other company to mine; that he would leave me to spend whole evenings alone. I thought we were to be always of the same opinion; that there was to be no command on either side; that we were to enjoy the same amusements; that he should neither praise nor converse with other women. I thought neither——

Doctor. You have thought and said enough to convince me, that the cause of your infelicity is in yourself. You have been educated by maiden aunts, or by other silly women at a boarding-school. You are unacquainted with the institution of marriage, the laws of your country and with human nature. Women, when married, are in a state of absolute subjection and dependence. The laws of your country have deprived you of all pretensions to control, power, or authority; but human nature, hath, in recompense, given you that which, if discreetly used, secures to you the dominion of the world. Arguing with your husband only, serves to convince him of your incapacity to reason justly. Your jealousy provokes his resentment, and your upbraidings drive him to the conversation of men or women who receive him with more complacency and good humour.”—Dr. Goldsmith entered the room, and here ended our dialogue.

Yours,

MARIA S——.

VANITY.

THOSE whom their virtue restrains from deceiving others, are often disposed, by their vanity, to deceive themselves.

When any one complains of the want of what he is known to possess in an uncommon degree, he certainly waits with impatience to be contradicted.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THOMSON ON CHEMISTRY.

A System of Chemistry, in four volumes. By Thomas Thomson. M. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. From the fifth London edition, with notes by Thomas Cooper, M. D. Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in the faculty of Arts in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1818. 8vo: 4 vols.

THE facts in chemical science have accumulated so rapidly within these few years, that a new digest of them, including the new discoveries since the last editions of Thomson and of Murray, the standard chemical systems, had become extremely desirable. Of these compilations, Dr. Thomson's elaborate work certainly has acquired a high reputation, and a new treatise on this most important and very fashionable science from his pen, is sure to be well received. Accordingly we hailed with much delight the appearance of the present edition, persuaded of its necessity, and hoping also for some additional facts and illustrations from the pen of the American editor. In giving an account therefore, of the present work, we have to notice it under two aspects; 1st. the improvements introduced by Dr. Thomson himself in the present edition: and, 2dly, those of the American editor.

In what respect the author's improved edition has claims to novelty, will best appear from his own account.

"I thought it necessary, in consequence of these great changes and improvements, to new model this edition entirely. Indeed almost the whole of the first two volumes, which contain the elementary part of the science, has been written anew.

"I have been at great pains to introduce every new fact as far as I was acquainted with it, and to present the science to my readers in its most recent state."

It appears, then, from this extract, and from the author's preface generally, that we are now presented with a system of chemistry, the most perfect that can be formed from the present state of the science.

The various nomenclatures, the variety of which, all founded on the chemical theories adopted by their respective authors, are certainly great obstacles to the student. Dr. Thomson has given into them, by adopting sir H. Davy's theories of chlorine, iodine, and fluorine, as supporters of combustion. We are surprised that he has not noticed the elegant hypothesis of that illustrious che-

mist on the composition of caloric by the combination of the two electricities, and that he has not given us the objections that may be so plausibly urged against the sun being the common source of light and heat. All the facts and the explanations of them, regarded as ascertained by the chemical world generally, may well be detailed without remark. But when upon subjects so curious and interesting, the scientific world are yet divided between opinions not yet settled, and ingenious in themselves, the facts and arguments ought to be stated for the student to judge of them; otherwise he will be apt, on the authority of the book he is perusing, to mistake hypothesis for fact. The objections also to Dr. Franklin's theory of negative and positive electricity, deserved to be stated much more at length than we find them in this edition of Dr. Thomson's System of Chemistry.

The mineralogy in the third volume is not inferior to any mineralogical compend with which we are acquainted. Objections may be made, and the American editor has made them, to all mineralogical systems which are not founded on geological relations; but the mineralogical part of the third volume of the present work, contains at least as much knowledge on the subject, and as many facts within the same compass, as can be found. We agree with the annotator, that his Geology is extremely objectionable; so is Werner's as detailed by Jamison, and adopted in the very useful and able compilation of our own professor, Cleaveland. None of these gentlemen are as yet sufficiently versed in the volcanic rocks, or in the works of Fichtel, Born, Faujas, St Fond, Hutton, Playfair, and Cordier. The newest flock trap—the basaltes, greenstones, porphyrics, and amygdaloids deserve more consideration in this point of view than they have received; and Dr. Thomson ought to have noticed more at large the facts in support of the opposite theory to that which he has adopted. Indeed, most valuable as this work is, the compiler is too decisive on disputed points, and passes over, unnoticed, with a neglect somewhat culpable, claims and opinions that are of equal value with those which he has presented to us.

The outline of the present editor's views, is contained in his Preface, which certainly exhibits much cautious good sense.

It would be incompatible with the limits of this journal to take notice of all the improvements, novel facts, &c. presented to us in the present work. We must therefore confine ourselves to a few of the most prominent.

"Of the Atomic Theory.—There can be no reasonable doubt about the propriety of adopting practically, the opinion, that substances extraneous to us, are the causes and sources of our sensations: that these substances are made up principally of particles apparently homogeneous; but which in fact, are composed of particles different in properties, and more simple: that all compound bodies are composed ultimately of particles which admit no further division or analysis, and which are not only with respect to our knowledge, but which are in themselves absolutely indivisible and indecomposable. If we do not admit this, we must take for granted that the particles of matter are divisible and decomposable,* actually and not merely *ex hypothesi*, ad infinitum: a proposition which seems too absurd to be practically admitted."

With respect to Chlorine, Iodine, and Fluorine.—Dr. Thomson has adopted sir H. Davy's doctrine of the simple nature of chlorine, without any intimation of its disputed character, or any account of the very important experiments of Drs. Bostock, Trail, and Murray. This is a culpable neglect on the part of Dr. Thomson, who ought to have informed us that scientific men in his own country were greatly divided on this point, which he treats of, as established beyond a doubt.

"Since Dr. Thomson published this edition, the experiments of Dr. Murray and Dr. Ure of Glasgow have rendered the truth of sir H. Davy's theory extremely doubtful, if, indeed, they have not entirely destroyed it; restoring the old fashioned explanation of Berthollet, which is likely to prove itself as true as it is plain and intelligible. For the same reason that chlorine seems to combine with oxygen during the process of procuring it, so may iodine and fluorine. And we are likely to be brought back to the elegant simplicity of the Lavoisierian doctrine that oxygen is the only supporter of combustion."

In the present work, the editor has stated the arguments on both sides very clearly, though, perhaps, not to the extent that the importance of the subject would justify. However, from Dr. Cooper's notes, p. 155—159, the student will be able to form a correct idea of the state of this theory at present. So far, therefore, from giving our approbation to Dr. Thomson's manner of

* This is not accurate reasoning. A substance may be divisible, though not decomposable.—Ed. B. F.

treating this subject, we are led to believe that the theory which he has adopted, is erroneous.

Admitting the doctrine which the author has adopted, to be the true one, it certainly ought not to be introduced into an elementary work, as one which had been adopted without opposition, and established beyond a doubt.

As to the introduction of the earths among the metals.—Although potassium has the appearance of a metal, and forms a compound with mercury, resembling an amalgam, attracts oxygen, &c. these characteristics are not sufficient to entitle it to a rank in that class of substances. With respect to its metallic appearance, it is equalled by the lustre of the pyrites and Chinese yellow orpiment. But for the sake of accuracy, let us settle what we mean by a *metal* before we call these substances metals. Hitherto, the oxyde of a metal has been deemed, without a contradictory instance, lighter than the metal itself; here it is heavier. Hitherto we have found every metal apt to combine and form an alloy with almost every other metal; in the present instance we can hardly say it has alloyed with any thing but mercury. It is not intended to deny any of the *facts*, but in an elementary work, our definitions at least should be modified to suit the case.

The acid character of Silix, and the acidifying character of Hydrogen.—Let the definition of an acid be altered, and it may be agreed to, that silix is an acid; but while the quality of *sourness to the taste* is attached to acids, it will not be readily understood, how a piece of flint can belong to that class of substances.

With respect to the acidifying character of hydrogen, the editor does not consider it as completely established, even though Dr. Murray, in his late paper on the Theory of Chlorine, (Edinb. 5th Jan. 1818,) seems willing to suppose that the elements of water, and not water itself, enters into the chemical composition of muriatic acid; and that the water obtained, is formed during the process of obtaining it. The theory is ingenious; but we see nothing that is gained by substituting ternary for binary combinations. Until new facts, inexplicable on the old theory, shall be discovered, there is no good reason for embracing a new one. With respect to sulphuretted hydrogen (the hydrothionic acid) and cyanogen, their acid characters are so dubious, that Dr. Mur-

ray certainly makes use of language too strong, when he asserts, as he does in his last memoir, that sulphur and hydrogen form a substance *unequivocally* acid. It destroys the blue colour of litmus-paper, but without turning it red. That it combines with alkalies is no more than sulphur does, without the aid of hydrogen; unless, indeed, water be decomposed during the process of their combination. A part of the sulphur, in the process of preparing sulphuretted hydrogen, may well be oxygenated by the atmospheric air contained in the water employed, or even a part of the water itself may be decomposed and furnish oxygen. These are difficulties which must be surmounted before Dr. Murray's opinions find full credit. The same may be said of the cyanogen and other hydrogen acids. On some, or all of these points, Dr. Thomson's work required notes of explanation, of doubt, or of contradiction; which have been ably supplied by the editor.

It is the work of one of our most skilful chemists, and the only one which gives us the present views; the modern facts and doctrines of the science.

We are indebted to Dr. Cooper for many valuable notes; and in particular for the more extended illustration of the atomic theory which is presented in the appendix, by a republication of Dr. Thomson's and Dr. Prout's papers on this subject. The professor's own syllabus of his mineralogical lectures, and the outline of Berzelius' new system are also acceptable additions.

Upon the whole, this edition contains very many corrections and explanations that the London edition greatly needed. The indices are more copious, and what is of great consequence to scientific men, who generally have no money to throw away, this American edition, much improved as it is, does not cost more than two thirds of the price of the London copy. It is extremely well printed.

T. M. H.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRST INDEPENDENT CHURCH IN BALTIMORE.

WITH AN ENGRAVED VIEW.

THE whole length of the edifice, including the portico, is one hundred and eight feet, and its breadth seventy-eight feet. The perystile, which has a front of fifty-six feet, nine inches, is formed by a colonade, of the Tuscan order. Four columns and two pilasters—one of the latter of which is at each extremity; forming altogether, three arcades, of about twelve feet opening, support the grand Tuscan cornice which runs round the exterior, and a pediment, in the centre of which is to be placed a colossal figure of an angel—executed in burnt clay, by M. Capellano, formerly first sculptor at the court of Spain, now a resident in Baltimore, and an artist of the very first merit. This figure, which has been much admired by connoisseurs, is surrounded by rays, and holds a scroll, on which are inscribed in Greek characters, bronzed, these words: ‘To the only God.’

The attic, which rises above the whole extent of the great cornice, is in a simple style, and its cornice is raised fifty-two feet above the pavement of the portico; the whole is crowned towards the centre of the building by the dome.

The portico is ornamented in the back part with six pilasters, corresponding with the columns and pilasters of the front. It is ten feet deep, and fifty-four feet six inches long; and is ascended by five steps of Italian marble, stretching the whole length of the perystile—it is paved with flags of the same marble, and its ceiling is formed of what are denominated groin arches. Five doors, all of equal dimensions, and well painted in imitation of bronze, open from the portico—three of these, corresponding with the three arcades of the perystile, lead into the body of the church—the other two at each lateral end of the portico, lead to the staircases of the gallery; which are hidden from the view either within or without the church. These doors are an imitation of the doors of the Vatican, except that they have been simplified by suppressing the modern circular pediments; and substituting archivaults, in the style of those of the Farnesian palace, assimilating them to the great simplicity of the Tuscan order. This por-

tico, which necessarily gives a character to the whole exterior of the building, is exquisitely beautiful.

The nave of the church is a square, formed by four equal arches, in full semicircle of fifty-three feet six inches diameter. These arches support a dome, which is also a full semicircle of fifty-three feet six inches diameter—the base of which is about forty-nine feet, and the summit of the cupola, eighty feet, above the pavement of the nave—the cupola is terminated by a glass star. The recesses of the arches on the right and left of the nave, are occupied by pews—at the bottom of the nave, the recess is filled by the pulpit and several rows of semicircular pews on either side: under the arch opposite to this, at the entrance of the church, is a gallery for the organ and choir. This gallery, which is the only one in the church, is supported by eight columns, in two rows, the capitals of which are in the Egyptian style—the shape elegantly executed in white Italian stucco. The floor of the gallery, which serves as a diameter of the arch under which it is placed, rises above the cornices of the pilasters which run round the interior, and which are taken from those of the Palace Mattie at Rome—its front is finished with balustrades. The three principal intercolumniations beneath, correspond with the three doors of entrance.

The arch at the bottom of the church, opposite to the gallery, is determined in the form of a niche, in its whole breadth and height, the form of which is fifty-three feet six inches, and the latter forty-seven feet nine inches. The floor of this arcade or niche, is raised three steps above the pavement of the nave, and is covered with an imitation of mosaick. In the centre of the arcade, rises the pulpit. This stands upon a double square base, the first of which is of the Verd Antique marble, of Connecticut, of great beauty—the second is of white Carrara marble, of most exquisite polish, in the middle of which is a noble ornament of cast lead and bronze, executed by M. Capellano. The pulpit rests on the second socle—it is constructed of bird's eye maple, the most beautiful wood of our country, and is semicircular. On the frieze of the cornice, are Grecian ornaments in relief of cast lead, bronzed, called palmets. It is ascended by a flight of eight wide steps on each side, which give it the style of a rostrum, or antique

tribunal. These steps are enclosed by four large pedestals and balustrades of the same wood as the pulpit, and in the style of Grecian columns.—On the landing places, on each side of the pulpit, is an arm chair of antique form, made also of the bird's eye maple, and enriched with bronzed ornaments in relief; and behind the pulpit is an antique sofa. The workmanship of these seats and the pulpit, is by Mr. Camp, of Baltimore, and to those who know the skill of that excellent mechanick, it can hardly be necessary to add, that the whole is in the finest style of execution. Between the two pilastres on the wall, behind the pulpit, is a species of pedestal or *alybatum*, supporting two tables in basso relievo, which are surrounded with rays and clouds of white stucco, and on which are inscribed various appropriate passages of scripture.

The nave is lighted by three windows in arcades, on each side: the wall above which is ornamented with two garlands, three crowns, and two festoons of olive leaves, all in white stucco. It is divided into its whole length by three aisles, paved with the tiles of Italian marble—these aisles are adorned by the arms of the pews, which are richly decorated with Grecian ornaments, sculptured in wood, and admirably bronzed, by Mr. Finley of Baltimore, whose taste and skill in ornamental work, are well known. The nave being square, the angles below the dome, are ornamented with triangular pannels, called pendentives, in each of which is a colossal basso relievo of white stucco, representing the various emblems of peace, toleration, fortitude, and union—and uniting with them the allegory of time, winging its way towards eternity.

The dome, which is imitated from the Pantheon at Rome, is ornamented with caissons, or square pannels, as are also the four great arches which support the cupola—the caissons of the latter are enriched with a rose in each. Each of the four arches is also embellished with an archivault; and the base of the dome is supported by a cornice in its whole circumference.

With the exception of the plinths and frames of the doors, which are admirably painted to imitate gray marble, no part of the decoration of the edifice is coloured—a circumstance which produces, in a remarkable degree, that imposing calm so appropriate to

houses of devotion. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the plastering on the inside walls, arches and dome; the work of which was done by Mr. Whitlock of Baltimore. And the outside, which is roughcast, is done in so masterly a manner, by Mr. John Gill, of Richmond, as actually to have deceived many close observers into a belief that the building was of stone.

The organ merits particular mention, as well from the classic taste which has been displayed by Mr. Godefroy, in giving it a form perfectly novel, as from the intrinsic excellence of the instrument. Instead of the usual heavy, gothic shape, given to this instrument, it is constructed in the form of an antique lyre, of colossal dimensions, the strings of which are represented by the pipes. The two angles of the front are terminated by two columns, in the Egyptian taste, the shafts of which are formed by large pipes. The top of the lyre, which is generally enriched with some emblematic ornament, is formed by a half crown of stars, in the centre of which reposes a bronzed eagle, amidst gilded rays.—The body of the organ is of bird's eye maple and mahogany; and all the ornaments of the frieze, the capitals, and the bases are bronzed.—This truly magnificent instrument, which is twenty-two feet nine inches high, and sixteen feet nine inches wide, contains fourteen hundred pipes; the tones of which, as they sweep through the arches, under the masterly execution of Mr. Carr, are sublimely melodious. It was built by Mr. Thomas Hall, of Philadelphia, to whose skill it does infinite honour. The perspective behind the organ, is terminated by a higher gallery, which stretches along the whole length of the portico; and is ornamented with arcades and a balustrade, in the same style as that of the pulpit—the extremities are formed by horns in the manner of an antique altar.

Having thus attempted to describe the church, we must be permitted to add a few words, to express our admiration of the talents, the skill, and the taste of those concerned in the building. The public have already been informed, that the edifice was designed by Maximilian Godefroy, Esq. member of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, to whose merit as a gentleman, a scholar, and an artist, it gives us infinite pleasure to pay this public but feeble tribute. Whether this building be viewed in the beauty of

the model, the correctness of the proportions, or the taste of its various details, it will be acknowledged to approach nearer to the perfection of architecture than any other edifice in America. What renders it particularly honourable to the taste and skill of the architect is, that notwithstanding the variety of novel and difficult details which abound in it, the perfect symmetry which prevails in the whole—the repose, as it is technically and appropriately called, of the edifice, produces that solemn and profound impression on the mind, so essential in public worship.

The builder, Mr. John Ready, of Baltimore, also merits the highest praise for the skill, activity, and precision with which he has executed the carpentry work of the edifice. It is particularly worthy of observation, that the corner stone of the building was laid on the 5th of June, 1817, and the whole completed in October 1818—in the short period of sixteen months. Nor is it less remarkable that the building has cost less, in proportion to its magnitude and elegance, than any other ever erected in our country—a fact which cannot but be remembered to the honour of Mr. Godefroy.

MISERY.

If misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be revered; if of ill fortune, it ought to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted; because it is, perhaps, itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced; and the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

The misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil; but from small vexations continually repeated.

That misery does not make all virtuous, experience too certainly informs us; but it is no less certain, that of what virtue there is, misery produces far the greater part. Physical evil may be therefore endured with patience, since it is the cause of moral good; and patience itself is one virtue by which we are prepared for that state in which evil shall be no more.

Foliage; or Poems Original and Translated. By Leigh Hunt, pp. 246.
[From the *Literary Gazette*.]

THE phrase "School of Poetry," like the phrase "School of Painting," has of late come much into vogue. Every person who departs from received canons in either art, is said, pleasantly enough, to be the founder of a school, and all his fellow rhyme-sters to "belong to this school;" which in the latter case is not so far amiss, since truly they more resemble young learners than mature teachers; and so, to confess the fact, generally do their ringleaders;

- - - - - follows
In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink,
So very anxious, clever, fine and jealous,
One don't know what to say to them, or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows.—BEPPO.

As we are not disposed to any kind of puffing, we would hint, that the substitution of the word *fashion* for the word *school*, in these affairs, seems desirable. Schools are, or ought to be, grave places, where wisdom is acquired; but Fashion admits of as many follies and fripperies as you please, the last being invariably the best, the newest the most enchanting. Cottage bonnets and insipid pastorals, hussar cloaks and martial odes, lace tippets and sonnets, long skirts and romantic tales, turbans and Eastern poems, costume a la Greque and Epics, may then be alternately and equally the rage for a month, and no great harm ensue:—we will allow the absurdity in verse, and the absurdity in dress, a like duration; the former to be laughed at over the tea-tables for four long weeks, and the latter to remain unrivalled on the frontispiece of any of the fashionable magazines, till the first day of the month ensuing that of its appearance; but it is too much to christen such things by names which give an idea of perpetuity, and we, once for all, protest against the appellation of School, whether given to the watery, cockney, be-natural, or sentimental Bards of these times, when rhyme is so plentiful, that we suspect it will soon be a difficult matter to produce even a business letter written in plain

press. If the cacoethes continue, there will shortly be no novelty in the rhyming cobbler of Gosport, who sent a lady's shoes home with the following billet,

Your humble poet, Madam, and the Muses,
Presents your La'ship with this pair of shoes-es.

We are free to confess that we do not belong to that class which considers the style of writing adopted by the author before us, and others his coadjutors, as admirable poetry. Mr. Hunt appears to be, in domestic matters, an amiable man; he is fond of his wife, and his children, and his friends, and of Hampstead; and of trees, especially when *leafy*, and of rural walks, and of tea in his parlour. Now this is all very becoming, and very harmless; but to persons not so fond of Mrs. Hunt, nor of Johnny Hunt, aged four years, alias

- - little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny, &c.

nor of Hampstead, with

A steeple issuing from a *leafy* rise
With *farmy* front - - - - -
- - - - - with heath and pond,
Nature's own ground: *woods that let mansions through!*

nor of any other of the author's haunts and recreations,—we say, that those not so partial to these things as Mr. Hunt, must find his songs and sonnets about them, though they may be tolerable enough to his private circle, very unentertaining and tiresome. For ourselves, we candidly own that we think them monstrously insipid. Their model seems to be the meanest of the Italian sonneteers, whose everlasting aim at some prettiness or other was sometimes rewarded with a hit, but like Gratiano's reasons, when the object is attained, it is not worth the fatigue of arriving at it.

True poetry opens a nobler pursuit than this squirrel-hunting among bushes. The race of creation is within its grasp—the sublime and the immense, the exquisite touch, and the minute of nature, are indeed alike its elements; but its soul seizes them all as

if by supernatural power, and does not go creeping and twining after little things, hugging poor conceits, and revelling on the luxuries of a single mean thought, when any shape of an original idea happily glances across its path. Many of our modern writers seem to imagine that poetic genius consists in the fanciful illustration of the most trite objects; that to call a tree leafy, and a bird hoppy, and a cat purry, is genuine nature; that to speak of brutes having "*lamping* eyes," (page 13 of this vol.) of rills among stones having "little *whiffing* tones" (page 15.) of "*sleek* seas" (page 20,) and similar fooleries, is pure unadulterated inspiration, and not silly nonsense. They may be right: we are sceptics.

But to proceed somewhat more methodically with Mr. Leigh Hunt's volume, which we the rather treat unceremoniously, because he has the pen in his hand, and the means of publicly refuting any misrepresentation (advantages which few writers possess,) we have to state, that it consists of a dedication and preface, a principal poem in two parts, entitled 'The Nymphs,' six or eight short miscellaneous compositions, as many epistles, twice as many sonnets, and some translations from Homer, Theocritus, Catullus, and other ancient bards.

The preface displays a little pardonable egotism and vanity. Mr. Hunt explains what he considers to be the properties of poetry, viz. "a sensitiveness to the beauty of the external world, to the unsophisticated impulses of our nature, and above all, imagination, or the power to see, with verisimilitude, what others do not"—and, quoth he, with much simplicity, "This is *a secret* which I saw very early; and I attribute to the knowledge of it whatever popularity I may have obtained, whether in verse or prose." He then mentions the three living poets whom he chuses to rank with himself in this meritorious discovery, which it appears is confined to Himself, Byron, Moore, and Wordsworth. The rest of this preface is not very remarkable for any thing but an ill-digested mass of notions respecting many writers of all ages and nations, as a sample of which we may quote one period alluding to the Greek mythology: "Spenser, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, evidently *sparkled* up, and had their most graceful

perceptions *upon* them, whenever they turned to the fair forms and *leafy luxuries* of ancient imagination."

Not pretending to understand this prose, we pass to what, from the shape of the lines and other indications, we take to be verse.

The Nymphs is a sort of poetic vision, in which all the tribes which the Classical Dictionary mentioneth, are seen and described by the author in a woody walk. The minuteness is so task-like, that were we not sure the Rape of the Lock was itself a burlesque, we should have taken this as a burlesque, performed as a given exercise, on Pope's Gnomes and Sylphs. We have the Dryads, Hamadryads, Napeads, Limniads, Oreads, Ephydriads, Naiads, Nereids, &c. all as large as life, doing, bona fide before Mr. Hunt's eyes, the business which the old mythological writers in their various fancies assigned them. For example,

There are the fair nymphs o' the woods, (Look ye,
Whom kindred Fancies have brought after me!)
There are the fair-limbed Dryads - - -

part of whose duties it is to teach the mother blackbird to lead astray the foolish boy

When he would steal the *huddled nest* away.

And next,

Then, there the hamadriads are, their sisters,
Simpler Crown twisters, - - -

As for the *Napeads*, whom we expected to find at St. Helena, the guardian angels of poor *Nash*, they have the care of fresh flowers from the spoil

Of *beasts*, and *blasts*, and *other blind mishaps*
For little children's laps—

Of the Limniads little is told us, but as they take, 'their pleasure in the *lakes*' we suppose, Mr. Hunt thought it polite not to trespass on the property of the *Lake Poets*. The Oreads 'frequent the lifted mountains,' and never was the adage more applicable than to their picture—*Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus*,—for some of them

- - go leaping by the laughing fountain
Down the *touched* crags - - -

and others

Sit perfumed underneath the *cedarn* shades
Feeding the gazel with his *lamping* eyes!

The charge of the Ephydriads is not very clearly defined. They haunt islands in such situations as is laid down in the underwritten, and which baffles our topographical skill,

- - - - - there, where a gap
Betwixt a heap of tree-tops, hollow and dun,
Shows were the waters run,
And whence the fountain's tongue begins to lap,
There lie they, lulled by little whiffing tones
Of rills among the stones,
Or by the rounder murmur, glib and flush
Of the escaping gush
That laughs and tumbles, like a conscious thing,
For joy of all its future travelling,

Lord help us! But really this seems to us to be sheer raving, and we know not what to make of hollow and dun tree-tops showing where waters run, nor of the tongues of fountains beginning to lap like a litter of puppies, nor of little or great whiffing tones of streamlets, nor even of their round nor square murmurs however glib and flush, nor, verily, of their laughing (crying is more aqueous) nor tumbling, nor consciousness, nor future towers. The whole is a rhapsody, and so it proceeds

The lizard circuits them— (i. e. the Ephydriads)
- - - - - and his *grave will*
The *frog*, with *reckoning* leap, enjoys apart
Till now and then the woodcock frights his heart
— — — — —
And all is woody, mossy, and watery.

The last line is an entirely new species of rhythm: a whole poem in it would be extremely curious! We are afraid we must fatigue our readers with these selections, but we shall dismiss the other nymphs briefly. The Naiads are well known, and the only

new trait in their character discovered by the author is that they lure the swans on, which following them,—

- - - - - glide
With *unsuperfluous* lift of their proud wings.

The Nereids are painted in a better manner, but still very affectedly, as

- - - - - lifting ocean's billows,
Making them banks and pillows,
Upon whose *springiness* they lean and ride:
Some with an *inward* back; some upward-eyed,
Feeling the sky; and some with *sidelong hips*
O'er which the surface of the water slips.

They fly from the 'windy voices' of the clouds, and

Most they love *sleek* seas and springy sands.

It is not to be imagined that there are not beauties scattered among these deformities, which are taken from the first part alone. The general conception of the subject is poetical, although pursued into ramifications which destroy its effect, and treated, as we think these extracts will prove, in a strangely conceited manner. What, for instance, can be more fantastical than this idea of the guardians of shady groves,—

Ethereal human shapes, perhaps the souls
Of poets and *poetic women*, staying
To have their fill of pipes and leafy playing—

And their companions the nymphs, who are assured,

This hum in air, which the still ear perceives
Is your *unquarrelling* voice among the leaves;
And now I find, whose are the laughs and stirrings
To make the delicate birds dart so in whisks and whirrings.

How very indifferent is the following sweet natural sketch of the

- - - - - fragrant-living bee
So happy, that he will not move, not he
Without a song—

Or the well imagined time

When morning runs along the sea
In a gold path—

But indeed the entire opening of the second part displays poetical powers not easily to be reconciled with the puerility of the general tone, nor even with the quaint language which deforms them.

As I thought this, a neighbouring wood of elms
Was moved, and stirred and whispered loftily,
Much like a pomp of warriors with plumed helms,
When some great general whom they long to see
Is heard behind them - - - - -
- - - - - And on the place
There fell a shade as on an awe-struck face;
And overhead, like a portentous rim
Pulled over the wide world, to make all dim,
A grave gigantic cloud came hugely uplifting him.
It passed with its slow shadow; and I saw
Where it went down beyond me on the plain,
Sloping its dusky ladders of thick rain;
And on the mist it made, and blinding awe,
The sun, re-issuing in the opposite sky,
Struck the all-coloured arch of his great eye;
And up, the rest o' the country laughed again:
The leaves were amber; the sunshine
Scored on the ground its conquering line;
And the quick birds, for scorn of the great cloud,
Like children after fear, were merry and loud.

We have here extracted what in our opinion is infinitely the best passage in the poem, which is given to the description of a crowd of aerial figures sailing on the clouds, and ultimately descending in a circle, and kissing the eyes of the poet. Of the far-fetched nature of this description a few lines will afford a sufficient notion:

Most exquisite it was indeed to see
How these blithe damsels guided variously
Before, behind, beside - - - - -
- - - - -

- - - - - Another only shewed
 On the far side a foot and leg, that glowed
 Under the cloud; a sweeping back another,
 Turning her from us like a suckling mother;
 She next, aside, lifting her arms to tie
 Her locks into a flowing knot; and she
 That followed her, a smooth down-arching thigh
 Tapering with tremulous mass internally.

Here we are again gravelled, and our anatomical knowledge fails us as completely as our topographical. We shall conclude with one specimen more, which in ten lines comprehends nearly all the absurdities of Mr. Hunt's muse, being at once senseless in epithets, confused in metaphor, affected in style, nonsensical where intelligible, and incomprehensible in its other figures, similies, and elucidations.

And more remain; (such things are in Heaven's ears
Besides the grander spheres):
 For as the *racks* came *sleeking on*, one fell
 With rain into a dell,
 Breaking with scatter of a thousand *notes*
 Like *twangling pearl*; and I perceived how she
 Who *loosed* it with her hands, *pressed kneadingly*,
 As though it had been wine in *grapy coals*;
 And out it *gushed*, with that *enchanting sound*
 In a *wet shadow* to the ground.

Were Mr. Hunt to exclaim with Lord Peter, 'he that does not understand let him die and be d—d,' we must bear the full brunt of the curse, for to us this whole passage is utterly inexplicable.

We pass over the Miscellanies, which are very indifferent pieces, with all their 'fine-eyed' 'pure-eyed' 'far-eyed' and every kind but gimlet-eyed phraseology; and merely notice the Epistles, to say that they are addressed to 'Dear Byron, (My Lord), 'Dear Tom' (Moore), 'Dear Hazlitt,' and 'Dear Field,' and other friends of the writer's. They attempt to be easy and facetious, but will not bear analysis either for wit or versification. *Ex. gr.* in one to 'Charles Lamb:' the following is the most humorous passage,

But now Charles, you never (so blissful you deem me)
 Come lounging with twirl of umbrella to see me.
 In vain have we hoped to be set at our ease
 By the rains, which you know used to bring *Lamb* and pease;
 In vain we look out like the children in Thomson,
 And say, in our innocence, "Surely he'll come soon."

The sonnets are queer things. One of them to Henry Robertson and John Gattie begins thus,

Harry, my friend, who full of tasteful glee,
 Have music *all about you*, heart and lips;
 And, John, whose *voice is like a rill that slips*
Over the sunny pebbles breathingly—

Harry may be a barrel-organ, but what John Gattie's gurgling voice resembles defeats our imaginative faculty.

There only remain the Translations to notice. As themes in the second or third form they might merit praise, but they are little calculated to add a value even to this publication. We wonder that when the title of '*Foliage*' was so prettily assumed in imitation of the German '*Leaves*,' and when the paltry conceit was prolonged by naming these productions '*Evergreens*,' it was not rendered still more puerile by adding instead of translated, '*transplanted from the ancient poets*.' There is much of silliness in such doings, and we trust when the author's brain exfoliates in its next spring, he will give us less of his new-fangled 'blossomings' and more of old-fashioned fruit. As it is, his nymphs are not of the Hesperides.

COURT.

It has been always observed of those that frequent a court, that they soon, by a kind of contagion, catch the regal spirit of neglecting futurity. The minister forms an expedient to suspend, or perplex an inquiry into his measures for a few months, and applauds and triumphs in his own dexterity. The peer puts off his creditor for the present day, and forgets that he is ever to see him more.

Lines on the Death of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte. By the Rev. G. Croly, A. M. 8vo. pp. 47.
[From the *Literary Gazette*.]

IN the title page to this production, the author of the noble poem of "*Paris in 1815*," drops his incognito, and while we are thus enabled to bestow the laurel for that verse upon the rightful brow, it must be accompanied by the fresher wreath which this new and admirable work demands. Mr. Croly is truly a poet. There is a loftiness of sentiment about him, a feeling for the grand, and a power of conveying his impressions in a suitable style, which belong only to the inspired. And he has other qualities which in these doubtful days of phantasy and mysticism, when good and evil principles are so mingled and perverted as not to be very readily distinguished, deserve no mean share of praise—his strains are eminently just, moral, and virtuous. He panders to no base appetites; nor decks no vice with trappings to hide its deformity. His song is as pure as it is lofty.

Of the present composition we shall say little more than that it is worthy of the author of *Paris*—saying which, we mean to express our opinion that it is worthy of one of the foremost poets of the age; of a bard who, if we mistake not, will yet perform much to adorn his own name, and do honour to his country.

We proceed, according to our usage, to sustain our judgment by a few examples.

The poem commences with some fine reflections on the House of Mourning, and a pathetic description of the woful scene which converted Claremont from joy and hope to misery and despair. The picture of the felicity of its inmates is most affecting: we select that part of it which unites to particular allusion the illustration of a general proposition.

There is a love! 'tis not the wandering fire
That must be fed on folly, or expire;
Gleam of polluted hearts, the meteor ray
That fades as rises Reason's nobler day;
But passion made *essential*, holy, bright,
Like the rais'd dead, our dust transform'd to light;

But, the rich foretaste of a loftier clime,
 Friendship of souls, in Heav'n scarce more sublime.
 Earth has its pangs for all; its happiest breast
 Not his who meets them least, but bears them best.
 Life must be toil! yet oh, that toil how drear,
 But for this soother of its brief career.
 The charm that virtue, beauty, fondness, bind,
 Till the mind mingles with its kindred mind!
 'Tis not the cold romancer's ecstasy,
 The flame new lit at every passing eye,
 But the high impulse that the stately soul
 Feels slow engross it, but engross it whole;
 Yet seeks it not, nay, turns with stern disdain
 On its own weakness that can wear a chain;
 Still wrestling with the angel, till its pride
 Feels all the strength departed from its side.
 Then join'd, and join'd for ever,—loving, lov'd,
 Life's darkest hours are met, and met unmov'd;
 Hand link'd in hand, the wedded pair pass on
 Through the world's changes, still unchanging, one;
 On earth one heart, one hope, one joy, one gloom,
 One closing hour, one—undivided tomb!

The affliction of prince Leopold is dwelt upon with a depth of
 tone that touches, we had almost said wounds or pains, the heart.
 He is told in one sublime line—

Who can bring healing to thy heart's despair?
Thy whole rich sum of happiness lies there.

And the dreadful comfort is added—

Law of the mightier sorrows, memory
Must die, to let the heart endure to be!

The same agonizing strain of consolation is continued—the whole
 luxury of grief is poured forth, and we quote what we imagine
 few will read without a renewal of those tears which this sad event
 caused to flow:

Let the past be a blank to thee,—the day
 That flow'd in life's sweet charities away;
 The evening that with various pleasure came,
 But its mild happiness, its soul, the same;

When on the harp the hand belov'd was flung,
 Or the rapt ear on noble converse hung;
 And she, young, sweet, devoted, all thine own,
 Was the proud daughter of earth's proudest throne,
 Who, looking from her height of majesty
 On all earth's bright and brave, had chosen thee.
 And now,—thou sit'st beside her death-bed! now
 She sinks before thine eye; and what art thou!

Oh agony! To see, in shade on shade,
 Smile, glance, all, all the heart's fine features fade;
 Feel, like an arrow's point, the heavier sigh,
 And turn away,—in dread to see her die!
 Then—glance again, yet scarcely dare to raise
 The eye, and see—how life in her's decays;
 Then—shudder at the hand's expiring chill;
 Yet press, and feel it—colder—colder still!
 Away, thou man of misery! She's gone!
 Child—wife—are rent from thee,—thou'rt left alone!

Morn came in clouds; the tempest's heavy swell
 Stoop'd ominous; it bore no birthday peal.
 Egypt! when heaven thy madden'd heart assail'd,
 And o'er its might, its mercy, man prevail'd,
 Where lay the final plague, the conquering wo?
 'Twas in the sword that laid thy first-born low!
 Guilt is on England, and the blow is given
 On England's heart,—in mercy be it, Heaven!

There is a description of the natural appearance of this fatal night, which contrasts with the preceding distress and subsequent gloom of the funeral. It is a delicious piece of repose, and beautifully poetical:

Midnight was on the earth; the zenith moon
 Shone out in cloudless pomp, broad, lovely, lone;
 The sounds of man were silent; on the hill,
 Along the vale, all but the breeze was still,
 And it was but the breath that serv'd to shake
 Sighs and sweet murmurings from the hawthorn brake;
 The vault above was sapphire, heavenly blue,
The brightness that the eye seems looking through

LINES ON THE DEATH OF

*When the eye is half mind, and wild, and far,
 As if it found a guide in each lone star,
 It wanders through the abyss, rapt, dreaming on,
 To the bright gates where all it lov'd are gone.
 And calm and lovely was its light of blue
 On the deep vale, now one rich sheet of dew,
 Where rose a mount, an isle in that bright sea,
 Crested with battlement, and bower'd with tree;
 A lion flag upon the central tower
 Wav'd its red emblems to the radiant shower,
 Streamed from the moon upon the lonely isle;
 That flag wav'd over Windsor's monarch pile.*

In the midst of a powerful view of the rites of royal sepulture.
 we have the following awful apostrophe to the grave.

O Grave, thou'rt terrible! 'tis not the sting
 Of the mere sense that makes thy suffering;
 'Tis not the pang, the thirst, the midnight groan,
 Though all their host do homage to thy throne;
 Thy terrors live in thy dark mystery.
 All crowded in the one drear thought—we die!
 We see the dying struggle,—all thus far
 Is plain; up springs at once the mighty bar,
 Gloomy as night; no twilight upper ray
 Helps out the image of its farther day.
 And this the end? The worm, the hideous sleep
 That makes the very flesh by instinct creep!
 Who that beside the opening tomb has stray'd,
 And borne to see the gambols of the spade,
 While the slave scoffing in the trench below
 Flings up some fearful thing at every throw;
 Felt not within, however fortified
 By holy truth, however fool'd by pride,
 A shock, a shrinking of the natural heart,
 Lest there at last might lie his better part?
 Ev'n with those whiten'd bones, that half-chang'd clay,
 That grinning skull, that coffin's loose decay!
 Felt not the question with his spirit strive
 "Were not these—men? and can these dry bones live?"
 Must all his dreams of high futurity
 Be finish'd here, and that vile thing—be he?

Can soul be but a phantasy, a breath?
 Can dust, air, stillness, nothingness, be death!

The same sublime train of thought is further pursued:

We know the moment comes, that comes the last—
 When all is merg'd in one wild word,—the past!
 And all thenceforth is *new*; a mighty scene
 Of strange, bright, wonderful, that *hath not been*.
 We've climb'd the hill of life; the early plain,
 Track'd as it was by many a step of pain,
 Seen from that lofty brow, is seen—a span!
 Beside, behind us, rush the host of man;
 Before us, all is precipice; the eye
 Strains but through depth on depth,—infinity!
 On rush the host, like waves, like armies mown
 In the red field,—in rank on rank hurl'd down;
 Each, as it meets the edge, in sudden fear
 Sway'd backward, but a mightier hand is there;
 In vain the wild recoil, sad gesture, groan;
 Myriads await their plunge, and they *must* on.

Princess of England! on thy head was laid
 The moral, that all under Heav'n is shade:
 Who murmurs at his lot, yet sees thee there?
 Who hears thy tale, yet feels no righteous fear?
 We're made in fearfulness; some fine, frail thing,
 Some viewless fibre, may have check'd life's spring,
 And now—an empire's tears could not recall
 The stately beauty sleeping in that pall;
 Not worlds give back the smile, that as she lay
 Wrung that pale weeper's heart—but yesterday.

Deep mystery! we wake with Heav'n's sole breath;
 Ten thousand, thousand ways lead down to Death!
 Why form'd with such rich waste, so high, so frail,
 So near to angel, dust upon the gale?
 Thou dreamer! Earth was never meant to hold,
 The wing, that every breath can thus unfold.
 The sphere is gloomy round us—day and night
 Stand wide its countless portals to the light;
 Earth has no barrier to the immortal plume;
 “*Hereafter*,” is the motto of the tomb!

Our limits, not our inclination, restrain us to but one extract more: it is the fine conclusion of this fine poem.

She should have died hereafter! no, not now,
 Not thus have dash'd our proudest cup with woe!
 The holy cause had triumph'd,—England's car
 Came, rich with trophies of her mightiest war,
 Monarchs were in her train; above her van
 Blaz'd the deliver'd cross, the ark of man;
 And *she* stood forth, first, fairest stood, to hail
 That day;—at once the victor's cheek was pale,
 The triumph was eclipsed: was she the price?
 The daughter vow'd? the bright, sad sacrifice?—
 Ev'n in the hour when England's parent eye
 Turn'd from its glory on her,—must she die!

Having adduced such potent proofs in support of our opinion upon the merits of this production, we leave it to the public taste. Could we feel disposed to very minute criticism, we might state that several of the rhymes are scarcely legitimate; but there is a soul in the whole composition which seems to brook no rules, and we are swept away in the flood of mind, regardless as itself of the few little inequalities which are here and there observable.

ANGER.

THE maxim which Periander, of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, "Be master of your anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life: the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquillity, and thought he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion. Pride is undoubtedly the origin of anger; but pride, like every other passion, if it once breaks loose from reason, counteracts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were caused; why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at last.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I HAVE pleasure in transcribing for insertion in the Port Folio, the following extract of a letter lately received from a correspondent, in Scotland. As it pronounces with a degree of confidence, upon some facts interesting to the literary public, and which to a portion of your readers may seem to require other support than an anonymous declaration, it gives me satisfaction to add, that the writer not only enjoys from the circumstance of residence every facility of information, but has personally obtained great celebrity, by the composition of various popular works, which have been published in Great Britain, and reprinted in this country.

Yours, respectfully,

*Extract of a letter to ———, Massachusetts:—dated
Edinburgh, November, 1818.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I WISH I could give a vision of the Carlton Hill, which has been so changed and improved since you were here, that it is now the wonder of all beholders. I saw it on Saturday after two months absence, and was tempted to think that the fairies had been assisting, in the solid yet airy looking fabrics which in that short space have risen to adorn this Hill of Prospect. The Waterloo bridge,—the Regent's, I should say,—with the Waterloo Hotel, on one side, of unequalled size and magnificence; and the beginning of several public edifices, on the other;—the triumphal arches;—and above all the new observatory surrounded on the four sides by porticos and pillars, astonish every one who considers their solid materials and their sudden rise. The prisons of Saxon architecture, with towers and gate-ways like a noble castle, overlook the town and adorn the prospect.

There is, however, another fine edifice, which has been a great though somewhat meretricious ornament to the good town which seems hastening to decay; not from the attacks of time but from the assaults of unseen enemies. It is the *Edinburgh Review*;

the very basis of which seems in danger of being undermined by these invisible opponents. My classical recollections grow very faint; yet I think it was *Æneas* to whom his mother or some other celestial relation, showed the hostile gods, invisible to others, shaking the foundations of the Trojan towers, and hastening their fall—for the purpose, I think, of making him give up vain attempts at defence. Such a vision has been vouchsafed to me, though not for the same purpose; for although I see the opponents through the cloud which envelopes them, I have not the power nor even the will to save the fabric they are about to demolish;—I should rather say, which they *wish* to demolish, for their power is very doubtful as yet. They have certainly a fund of talent among them; but their extreme petulance and frequent personality lowers the value of those truths which they seem inclined to support; and the extravagant sports of wanton wit, in which they indulge their fancy, seem in some degree incompatible with those weightier matters of the law which in their sober moods they profess to defend. The vehicle through which this *melange* of local satire, sportive humour and sober argument is given to the public is *Blackwood's Magazine*, which one would think quite incomprehensible beyond the bounds of Edinburgh; yet it has a rapid sale in London, which surprises me not a little. I think it can scarce have reached Boston, and would be unintelligible if it did. This little secret synod of critics have produced such a fermentation among the Plutonians, as seems to have destroyed that respectable forbearance which made people of different parties live so amicably together here to the great credit of the place, and the no less comfort of strangers, who did not find their cordial reception in one circle, impede their being admitted with equal kindness to another of opposite opinions. The truths told by these new champions of religion and good government, are so forcible that the Plutonians cannot openly dispute them. They rest their defence, (if *blaming* their opponents can be so called,) on the indirect motives to which they impute this ebullition of zeal, in a set of gay young men, no way strict or exemplary in other respects. Pamphlets have been flying about full of virulence, against these new reformers, which have provoked two of them to avow themselves as concerned in this publication,

and offer a challenge to their concealed adversary. These are *John Wilson*, author of the *Isle of Palms*, and *City of the Plague*; and *John Lockhart*, the son of a worthy and pious clergyman in Glasgow. John Wilson's writings all breathe of religion. But it is more picturesque and pathetic, than spiritual; and one is tempted by the form in which it appears to suppose that it is in some measure brought forward

"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Yet we are to think kindly of even good-will to the great cause, always remembering that the great author of our faith has declared, "He that is not against us, is with us." It has been well said that the poetry and fiction, most in vogue do not lead, but follow and reflect the prevailing taste of the time; when they are produced. Judging by this criterion, there is reason to hope that the interests of religion are considerably upon the advance; as no work of fiction of late years, has obtained any popularity, which does not express or imply a reverence for things sacred. *Lord Byron's* works are, like himself, anomalous in this respect, and even his tone is somewhat softened in the last canto. As a model of chaste and beautiful composition, where the soundest sense and most upright principle, are clothed in peculiar felicity of expression, I recommend to your particular attention the critique on said canto in the *Quarterly Review*. It is written by *Walter Scott*, and marked with his good sense, and good temper.

Now you must not think I have much leisure, though I have written so much. I will not express the fear of tiring you, common on such occasions; because the very consciousness that *you* will not be tired, when another might, carries me on; and a letter which has three thousand miles to travel, should have a little ballast for the voyage.

Edinburgh is full to overflowing; though there are many new erections every year.

I remain, &c.

Virtue is undoubtedly, most laudable in that state which makes it most difficult.

Letter from a lover of Quality, to his Mistress in the 17th century, with the Lady's answer.

FOR MY LADY MARGARET MONTGOMERIE.

MADAM—The continuance of my misfortune, in not being yett able to wait upon your Ladyship, is beyond expression vexing; and the more I ponder my unspeakable loss, my anxietie is the greater, and cannot but continou so till this sadde and dark cloud be over; and then the beames of your presence and favour will elevat the now perplexed heart of, Madam, your Ladyship's most affectionate and humble servant,

LOUDON.

London, 5 Sept. 1666.

FOR THE EARL OF LOUDON.

MY LORD,—To give a return suitabell to anie of yours, is above what I am capabell of, they so far exceed both the capacity and desert of, my Lord, your Lordship's humble servant,

MARGARET MONTGOMERIE.

Caniget, 25 Nov. 1666.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

Defence of the American character, or an essay on wealth as an object of cupidity or the means of distinction in the United States.

THAT the people of the United States, are peculiarly actuated by the love of money, and that it is among them, in a peculiar degree, the cause of distinction, is an opinion almost universally entertained by foreigners, and too often sanctioned eyen by natives. We are not disposed to deny the power of Plutus in tem-

poral affairs; but, on the contrary, admit that Venus, Cupid, Bacchus, Mars, Mercury, and Minerva, with all the muses and graces in their train, are nothing without him. To speak seriously, we conceive that however high may be the usual estimate of the influence of gold, it still falls considerably short of the truth. To us it appears directly, or indirectly—either as a cause or consequence—to be indispensable, to every ground of *worldly* pre-eminence. For upon what basis can such pre-eminence be founded, unless it be on wealth, talents, education, birth, titles, or power? Now of what avail are talents without education, and leisure for improvement; and how can these advantages be had without money? If titles, power, or office do not originate from this source, without it they can have little importance.

Much of the deference shown to titled men, is due to the more elevated style in which superior pecuniary means may have enabled them, or their ancestors to live. Were his majesty, his grace, or his lordship, obliged to perform menial labour, their titles would render them the objects of ridicule, instead of respect.

Is it not alleged in justification of the gorgeous and wasteful luxury of princes and noblemen, that this extravagant use of money is necessary to their consequence in the public eye? Our intention is not to convey the idea that the opulence of the European nobility and gentry is their only *actual* claim to distinction. We are aware of the cultivation of mind and manners, which distinguishes some, and the refinement in folly or vice which is so notorious in others: but, consider these traits as the result of the long continuance of wealth, in the *caste* to which they belong. A society must be liberated in a great measure from the cares of life, before it can exercise that delicate, or whimsical turn of taste and fancy, which is productive of the highest refinements, or most exquisite absurdities. The power of being luxurious, must be attained, before much progress will be made in the art of being so, and a high degree of politeness is more likely to arise where the advances made in it by one generation, are transmitted to another.

But if independently of wealth, of the education which cannot be obtained without wealth, or the talents which cannot be de-

veloped without education, birth and titles have any where an intrinsic capacity of bestowing distinction, it argues little in favour of the countries, where such honours prevail, since nothing can be more absurd, than the prevalence of pretensions founded neither in moral, intellectual, nor physical excellence. It is natural, and reasonable to respect, as far as possible, the child of a respectable parent; but it is ridiculous for any one to presume on the inheritance of an empty name. It may not be amiss to remark, that in France and Germany, where titular pretensions have frequently been unaccompanied by the support of hereditary wealth, they have been much less regarded than in England, where they have almost invariably been associated with it.

It may be said that where wealth is spoken of as a cause of distinction; an exuberance of pecuniary means is implied, and that this exuberance is not necessary to the development of talents. We are very willing to admit this distinction, as we conceive it highly favourable to the United States, where if thus defined, wealth can scarcely be said to have any potentiality that is in the nature of things separable from it. Did Franklin, Rittenhouse, Hamilton, Ames, or Rush owe their celebrity to superfluous riches? Who among our rich men, possess as much moral or political influence over the more respectable part of our community, as those of our legal and medical practitioners, who have had no other advantages than talents, education and industry?

Power is the only basis of worldly greatness independent of that in question, if there be any; but it is curious to remark how intimately they are allied. They appear in many cases coexistent; both implying the command of the objects of human cupidity. Wealth is in fact one species of power: and is that species without which, no other can have value. It were difficult to imagine any kind of power less associated with it, than that of the Lion. Yet the extraordinary strength and weapons with which nature has endowed this animal constitute, or give rise to a kind of wealth, as almost every creature within his reach is in effect, his property. If we were to define the meaning of the term, we should say, it meant either the desirable things of this life, or that which commands them. Whenever any thing ceases to have this

command, it ceases to be wealth, whence the trite remark that gold is not wealth in a desert. If then a man love to be independent, be averse from hard labour, or menial occupations; if he wish to see his wife in comfort, his children nourished, and educated; to have leisure to cultivate his mind; or to contemplate or study, the beauties of nature, or wonders of the universe; he cannot be indifferent to means without which indulgence in any of these respects, is unattainable. It is, indeed, too true, whatever may be said by theorists, that although no degree of wealth will ensure happiness, there is a degree of poverty, which must produce misery.

Never probably, was a grosser calumny pronounced against human nature, by purblind moralists, than that which attributes to men universally, a thirst for gold. Equally calculated to facilitate the views of the wise and the weak, the good and the bad, in order duly to estimate those who seek it with avidity, the motives, not the ardour of this avidity must be scrutinized. In the first instance it is usually sought merely as a stepping stone to other objects, but life being for the most part spent in acquiring it, that which was really secondary or intermediate, often appears and sometimes becomes the primary object. The passions of love, of ambition, conjugal, paternal, filial, and even brotherly affection, and the truly meritorious desire of independence, may any of them be the motive of those, who are thus accused of avarice. This disease of the mind, as Johnson so ably defines it, seems to arise from a sort of weakness, through which the means are confounded with the end; and all the attractive ideas or pleasing emotions produced by the hope of gratification in predominant propensities, become associated with the notion of wealth.

Thus the miser fascinated by the ideal pleasure resulting from the conscious power of indulgence, becomes so morbidly anxious to increase or perpetuate this power, as to be altogether regardless of what others call substantial enjoyment.

There is then a potency in wealth, which in every society, however improved or moral, is directly or indirectly the principal mean, or basis of superiority.

But if to the gratification of noble and virtuous sentiments, and the indulgence of low and vitious propensities, wealth be equally necessary; a nation the least avaricious may be most universally eager in the acquisition of it.

In those countries where it may be less universally sought with activity, it does not follow that it will be less universally desired. Entails or the right of primogeniture may render it equally difficult for one portion of the community to be without, or for another to gain it. A third portion may by custom be permitted to deal in nothing but their blood, military commissions or parliamentary suffrage, while ignorance, indigence, or want of opportunity or enterprize, may deter a large number of the remainder from exertions for independence. But we would inquire if there be any people with whom a guinea would have less power than with our countrymen. The only difference, probably is that the latter are more constantly engaged in obtaining, what the others crave equally, or more; but which want of opportunity, or of habitual cleverness prevents them from seeking in the same way.

It is true our citizens are found encountering the hardships of the wilderness, the dangers of the ocean, and the vicissitudes of every season and climate in pursuit of emolument; but it is notorious that the noble spirit of independence, the desire of marriage, or of supporting a wife and children, are the usual incentives to such sacrifices. Among those who may have been seen alternately in either continent or hemisphere; immolating in appearance for gain, their health, youth, or intellectual powers, there are many whom we have personally known to possess spirits of the most exalted kind; and to have been actuated by motives which if recorded ought to immortalize their names.

Can there be a more meritorious cause for exertion than the support of an impoverished parent, or widowed sister? How imperfect must be that test of observation, which can confound this highest species of generosity, with a most selfish and ignoble cupidity?

Nevertheless among the stimulants by which the mass of speculators here are actuated, we are sensible much must be placed

to the account of folly and vice. But the fair view of the subject, is not whether the *pursuit* of gain for such purposes, be more frequent here than elsewhere, but whether the *thirst after* it be greater. If absurd luxury, and vicious sensuality, be not more common among us; (and especially if it be less so, as we sincerely believe;) the pursuit of money for the purpose of indulgence, is far from being an additional evil.

Such follies and vices are vastly more injurious to the morals of the individual, and the welfare of the community, where aristocratic pride, or a deficiency of enterprize, industry or skill, permits the votary of pleasure, no other means of increasing the power of gratification, than the gaming table, venal marriage or political corruption. For the pursuit of gain through the medium of commerce, not only affords a more moral mode of accomplishing a contemptible purpose, but tends also, to furnish the mind another habit of occupation. The money sought in youth with a view to sensual enjoyment, is at a later age often applied to the maintenance of a family.

As to marry, without a prospect of adequate means, is to plunge voluntarily into a scene of distress, which the love or disinterestedness of the parties, is little calculated to palliate; it is to be presumed that wealth will here, as elsewhere, facilitate marriage and sometimes be the motive of it: but it is certain that an avowedly venal connexion is more rare in this country than in others. When brought about by the manœuvring of relations, it always excites contempt: and open negotiations for the purpose are unknown.

The idea originates almost invariably with the parties themselves; and in this country it is considered ridiculous to consult the parents of a young lady, before addressing her: so universally is this contract viewed as a matter of fancy and feeling, rather than of calculation or prudence.

In fact the habitual cultivation of the money-making faculty, however it may retard the refinement of taste, or improvement of the understanding, has at least the advantage of rendering venality and corruption less necessary. The deference paid to the dictates of the heart in forming matrimonial connexions, is one cause no doubt of that exclusive devotion of our married women, to their

husbands and children, which must have forcibly struck every foreigner not blinded by prejudice. This devotion is a very powerful guarantee, against that pecuniary extravagance, which is so prevalent in Europe, among fashionable women. The waste of money, is almost always attended or followed by the want of it. But how despicable is an avidity thus created; and especially if compared with that which springs from a wish to educate a family, and usher them into the world under favourable circumstances. Such a wish with few exceptions we believe to be the principal foundation of the desire of property among the married portion of our countrywomen.

It has always appeared to us as remarkably inconsistent that those stylish Europeans who despise all efforts to procure money, through industry, or enterprize, should tolerate the practice of gambling. However in other respects deficient, we can exultingly say that the society in which we have been brought up, is too refined to tolerate this practice. Above all a gambling woman is despised. The practice of leaving money, under the candlesticks to defray the expenses, and the sale of tickets, which is mentioned by M. Simon, in his tour through England, would not be tolerated in this country.

Having as we trust, said enough to demonstrate that the spirit which actuates the people of the United States, is not characteristically sordid; we shall proceed to consider the other opinion, that wealth is among them preeminently the cause of distinction.

Probably the chief reason why travellers, overrate the importance of wealth in this country, when compared with others, is, that its effects are more easily traced. As there are no entails, nor any rule of primogeniture, to prevent estates from being dissevered, and dissipated, and as the field for enterprise and industry, has been prolific and extensive, changes of fortune are peculiarly frequent. Men who are destitute of personal claims to distinction, bring themselves into notice by their pecuniary acquisitions. By educating their children, they confer on them true claims to distinction. Others again having great personal merit, but inheriting too small a portion of a divided estate, to support the luxury

of fashionable life, have to retire into the woods for subsistence; and are unable to afford their children sufficient opportunity of improvement.

Thus one family is seen to sink into, and another to rise from among the unpolished or unlettered crowd; and the most superficial glance discovers a change in their pecuniary means, to be the common cause of the elevation of the one, and the decline of the other. But when the effects of wealth, are permanently secured in certain classes, as in Europe, it requires much reflection to trace them to their source. For, independently of the difficulty of looking back to a period, so remote as that when they first took place, most inquirers think they have reached the bottom of the subject, when they discover power, office, titles, birth, or superior cultivation of mind and manners, not recollecting that wealth is to these, as the soil to the seed, or water to a cascade.

How numerous are the expenses in dress, equipage, dwelling, and attendance, requisite to a footing in high life; yet a deficiency in these resulting from poverty, is much more opprobrious than when resulting from whim. We suspect there are few if any, among fashionable people, who would not rather be thought to wear coarse, or even dirty apparel, from choice than necessity.

So inseparably are certain expensive appearances associated with gentility, that few men have strength of mind, not to feel degraded by the want of them. Indeed degradation invariably follows in the eyes of the unthinking multitude: for however disposed to flatter themselves, with the idea of being intrinsically equal to their worldly superiors, they are really fascinated by adventitious splendour, as if it were a consequence of superiority, instead of a cause. This weakness of human nature is very apparent at theatrical exhibitions, which owe to it much of that agreeably, illusive power, whence an actor who is personally contemptible, may pass for the time as an illustrious hero.

The effect of this theatrical pomp, must be more impressive in countries, in which office and power are always attended by it; than in one where their deficiency in these attributes is so great, as to be satirized by strangers. Thus then we have a most important case, in which the pageantry of wealth is less necessary to rank in the new, than in the old world.

We are sensible that where wealth acts indirectly, remotely, or in connexion with other causes, its influence is much less offensive than when it acts openly, and directly, or by itself. Hence no doubt it arises, that the distinction bestowed by it on upstart rich families, is more obnoxious than that derived from it by such as are rich by remote inheritance.

The influence arising from new made fortunes in our society, is very much misconceived by foreigners, who mistake notoriety for distinction, and the attentions of the gay and fashionable, for demonstrations of sincere respect. Those who come under the latter description here have but little weight, and they often frequent the houses of persons, of whom their opinions are contemptuous. They assemble not for the society of the host, but for that of each other; their object being amusement, his ostentation. But would not houses of recreation be frequented in any part of the globe, if such were the medium of compensation? Where is it that people will not do a man the honour, to eat his mutton, and drink his wine; provided he affords them an opportunity, at the same time of meeting agreeable company?

But such ostentation if it exceed a certain point, is, in its consequences, worse than negative. Nothing is gained by much excelling our companions in luxury: for in the same proportion that pride and vanity are gratified on one side, they are wounded on the other.

Upon the whole we do not see that such opulent men, derive from their wealth in our country any thing, which they would not obtain in others; unless it be that in Europe, their ostentatious efforts, to gain notoriety would be eclipsed, by the more skilful display of hereditary opulence.

Of all the advantages resulting from affluence, none, would seem so enviable, as the facility, it affords, for the exercise, of otherwise latent virtues. A man may be in the highest degree generous, just, humane and philanthropic: and yet his means so narrow, as that these exalted qualifications shall in this world, produce neither much credit to himself, nor benefit to others. Heaven seems usually to balance the otherwise too great advan-

tages of affluence by contracting the heart, while it expands the means; for it is deplorable to see how little those who acquire this privilege avail themselves of it. So far however as they do, it must in all situations give them an ascendancy, over such as with equal moral excellence, have less physical power. Among the more humble of the virtues, of which the exercise is thus facilitated, hospitality is perhaps the most frequent. Even when arising, more or less in vanity and pride, as is usually the case, as well as in sympathy, the distinction acquired by means of it, is in our view honourable to the individual that receives, and the society that confers it, and we are proud in the belief that much of that influence, among us, which shallow observers have attributed to a sordid veneration of wealth, is due to hospitality and other estimable qualifications; which however *prevalent* among the poor, can only be *extensively displayed* by the rich.

But the considerations which most of all others tend to render the idea of a peculiar efficacy in wealth, in this country exquisitely absurd, are those of its notorious inefficiency in promoting political preferment, or controlling judicial proceedings. Politically it has too little influence. The rich are with few exceptions every where in the minority. Bribery in our courts of justice is unknown. In the annals of our judiciary, there is not a single instance, where the losing party has attributed the result to this source. Considering how much the feelings are embittered by loss, and how much men are disposed to blame those who decide against them, there can be no doubt that such accusation, would have been made had there been the slightest ground for it. The only advantage which money gives here, in litigation, is that which it must give every where, a superior ability to support the costs. The leaning both in our courts, and in our elections is against those who have most of it. It will neither buy an office, a military commission, nor a seat in the national legislature. It is almost unnecessary to say, where it will effect such purchases. The suffrage of the American people, is easily obtained by exciting their prejudices, or by flattering their vanity, but, an appeal to their avarice would be rejected with scorn.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

By an advertisement in a Baltimore paper, "the friends of general Winchester are informed that a pamphlet has appeared, under the title of *the Campaigns of the North-Western army under generals Harrison and Winchester.*" We are perpetually abusing the English writers, for misrepresenting the martial deeds of our heroes in the late war, but if we cannot agree among ourselves on that subject, we have little right to complain of others.

Dr. Potter, of Baltimore has prepared for the press an American edition, with notes, of *A Treatise on Typhus Fever*, by Dr. Armstrong of London. The masterly manner in which this important subject is treated, and the high estimation in which the original work is held by professional men, eminently entitle it to a place on the same shelf, with the dissertations of Sydenham. As a medical writer, Dr. Potter's merits have been attested by high authority.

Mr. Maxwell, of the same place, has published an abridgment of M. P. Orfila's "*System of Toxicology, or Treatise on Poisons,*" a truly valuable work. This abridgment was made by the author himself, in order that it might be introduced into popular use. There ought to be a copy in every family. The "*Popular Treatise on the remedies to be employed in case of poisoning, and apparent death including the means of detecting poisons,*" &c.; by the same eminent physician was published in this city last year.

The Rev. Heneage Horsely, son of the late Bishop of St. Asaph, has compiled from the loose scraps and unfinished compositions of his father, "*nine sermons on the nature of the evidence, by which the fact of our Lord's Resurrection is established,*" &c. In this volume, there are, in many instances, examples of the genuine and animating spirit, the bold and decisive tone of the great original when exercising his best manner; but upon the whole we

do not think it will be to his credit, to go deeper into the *caput mortuum* of his relics.

“The Holy Bible” is about to be translated, *for the first time*, into the Russian language, by order of the emperor. A translation of the Scriptures into the Calmuc dialect has been commenced, at the express charge of the B. and F. Bible Society, by an actual publication of the Gospel of Matthew, constituting the first book that was ever printed in that tongue. In the north of Europe, where Christianity has flourished (or should we rather say existed,) for so many centuries; where so much bitterness, and strife, and fury, and bloody warfare have been enkindled in support of particular creeds and confessions, it is wonderful to see how little the book is known or had an opportunity of being known, to the multitudes who have been thus taught to fight in behalf of doctrines and hypotheses, which have been referred to its sacred pages. It is stated in the first report of the Prussian Bible Society, that, among 18,000 Germans, 7,800 Polish, and 7,000 Lithuanian families in Lithuania, not a single Bible was to be found; while in Sweden, before the establishment of the National Bible Society, it appears, upon an impartial census, that not one out of eight of the poor classes had a copy of the Scriptures; and consequently that not less than 400,000 families were without this inestimable treasure. A strong desire has been manifested, of late, by the catholics on the continent, as well as the protestants, to read the Bible for themselves in their respective tongues, and we are happy to find that in many parts this laudable disposition is encouraged, instead of being repressed, by the catholic priesthood. This is particularly the case throughout Switzerland, and the kingdom of Wurtemberg. In the former country copies of the Scriptures circulated in German, French, Italian, and Romanese, have been received with equal avidity by catholics and protestants; and at Munich the exertions of the active catholic professor M. Van Ess, have powerfully co-operated with the recommendations of the late king and queen of Wurtemberg. A familiar unanimity upon the subject, may be traced among the catholics and protestants of the East; and we perceive that even at Goa the Bible is now in free circulation under the eye of the Inquisition itself.

Among the more important translations, we may notice that of the New Testament in the language of Moldavia, a dialect of the Romainic or Modern Greek, for the inhabitants of that country and of Wallachia, published, like that in the Calmuc dialect, in Russia, under the patronage of the emperor;—preparations for a new version of the New Testament, and indeed a completion of St. Luke's Gospel in the Tartar dialect, under the eye of the missionaries at Astrachan, who have removed to this town from Karas; and a finished translation of the New Testament in the Samogitian dialect for the use of tribes which were not converted to the christian religion before the fifteenth century, and which, like the people of Russia, have never hitherto had a version of the Scriptures in their vernacular tongue. The Arabic Bible appears to circulate freely among Mahometan and other orientalists, especially in Western Africa; and Mr. Nylander, a protestant clergyman established at Yongroo, has commenced a translation into the Bullom tongue, the Bulloms being a very numerous people on the western coast of Africa. The Gospel of Matthew has been already completed in this tongue; the version is undertaken by the liberality and at the expense of the parent British institution. Even the Chinese translation appears to have had considerable success, and in many places, and especially at Java, to be sought for with avidity, and read by Chinese parents to their children.

The "*Annales de Chimie et de Physique*," is one of the most valuable scientific miscellanies of the present day. It is published in monthly numbers: the editors are MM. Gay—Lussac and Arago; and its chief supporters, besides the editors, are MM. Berthollet, Biot, Bouillon-Lagrange, Chaptal, Crevneul, D'Arcet, Deyeux, Dulong, Hassenfratz, Laugier, Monge, Prieur, Leguin, Thenard, and Vauquelin.

The "*Traité de Physique*," &c. 4 vols. 8vo., by M. Biot, is the work of a man in every respect qualified to write upon the comprehensive subject he has selected, and who treats it in a masterly and comprehensive manner. Its survey descends to the latest discoveries, and comprises a neat explanation of the phenomena respecting the polarization of light. It is not unworthy of remark

that while, in his chapter on Optics, M. Biot does ample justice to Sir Isaac Newton, a countryman of this illustrious philosopher, Dr. Lawrence, was engaged in the worthy office of ridiculing him in lectures before the *Royal College of Physicians*, in London.

"Africa Christiana," "Christian Africa." Brescia. This work, when completed, will form three large volumes. It issues from the office of the Typographic Society of Brescia, and is understood to be patronized by the reigning pope. Of Christian Africa, or those parts of this quarter of the globe which have been, or still are in possession of the Christian religion, more information is capable of being derived from the library, and official documents at Rome, than from any other quarter whatever; perhaps from all other quarters put together. If the editor has really obtained the sanction and confidence of his holiness, the work before us stands a very fair chance of being highly important and interesting. We are at present in great ignorance of the extent to which various kingdoms of Africa, were christianized during the middle ages; the means by which they became converted, and the causes that have produced their renegation. It is singular that the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, instead of having promoted the great cause of Christian conversion, should have been the reason, if not the operative source, of its decline.

Goethe's "Sketch of his own Life, Poetry and Opinions." Tübingen 8vo., is truly interesting and entertaining, but as diffuse as Boswell's Life of Johnson. Three volumes are already published, the last of which breaks off abruptly, as the writer was playing at a chance game for marriages, and drew the same lot three times in succession. Whether this determined his future fate he has not yet told us. From the tale of these three volumes, however, we may calculate something of the general latitude and longitude of the whole design, if it be persevered in, as we still hope it will, on the same comprehensive plan. For the third volume just brings the autobiographer to man's estate, and contains the history of one novel, two or three plays, and sundry odds and ends of verse and prose. About forty years more of his life remain to be

given; and as his works do not fill less than fifteen thick octavo volumes, these data will enable us to form a rough calculation of the proportion, which the residue must bear to the present initiatory fragment.

We learn from the *Mercure* that the French Academy meets on the first Tuesday of every month. These meetings are allotted chiefly to the reading of unpublished productions of members, and the rule is to read alternately an essay in verse, and one in prose. The following account of one of the sittings, may excite a smile in many of our readers, but we can assure them that we could exhibit some American savans in a light, not much more favourable. M. *Francois de Neufchateau* began the Séance, by reading a small poem on Tropes, which he has since published. M. *Baour de Lormiau*, read a canto of a translation of the "Jerusalem Delivered," which is nearly finished, and will soon be published. M. *Perceval Grand-Maison*, read a canto of an epic poem on Philip Augustus of France, which has occupied him ten years, and now approaches to completion. M. *Aignan* read fragments of a translation of "the Odyssey;" M. *Reynoard*, a canto of a poem on the Maccabees; and, finally, M. *Lemercier*, a poem on Moses. We have here an abundance of poetical labours of the highest class; we are next to advert to the prose essays; which were chiefly historical, that kind of reading being now in favour with the public, to the exclusion, it is to be hoped, of romances. M. *Darse* read fragments of a history of "the republic of Venice;" M. *Charles Lacretelle* gave specimens of his "Moral Lessons deduced from Ancient and Modern History;" M. *de Segur* read partial extracts from his "Course of History for youth;" and *Lacretelle* the elder, brother of the historian, submitted to his fellow academicians several passages of a work which will bear the title of "Etudes sur le Style," or "Essays on Composition." At another meeting, and one that was open to the public, M. *Biot* made a report of his late travels to the Shetland-Islands; M. *Remusat* read an abridgment on the different races of the Tartars; and M. *Quatremère*, a member of the department of the *beaux-arts*, illustrated at great length the principle that the imitation of nature could not and ought not to be an exact, but only a faithful,

imitation. M. *Campenon* read a fragment of a poem on Tasso, which is, perhaps, the first instance of a great poet being made the subject of a poem, but the misfortunes in the career of Tasso supply ample materials. "Every man who thinks," says Voltaire, "and what is more rare, every man of taste, reckons only four ages in the history of the world." The first he calls "the age of Philip and Alexander, or that of Pericles, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Plato, Apelles, and Phidias." The second is that "of Cæsar and Augustus." The third followed the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. when the Medici encouraged learning and taste in Italy. The fourth "is that which is named the age of Louis XIV. and it is, perhaps, *of the four*, the one that *approaches the nearest to perfection!*" The raising of this glory he dates from, and ascribes to, the establishment of the Academy; the happy influence of which institution, he says, extended even to "England, where it excited an emulation," of which he is of opinion there was great need. This is an institution which had its rise in slavery and has been perpetuated by vanity. It has had a very principal effect in chilling, blighting, and reducing the spirits and strength of literature in France. It has always been a favourite with the despotic rulers in that country, and it has well purchased and deserved their favour by mean subserviency and fulsome adulation. Louis the fourteenth and Bonaparte have alike found their account in this great corporation, which its best friends must allow has done more for the interests of despotism, than it has ever done for those of poetry, to say nothing of philosophy, which is a tender subject.

At Madrid has recently appeared the first volume of a series, to consist of about ten volumes, of *the History of the Spanish war against Napoleon Bonaparte*. The succeeding volumes are promised at regular periods of publication. This history has been written by the royal order. To preserve that impartiality so rare in all national histories, the present one is not composed by a single writer, but by several, who unite their common labours, while the whole body discuss the most difficult points, ascertain the truth of facts, and have been furnished with every possi-

ble means to promote their researches. A most veracious history may be expected no doubt!

It is understood that M. Sinionde de Sismondi, is at present engaged in writing a history of France, from the beginning of the French Monarchy down to the Revolution; it will consist of about 20 volumes.

The XIV. vol. has just appeared of the *History of the Religion of Christ*, by Fred. Leopold, Count of Stollberg. Hamburgh, 1818. This volume contains the very interesting but short period from the partition of Theodosius (395) to the sack of Rome by Alaric (410). Though a catholic author, it is not only for the variety of his information, or the splendour and beauty of his language, that he may be perused with advantage by every christian. (F. Schlegel, II. last lecture.)

Fred. Schlegel, who was acknowledged to have been the only man of talent in the Austrian embassy at the diet, has been dismissed from his situation, being generally supposed to have been subservient to the Pope as a secret agent. Some of his attempts to conversion are said to have succeeded, and a form of abjuration is shown, said to have been found with a lady.

The title of Mr. Rogers' new poem is *Human Life*.—We have heard no opinion of its merits.

A London publisher announces a work which will be extremely interesting to the classical world if it be well conducted. It is entitled 'Ἱστορίαι καὶ τὰ νῦν Ἑλληνικά, a periodical work written in ancient or modern Greek only, and by natives of Greece; the principal object of which is to make the friends of the Greek nation acquainted with the present state of knowledge amongst them, and with their endeavours for their regeneration.

Part I. of vol. 49 of Rees' Cyclopædia is published in England, and is in press, in this city.

The second edition with considerable additions of the Earl of Lauderdale's Inquiry in the nature and origin of public wealth, and into the means and causes of its increase, has just appeared.

Among the various facts adduced to prove the power of vaccination in securing human life, and its consequent influence on population, none is more striking than the following extract from the *Essai politique sur les Probabilités*, by the count La Place, noticed some time ago in the Edinburgh Review, and which cannot be too much known.—“The ratio of the population to the number of births, would be increased if we could diminish or destroy every disease, that is dangerous and common. This has been done, happily, in the case of the small-pox,—first, by the common inoculation for the disease itself, and afterwards in a much more complete manner, by the vaccine inoculation, the inestimable discovery of JENNER, who has rendered himself, by that means, one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

“The most simple way of calculating the advantage which the extinction of a disease would produce, consists in determining, from observation, the number of individuals of a given age, who die of it yearly, and in subtracting the amount from the total number of deaths of persons at that same age. The ratio of the difference, to the total number alive at the same age, would be the probability of dying at that age, if the disease did not exist. By summing up all these probabilities, from the beginning of life to a given time, and taking the sum from unity, the remainder will be the probability of living to that age, on the hypothesis of the disease in question being extinguished.—From the series of these probabilities, the mean duration of life, on the same supposition, may be computed according to rules that are well known. M. Duvillard has found that the mean duration of human life is increased, at least, three years by the vaccine inoculation.

There is a well-written article on the increasing populousness of England, in the Journal of Science and Arts, No. X. p. 307.

On the subject of pauperism, our readers will find an admirable paper in the Edinburgh Review, for March 1817.

Mr. John Burt, (*Winchester, Pa.*) proposes to publish his *Horæ Poeticæ*, or the Transient Murmurs of a Solitary Lyre, consisting of Poems and Songs, in English and Scotch.

Mr. Brackenridge, of Baltimore, who is known as the author of several valuable works relating to this country, one of which has been introduced to the French nation by a translation from the Abbe du Pradt, is engaged in preparing for the press, "a Voyage to South America." This gentleman accompanied the commissioners who were lately sent to that country by the American government, in the quality of secretary, and has therefore enjoyed peculiar opportunities of acquiring information. We may confidently expect from his pen an interesting development of the manners, resources, &c. of South America.

Mr. Riley has just published a new edition of Chitty's Pleadings in three vols., 8vo. with notes by JOHN A. DUNLAP, Esq.; also the second American edition of a practical treatise on the Criminal Law, by the same writer. To the great fidelity with which Mr. Dunlap has performed the task of annotating on the former of these works we can bear the most ample testimony, having carefully inspected every page of it. The latter is edited by Richard Peters, jun. Esq. All the forms which can be of no use to an American practitioner are rejected from this edition, and their place is supplied by precedents from our own Courts, and notes of decisions which have occurred in our domestic tribunals. By this means, Mr. Riley is enabled to sell his edition at about one-third of the price of the London copy.

Gymnastics at Copenhagen.—The scholars in 1817 and 1818 that were taught at the Military Gymnastic Institution at Copenhagen, amounted to 107. These underwent examinations in the presence of a commission specially appointed by Government. Of the graduates 66 obtained the character of *superior fitness*, 39 that of *fitness*, and the remainder were deemed *fit*. Those of the first class received a sword of honour from the king. These are to be distributed throughout the kingdom, as teachers in the army and marines. Sixty-three persons were taught the art of Swim-

ming, by order of the government, for the purpose of becoming teachers of others. They were exercised in full dress, they moved with or against the stream with facility, and they dived from 12 to 14 feet, and dragged objects from the bottom. They were taught to swim from 80 to 200 feet under water in order to be able to discover their companions who might be drowning, and they manifested they could carry each other the latter distance; some could swim 400 feet. Gymnastics have been introduced in 20, and swimming in 28 military and civil institutions in Copenhagen, which are partly private and partly public, and in the summer of 1818 the number of scholars amounted to 2057. The present government of Denmark has ordered that Gymnastics should be introduced in all the seminaries throughout the kingdom, and in many other respects the king has evinced a laudable ambition to extend the blessings of education among those subjects, whom Providence has committed to his care.

The Philadelphia Medical Society desirous of promoting the advancement of Medical Science, by obtaining and preserving accurate histories of the Epidemical Diseases of this country, have authorised their Corresponding Secretaries, on behalf of the Society, to offer a gold medal of the value of one hundred dollars, for the best dissertation on the History, Description, and most successful mode of cure of the Epidemic, which has prevailed in various parts of the United States for the last few years, commonly known by the name of Typhus or Spotted Fever.

The Essays must be written in the English or French language, and transmitted under cover, sealed, to one of the Corresponding Secretaries on or before the first day of January, 1820.

The name of the author must accompany each essay in a separate sealed envelope.

The envelope containing the name of the successful author shall alone be opened.

The essays shall be at all times at the command of the authors.

The publication of the essay to which the medal shall be awarded shall be optional with the society; but should it be published, the emoluments arising therefrom shall be secured to the author. Communications post paid, may be directed to Dr. Thomas

T. Hewson, or Dr. John Barnes, Philadelphia, Corresponding Secretaries.

New Athenæum—The Legislature of Massachusetts has incorporated a society by the name of the Republican Institution in the town of Boston, for the purpose of procuring a building and keeping it in repair with suitable apartments for a reading room.

Music. We observe that the celebrated chef d'œuvre of art, "Haydn's creation," has been performed at Boston by the *Handel and Haydn Society*. Such performances will remove the vulgar error that we have no taste for music.

Mr. Bowen has issued proposals for publishing a perspective view of Boston taken from Dorchester Heights, which will comprehend the town, together with shipping, wharves, &c. In the distance will be given a view of part of the town of Charlestown, the battle of Bunker's Hill, &c.

The legislature of Ohio, contemplate the construction of a canal to connect the waters of Lake Erie with the Ohio river.

The new bridge at Carthage, New York, over the Genessee river, is an arch, from the centre of which to the river, is nearly two hundred feet.

Mr. C. Williams advertises (in London) that he has invented a mill completely adapted to family use. It is composed of French stones, will grind about half-a-bushel of wheat per hour, by the labour of one man; and may also be used for cutting oats. The price is ten guineas or upwards according to the size.

The following works are advertised in the recent London papers:—a Statistical, Political, and Historical account of the United States of America, from the period of its first establishment to the present day. On a new plan. By *D. B. Warden*. 3 vols. 8vo. with maps. We announced this work some time ago. The author was formerly the American consul in Paris.—An Histori-

cal, Topographical and Philosophical view of the United States of America, from the earliest period to the present time: by the Rev. *William Winterbotham* of Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, assisted by persons of eminence. This work is to be completed in twelve parts, at 3s. each part, embellished with portraits of William Penn, Dr. Franklin, general Washington, &c. &c. plates of American Beasts and Birds; plans of towns, &c. and eight whole sheet maps, forming a complete American atlas.—*Samuel Lewis'* map of the United States, published in this city by *Emmor Kimber*.

Spread of Christianity.—Eight of the Society Islands in the Pacific Ocean, have totally renounced idolatry, and are becoming professed Christians. In Otaheite alone, fifty places of Christian worship have been erected; and, so strictly is the Sabbath observed, that on a late occasion, when a ship arrived off the coast, about the time of public worship, the captain not seeing a single individual stirring, concluded that the whole population had been extirpated by war. In some cases the inhabitants of one island have carried the knowledge of Christianity to those of a neighbouring island, and have induced them to follow their own example in renouncing idolatry. Infant murder, human sacrifices, and cannibal feasts are abandoned; and in their place marriage is universally respected, parental obligation is felt, industry has commenced its labours, the press is at work, a spelling book has been printed, the gospel published; and, to the eyes of admiring spectators is to be seen at once the degraded, sensual, cannibal, idolatrous Otaheitan, sitting under the bread-fruit tree, learning his spelling book, reading the Scriptures to a missionary in his hut, or bowing before the true God in a Christian temple.

Hannah More.—The following concise character of this Lady who is certainly an ornament to her sex as well as to England, is from the *New York Missionary Magazine*.

“A writer has appeared, who was born for the age in which she lives. Her sphere of life has been large, and her means of observation various. These advantages of condition she has improved by talents, which were capable of any attainments; and by

piety, which gave them an useful direction. With these qualifications she lectured her sex in language, which united the devotion of the scripture with the amenity of the classics. What estimation she enjoys among her own sex, I know not; but she has certainly been treated with little courtesy by the other. Periodical publications have vented against her the foulest abuse, and aspersed her reputation with every calumny that ignorance, jealousy, and malignity could suggest.—They have opened a monthly arena, and invited combatants of every description to assault a woman, whose faults are incidents of zeal, whose merits are the achievements of virtue—a woman, who, in the extensive range which her writings have taken, has done more towards rectifying the public opinion, and removing prejudices against religion and good government, than all the self-constituted anti-jacobins in the kingdom. The clamour against her has now subsided; and as the greater part of those who raised it have worn the mask, they will have no temptation to lay it aside. Already the name of MORE is connected with every valuable species of commendation. The calumny of anonymous libellers, and the eulogy of a virtuous prelate, will equally transmit her to the affection of posterity, as the condescending enlightener of the poor, the accomplished instructress of her sex, and the indefatigable benefactress of mankind.”

Accounts from Odessa state, that the Greek inhabitants of that town have recently established a school, a press, and a theatre. The tragedy of Philoctetes, by Sophocles, translated into modern Greek, and that of The Death of Demosthenes, have been performed there.

The Calcutta Journal, for October, 1818, contains a prospectus (accompanied by a brief outline of the work) for publishing in two quarto volumes, with plans and engravings, *Travels in Palestine* in the year 1816, by J. S. Buckington. The price of the work to be six gold mohurs.

Fyler, bookseller, of Cow Cross-street, Smithfield, has been arrested on a Judge's warrant, for selling Paine's Age of Reason.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST PAGE OF A PRAYER BOOK.

PRESENTED TO A LADY.

THOU sacred volume of eternal truth,
 That fain wouldst guide aright the steps of youth!
 To thee henceforth a holy task is given,
 Go, point Maria's soul the way to Heaven.
 And ah! when o'er life's rough and dang'rous way,
 She journies on to realms of endless day,
 May no rude storm of pain or passion lour,
 To mar thy efforts for a single hour.—
 But if, for all may feel the Demon's power,
 Temptation's blasts *should* shake Religion's bower,
 Oh to her gentle spirit strength impart,
 To stem the torrents ere it reach the heart!—
 Be still her friend, until she gain that shore,
 Where pain and peril shake the soul no more;
 And there, to recompense her for the past,
 May all she lov'd on earth be found at last.

MARINER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

"Nunc scio quid sit amor duris in cautibus illum
 Ismarus aut Rhodope aut extremi Garamantes
 Nec generis nostri puerum nec sanguinis edunt."—

VIRGIL.

WHEN the bright meteor's blaze on high
 Hath fled the wond'ring gazer's eye,
 Vanish the hill, and dale and stream,
 The azure sky, the planets' beam,
 Such total darkness veils his sight,
 He dreads it never will be light.—
 But soon the gently-glimmering star,
 The streamlet near, the mountain far,

The hill and valley, earth and sky
Return to his despairing eye.—
The wonted beauties of the even,
Raise his delighted soul to Heaven;
That interruption makes not less,
But rather more his happiness.—
So when the maid I priz'd the most,
Through years of faithfulness, was lost,
And I was left alone in life,
Unfit for solitude or strife,
When every hope and fear had fled,
And nought was left to wish or dread;
I deemed distraction aye would roll,
Clouds o'er the winter of my soul.
But years have softened much the smart
Which then o'erwhelm'd my childish heart.
Once more around my blighted way,
Beams of enjoyment softly play;
And Duty's voice, and Honor's claim,
Call me to usefulness again;
And Friendship's smile again has power,
To charm me in my moodiest hour.
The wild delirium now is past,
And Love hath left my heart at last.
I wake as from a dreadful dream,
In which each dim discovered scene,
Still casts a melancholy shade,
Around the ruin it has made;
Oh! tyrant Love, no more my breast
Shall hold so fair and false a guest!
Honour and Friendship now shall dwell
Alone in Passion's ruined cell,
Nor e'er one thought of Love intrude
Upon their sacred solitude!—
For Love to me hath ne'er been kind,
He reign'd a tyrant o'er my mind,
He swallowed up my choicest days,
In threading his mysterious maze;

And when he fled, a barren waste
 Was all my retrospection traced;
 No well-spent hours, no light was there,
 Behind was grief, before despair!
 But, still my soul hath joys in store;
 O Friendship! I am thine once more!
 And thou wilt guide the wanderer back
 From Passion's path to Reason's track.—
 Except in that ill-fated hour,
 When fancy lured to Woman's bower;
 Thy bright existence claimed a part,
 In every feeling of my heart,
 And o'er these feelings Memory threw
 A mantle of celestial hue,
 When musing on the times gone by,
 Like mournful Music's melody!
 O righteous Heaven! when Love was sent,
 To be our snare and punishment;
 Why was he clothed in vesture bright?
 Why did he borrow Friendship's light?
 Why did he come in angel-guise,
 With snowy wings and tearful eyes,
 With smiles that—glitter—through a tear,
 And sighs than Rapture's self more dear?
 Why so enchanting, if to leave
 The heart, o'er its own wreck to grieve?
 Why were the tears which gild his gaze,
 Not rheum's offensive painful haze;
 The smiles that dimple cheek and chin,
 Not dark Despair's terrific grin;
 And the soft solitary sigh
 Lone desert-murders, helpless cry;
 That inexperienced eyes might tell
 The Demon of terrestrial Hell;
 And shut the avenues of heart,
 'Gainst all his soul-seducing art!
 Oh! then the manly hearts that brood,
 In usefulness and solitude;

O'er the dark desert of the mind,
Left by this glozing fiend behind;
Might now in Honour's bright career,
Distinction's noblest garland wear;
And raise a long-neglected name,
High on the glittering rolls of fame.—

A machine invented by Lieutenant Burton, flag-lieut. to rear Ad. Otway, for propelling ships in a calm, has received the approbation of the Lords of the Admiralty; and is ordered to be fitted, for experiment, on board the *Active*, Capt. Sir James Gordon, now fitting out at Portsmouth.

The *Liverpool Mercury* announces, that a new Poem, from the pen of Lord Byron, has been sent to England, but the title or subject, it has not been able to ascertain.

Mr. CRABBE, says the same paper, has recently disposed of a Poem, which we believe will be his last production, for *two thousand guineas*. This may with some truth be called the *golden Age* of poets, if not of poetry.

A third series of *Tales of my Landlord* will also, it is said, shortly appear.

Mr. J. S. Skinner of Baltimore proposes to publish the *American Farmer*; a weekly publication, price 4-dollars per annum.

As, from the plan of the proposed publication, and the nature of its contents, it ought to become a work of permanent utility, it will be printed in the *QUARTO* form, so as to become more conveniently preserved in volumes.

A principal proportion of each number, will be reserved for essays on AGRICULTURE, GRAZING, the best principles of BREEDING LIVE STOCK—and, in short, for observations on all the various branches of MORAL and DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—The next portion for original and selected articles on miscellaneous subjects, and a brief chronicle of passing events—and, finally, the country subscriber may rely upon finding in each number a correct account of the prices of country produce and of the principal articles in the common market.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A writer has appeared in the *New York Post*, who is emulous of the laurels of *Horace in London*. His wit is graceful and easy, and his satire, without transgressing the lawful bounds, is close and pointed. His is no April-poetry, as Dryden designates that style, which, he says, is rain and sunshine by fits; but it is always brilliant, playful and various. We select the following specimens:

To ———, Esquire.

Come, shut up your Blackstone, and sparkle again

The leader and light of our classical revels;
While statutes and cases bewilder your brain,
No wonder you're vex'd, beset with blue devils:

But a change in your diet will banish the blues;
Then come, my old Chum, to our banquet sublime;
Our wine shall be caught from the lips of the Muse,
And each plate and tureen shall be delug'd in rhyme.

Scott, from old Albin, shall furnish the dishes
With wild fowl and ven'son that none can surpass;
And Mitchell, who sung the amours of the fishes,
Shall fetch his most exquisite tomed and bass.

Leigh Hunt shall select, at his Hampstead Parnassus,
Fine greens, from the hot-bed, the table to cheer;
And Wordsworth shall carry whole bowls of molasses,
Diluted with water from sweet Windermere.

To rouse the dull fancy, and give one an appetite,
Black wormwood bitters Lord Byron shall bear;
And Montgomery bring (to consumptives a happy sight,)
Tepid soup meagre, and lean capillaire.

Colman shall sparkle in old bottled cider
Roast-beef and potatoes friend Crabbe shall supply,
Rogers shall hash us an Olla Podrida,
And the best of "fat cabbage" from Paulding we'll buy.

My Tennant—free, fanciful, laughing and lofty,
Shall pour out tokay and Scotch whiskey like rain;

Southey shall sober our spirits with coffee,
And Horace-in-London flash up in Champagne.

Tom Campbell shall cheer us with racy Madeira,
Refin'd by long-keeping—rich, sparkling, and pure,
And Moore, pour *chasse caffe*, to each one shall bear a
Lip-witching bumper of *parfait amour*.

Then come to our banquet—Oh! how can you pause
A moment between merry rhyme and dull reason?
Preferring the wit-blighting "Spirit of Laws"
To the spirit of verse, is poetical treason!

Judge Phoebus will certainly issue his writ,
No quirk or evasion your cause can make good, man;
Only think what you'll suffer, when sentenced to sit
And be kept broad awake 'till you've read the Backwoodman.

CROAKER & CO.

Doctor Mitchell—(every body has heard of Dr. Mitchell) having received the appointment of surgeon general of the New York militia, makes a long and learned report, of some five or ten columns, more or less; the which not having room for in our columns, we gladly avail ourselves of the faithful summary made by Messrs Croaker & Co.

Abstract of the Surgeon-General's Reports.

Surgeon-General by brev'er,
With zeal for public service burning,
Thinks this a happy time to get
Another chance to show his learning;
He had in consequence collected
His wits—and stew'd them in retorts;
By distillation thus perfected
He hopes to shine—and so reports:

That he had searched authorities
From Johnson down to Ashe and Shelly,
And finds that a Militia is—
What he is now about to tell ye:
Militia means—such citizens
As e'en in peace are kept campaigning,
The gallant souls that shoulder guns!
And twice a year go out a training.

This point being fix'd, we must, I think sir,
Proceed into the second part—
Entitled Grog—a kind of drink, sir,
Which by its action on the heart,
Makes men so brave, they dare attack
A bastion at its angle salient;
This is a well established fact—
The very proverb says—*pat valiant*.

Grog—I'll define it in a minute—
Take gin, rum, whiskey or peach brandy,
Put but a little water in it;
And that is Grog—now understand me,
I mean to say, that should the spirit
Be left out by some careless dog—
It is—I wish the world may hear it!
It is plain water and not Grog.

(My reas'ning, sir, that question settles!!)
We next must ascertain what Prog is—
Now Prog, in vulgar phrase, is virtuels;
This will embrace all kinds of food
Which on the smocking board can charm ye,
And by digestion furnish blood;
A thing essential in an army!

These things should all be swallow'd warm,
For heat digestion much facilitates;
Cold is a tonic, and does harm,
A tonic always, sir, debilitates.
My plan then is to raise, as fast
As possible, a Corps of Cooks;
And drill them daily from the last
Editions of my cookery books!!
Done into English, and likewise into verse, by
CROAKER & CO.

From the *Pittsburg Gazette*.
Oh! there were days when blissful dream'd,
My slumber still adorning,
Were only broke by brighter beams,
That usher'd in the morning.

The orbs of joy that rul'd my fate,
Were always quick returning;
And when one star of rapture set,
Another still was burning.

Thus warm'd, my bosom's early day
Was tun'd to love and gladness:
But soon there came a fiercer ray,
That burn'd my heart to madness.

A clouded fate is now my doom,
No beam its shadows bright'ning;
But those that flash across the gloom,
Like Heaven's rapid lightning.

Ne'er shall I know that peace again,
That bless'd my moments vernal—
Till sever'd from a world of pain,
I rest in sleep eternal.

O.

TO ANTHEA.

The following exquisitely sweet, tender, and simple lines, are from *Herrick*, a poet of elder times, to one of his favourites.

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
It shall do so for thee;

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under yon cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare,
E'en death to die for thee.

TO CELIA.

The following little poem, by *Carew*, who died in 1634, in the style of a canzonet of Camoens, entitled "*Just Like Love*" is extremely beautiful, and for sweetness of versification may rival the poetry of the present day.

Ask me, why I send you here,
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearled with dew?
It straight will whisper in your ears
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears!

Ask me, why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too?
Ask me, why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I must tell you these discover
That doubts and fears are in a lover!

Ode from the Persian of Hafez.

The maid I love, is like the op'ning rose
That blooms the violet's waving shade be-
neath;
Her face like some clear stream resplendent
shows,
Her ruby lips the richest fragrance breathe.

When o'er her blushing cheeks, like waves dis-
play'd,
She drew the ringlets of her musky hair,
She told the zephyr that around her stray'd,
"Oh, guard our secret with peculiar care."

Her face how lovely, and her cheeks how
smooth!

There the sweet lily and the rose combine,
Oh, may she flourish in immortal youth!
For charms like hers must surely be divine.

When Love first led me to his bow'r of bliss,
I said, before I find the pearl I crave,
Perhaps for ever lost in some abyss,
I'll be the sport of ev'ry raging wave.

Four on the earth a drop of wine, and know,
That such at present is each hero's fate,
All doom'd to be as little and as low,
However valiant or however great.

Time tears the laurels from each honour'd
brow,
And bids the mem'ry of glories fail;
The pow'r of Jemshid and of Cyran, now
Is but a fable and an idle tale.

Forbidden me not on thy dear form to gaze,
I wish o'er all thy thousand charms to rove,
To sit beside their spring, whence sweetly flows
The gentle stream of beauty and of love.

But would'st thou bind me in Love's rosy ties,
Oh, twine them round me with immediate
care,
For think what woes from this delay may rise,
How much a lover suffers from despair.

Oh come! and from the pains of absence free
This heart, still longing for thy fond em-
brace;
So may indulgent fortune far from thee,
The eyes of Malice and of Envy chase.

When the sweet rose, oh tuneful bird of eve!
On thee, in secret kindly deigns to smile;
Let not her smiles thy thoughtless heart de-
ceive,
Let not her blushes or her charms beguile.

For who would e'er regard the lovely rose,
Though her fair face unrivall'd charms dis-
plays;
Oh! Beauty's light that so divinely glows,
At first misleads us, and at last betrays.

Thou who hast spread the banquet here to-
night,
By Heav'n may all my vengeance fall on thee;
For she I love with undisguis'd delight,
Could drink with others, but refus'd with me.

What heart escapes the glances of her eyes,
And is not fore'd its freedom to forego?
When like a hunter, she in ambush lies,
And fits those piercing arrows to her bow.

Why, where my empress holds her court to day,
Do haughty kings in humble silence wait,
And bow obsequious to her potent sway?
Is it to form excuses for my fate?

This lovely nymph, whose beauty charms us so,
And all our city with new tumults fills,
The heart of Hafez tears with bitter wo,
Though nought but sweetness from
distills.



T. Sully del.

G. Murray sc.

So long have we been mated, fell Despair! &c.

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

JUNE, 1819.

Embellishments: I. Despair. II. Stewart's New Piano Forte.

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PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 209, CHESNUT STREET:

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN MILLER, 25 BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been reminded by Messrs. *Wells and Lilly* that they apprized the editor some time ago that the author of the *Letters from Geneva*, had applied to them to republish those letters from the *Port Folio*, and that we made no objection to the measure. If this circumstance had been recollected, the names of those gentlemen should not have appeared at the conclusion of page 266 in this volume. The offensive charge is cheerfully retracted, and we add an expression of our regret that it was made.

If we had ever praised the *Backwoodsman* there might have been some ground for an allusion to the poetical department of our journal, which we were surprised to find in the last number of the *Analectic Magazine*.

Our poetical correspondents will not fail to remember that in the liberal estimate of a foreign journal, the *Port Folio* was said to be distinguished by its "exquisite poetry."

The Wanderer's Return, in this number is from a newspaper, the title of which is now forgotten. We believe it to be the production of an American.

Our old correspondent "O," or "Orlando," sometimes forsakes our pages for the columns of the *Pittsburg Gazette*; but as we are unwilling to let these ultramountain wags have all the fun to themselves, we have copied several of the latest communications of this sprightly writer. We cannot permit this opportunity to pass without testifying the great satisfaction which we derive from the manner in which this gazette is conducted. Mr. Neville holds the pen of a scholar, and he is actuated by the independent spirit of a gentleman. His political paragraphs are pleasantly diversified by the frolic of the wit and the song of the muse.

The member of the * * * * * society not having been seen lately in Chesnut street, it is supposed that he exhibits himself on the Battery at New York. Wheresoever he strays we desire not to forget *Hafiz*.

A selection of the *Poetry of the Port Folio* will shortly be published in a neat pocket volume.

The Digested Index to the Term Reports from 1784 to 1818, by John Baley Moore, with additions and improvements, by J. E. Hall, is in the press and will be published in July next, until which time subscriptions will be received at 8 doll. per copy.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. VII.

JUNE, 1819.

No. VI.

ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It is remarked, by the author of *Rasselas*, that there is no mind in which airy notions do not predominate at some periods. If frivolities therefore hold an occasional umpire over the strongest and best cultivated minds, we shall not be surprised to find whole nations pursuing the more trifling and less important affairs of life. As ambition and avarice are two of the strongest passions which actuate individuals, we might suppose, for the same reason that the strong prevails over the weak, that these would constitute the leading traits of national character; which, however, experience does not always prove to be the fact: for it seems that ambition and avarice are sometimes too weak to withstand fashion and ridicule; and that man, sensible of the sharp stinging of satire, lays aside in public, the motives which actuate him in private. Hence, as the settlement of new countries has often been made by companies, or public bodies, it has happened that the display of the human character as it appears in public, and not in private, hath stamped the character of the nation. No tyrant is more absolute than custom, no despot more cruel. If it should be inquired, what barbarian leader required of his followers, tor-

tures, distortion, and starvation, murders of the innocent and burning of themselves, the answer would be *custom!**

Nations have been ambitious or unambitious, penurious or profuse, warlike or peaceable, serious or lively, artisans or agriculturalists, seamen or landmen, fixed or wandering, according to the impressions which they had received from their ancestors. If we look at South America, we shall find the modern Pizarros, and Almagros, imitating those ferocious leaders of the name, who fought and destroyed each other in the early settlement of that country. We shall now as then, find civil wars and assassinations, revolutions and depositions, forming the most prominent features of national character in that region; a region blessed in its sun and soil, but wretched in its government and cruel in its administration. In New England, where the first settlers came for the sake of religious liberty, their posterity have much of their attention engrossed with religion, its ministers, meetings, and temples; insomuch that it has been said, that man might here be defined "a go-to-meeting animal."

Parsimony, is said to be a leading trait in the character of the people of the United States; and if so, it is to be accounted for from the difficulty experienced by our ancestors in their first attempts to settle in a wilderness inhabited by ferocious savages. The necessity of husbanding their resources to the utmost was then indispensable; but as happens on a great many other occasions, customs continue after the necessity for them cease, and even after their causes are unknown. The difficulty of reclaiming their country from the sea, and the necessity of making the most of what they have on hand, when the productions of the earth are in danger of being destroyed by the breaking of a dyke, has given to the Hollanders the same national character with our own. Spain and Portugal, on the contrary, being rich, fertile, and secure, have

* As instances, I may mention the fasting and stripes voluntarily suffered by religious enthusiasts—the stopping of the growth of the feet among the Chinese women—the drawing out of the head in shape of a cone, as practised by some of the other Asiatics—the drowning of female infants, as practised in the province of Banares, and at Kutch, and Guzzerat, in the East Indies—and lastly, the burning of women on the funeral piles of their husbands, which is still practised in the east.

given rise to nations, profuse in their expenses, and slow and stately in their demeanour. Having much leisure, they devote a great part of it to ceremony in their worship, and adhere with great pertinacity to the long and pompous Roman ritual. On the other hand, Scotland and Switzerland, being rocky and mountainous, and requiring much labour to render the soil productive of even the necessaries of life, their inhabitants easily adopted the innovations of Calvin, and worship their God in the more compendious mode of the presbyterians. Hence it would seem that the character of nations is formed partly out of the situation of the country which they inhabit. This may be true, and as in the case just mentioned, happen from a kind of necessity: but on other occasions new traits of national character may arise from new scenes, giving rise to new ideas; for it must not be forgotten that man, although so much the creature of habit, is extremely fond of novelty, which forms one of the most striking paradoxes in his character. Of the tenacity of nations for primary modes and impressions, or in other words, of national character, a surprising instance may be adduced.

Julius Cæsar describes the ancient Gauls as superior to men at the onset of a battle, but inferior to women in fortitude and perseverance. This character it seems their descendants, the modern French, still retain. Waterloo, that terrible field of battle, showed their martial character still the same as Cæsar represents, by the great number of corpses of the English and Scotch above their own, at the place where the battle began, and by this ratio gradually diminishing until it became reversed in its further progress.*

Do the manners, propensities, and fashions of a country have their origin in part from certain peculiarities of the soil and climate; and do these peculiarities of soil and climate also cause the natural productions to partake of certain forms; and is this taste of the inhabitants analogous to such productions of nature? I was led to these queries whilst viewing the birds in Mr. Peale's Museum in the city of Philadelphia. The French partridge has a variegated, gay, lively appearance, whilst that of England is plain,

* See Simpson's Letters on the battle of Waterloo.

grave, and unadorned. Nothing can display a prettier epitome of the dress and style of the two nations. Were these birds artificial productions, a mere novice would be able to designate which belonged to each nation.*

In large towns, national character becomes more indistinct than in the country; as in the former commerce has brought manners, customs, and fashions from distant climes. As the rose, dianthes, and other flowers, when cultivated in gardens and hot-houses, although greatly improved in beauty, lose their native forms, and become indistinct in their botanical characters, so the citizens of towns do not so fully show the stamp which marks the nation at large.

It is perhaps a fact, which observation will confirm, that in those countries where the elements and seasons, the rivers and soil, are ungenial, that the government and national manners partake of the roughness of their natures; and on the contrary, that where the winds do not blow in hurricanes, nor the rivers run in torrents, but are adapted to subserve the wants and conveniencies of man, there the government is also adapted to the same end.

Rhode Island.

CELSUS.

LETTERS TO THE SUPPORTERS OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.†

No. 1.—*To the reverend Thomas Chalmers, D. D.*

SIR,

I KNOW no man who has less reason, when a letter is brought to him, to dread that it may contain something disagreeable to his feelings, than Dr. Chalmers. You have overcome many disadvantages, and achieved many triumphs; your enemies are few, and the nature of the reproaches which they pour out against you betrays very distinctly the meanness and envy from which they are sprung.—Your friends are numerous; all of them admire your genius as an author, and venerate your zeal as a clergyman; and

* Nos. 4744 and 4745, are French, Nos. 4746 and 4647 are English—see Peale's Museum.

† From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

not a few of them, add to all this, a sincere and ardent love of the simplicity and the kindness which form the best ornaments of your character in private life. Your reception in the world is such as might spoil a mind less pure and dignified than yours. The flattery of women, and the vulgar, you would not of course fail to despise; but the most dangerous of all temptations, the "*Laudari a viris laudatis*" has been abundantly served up to you; you have been extolled by every one of your eminent contemporaries who has had occasion to hear you preach. You have overcome the cold dignity of lord Castlereagh, and the reluctant scepticism of Mr. Jeffrey, with equal ease; and you have taken a station in the eye of your country, above what is or has lately been occupied by any clergyman, either of the English or of the Scottish church.

The praises which have been heaped upon you, have indeed, in many instances, been extravagant and absurd. I consider you as a man of strong intellect and ardent imagination; but I believe that both in reason and fancy you have at the present time many superiors; and that had you selected for the subject of your disquisitions any other topic than that of religion, your labours would have attracted much less notice than they have done. I say not this by way of disparaging your talents, for almost every great man is calculated to shine in one department, not in many; and that in which your greatness has been shown, is certainly as worthy of respect as any which you could have selected. But although you have applied to sacred subjects a more vigorous style and a more energetic imagination, than are commanded by any other preacher of your day, you are not to suppose that you have not been immeasurably surpassed in your own field by many illustrious predecessors. Your reasoning is lame and weakly when compared with that of Butler and Paley. Your erudition is nothing to that of a Lardner, a Warburton, or a Horsey. Your eloquence is jejune when set by the side of Barron or any of the great old English preachers; and must always seem coarse, and even unnatural to those who are familiar with Massillon and Bossuet. Nevertheless, you are assuredly a great man. Your mind is cast in an original mould. Your ardour is intense, and no one can resist the stream of your discourse, who has either heart to feel what is touching, or soul to comprehend what is sublime.

A man situated as you are, cannot fail to be the subject of much conversation among those who are acquainted with his merits. But the "*Digito monstrier et dicier hic est*," are sometimes the penalty, as well as the prize of eminence: and the same causes which secure every exertion of your virtue or your genius from neglect, cannot fail to draw upon every departure from the one, and every misapplication of the other, the eye of a most minute and jealous scrutiny. Your faults are likely to be blazoned with the same clamour which waits upon your excellencies; and the world, which is in no case fond of giving too much praise, will hasten to atone for the violence with which it has applauded, by the bitterness with which it will condemn.

Do not fear that I have made these observations by way of a prelude to abuse. You have no admirer more sincere than myself. Although not personally acquainted with you, I love and respect your character—and every part of it. I do by no means coincide with some extravagant positions of the rhapsodist who praised you, some months ago, in the pages of this magazine; but the admiration I feel for you is as sincere as his can be; and if you be displeased with any part of my address, remember, I beseech you, that my officiousness is only another illustration of the old Greek proverb, which says, that "*Love hates to be silent*." I think you cannot possibly be the worse for being told, that in my apprehension, and in that of many who admire and love you as I do, you have lately fallen into a great and dangerous error. I by no means wish to set up my voice with any thing like petulance or pertinacity against the conduct of one entitled to so much respect. You have reasons, perhaps good ones, for what you have done. But be assured, the world is very anxious to hear them; and till they are explained in the eyes of all good Christians, and, I will add, of all honest men, you are not what you were.

Your conscience has already spoken.—There is no need for going about the bush with a man of your stamp. You are sensible that the world has reason to wonder at your conduct in becoming a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*; and you confess, before I ask you to do so, that by assuming this character, you have tarnished the purity of your reputation. As you have committed the offence, however, more frequently than once, I shall

not ask your leave to tell you, at somewhat greater length, both the grounds and the nature of the opinion, which the public is likely to form in respect to every Christian minister who lends his support to the declining credit of that once formidable journal.

From all that I have either heard or read of your discourses in the pulpit, if there is one thing more than any other characteristic of you as a preacher, it is, the zeal with which you are never weary of telling your audience, that Christianity should exert an intense and pervading influence, not only over their solemn acts of devotion, but over their minds even when most engaged with the business and the recreations wherein the greater part of every life must of necessity be spent. True religion, according to the doctrines which you support with such persuasive and commanding eloquence, is not the dark sybil of some Pythian cell, consulted only on great emergencies, surrounded with mysterious vapours, and giving utterance to enigmatical responses.—She is, or ought to be, the calm and smiling attendant of all our steps, the tutelary angel of all our wishes and hopes, the confidential friend and guardian whose presence lends to pleasure its greatest charm, whose absence, or coldness, would be sufficient to throw a damp over every exertion, and to chill the very fountain of all our enjoyment. We must go out of the world altogether, if we are never to mingle in the society of the ungodly; but, say you, in no moment of our intercourse with the world, and the men of the world, should we allow ourselves to forget, that we ourselves, have our treasure laid up elsewhere—far less, should we ever, by any deportment of ours, confirm the evil principles, or countenance the evil deeds, whose existence we cannot but observe among those with whom we are thus at times compelled to associate. On the contrary, we should take every opportunity of letting all men see what we are—we should remember, that the faith which we possess, is not a thing to be worn like a gala garment, and laid aside for weeds less likely to attract attention—we should take care that civility to our neighbours do not make us forgetful or careless of the duty which we owe to ourselves.

If an ordinary Christian be thus bound to preserve and show his Christianity in the midst of all his occupations, it follows, I apprehend, pretty clearly, that a Christian author must lie under

an obligation no less binding with regard to the conduct, purport, and probable effect of all his writings.

The Bible informs us, that the Christian ought to consider himself as "a city set upon a hill;" surely the sacred preacher, the pious author, cannot but consider himself as occupying the most prominent part of this conspicuous situation. He cannot but know, that it is his fate to be "seen and read of all men." Beza wrote obscene songs; but this was in the days of his youth, and he lived abundantly to repent and atone for his errors. Marot wished to expiate the sin of his madrigals; and he composed, with that view, his metrical version of the Psalms. It was reserved to Dr. Chalmers to exhibit the apparent converse of their conduct; and after publishing a powerful treatise on the Historical Evidences of Christianity, and a series of masterly sermons against Modern Infidelity, to delight the malignant, and startle the friendly, by coming forth as the prop and pillar of a deistical review.

The articles which you have as yet contributed to the Edinburgh Review (such of them, at least, as are generally known, or suspected to be yours), appear to me to be by no means among the most happy of your productions. You are an orator, but you are nothing else. Your style is formed for the pulpit, and no living preacher can there compete with you. But it was not more absurd in Voltaire to attempt an epic poem, or in Mr. Fox to attempt a history, than it is in you to imagine that you can gain honour to your name by writing in the Edinburgh Review. But this has nothing to do with the subject of my address to you. Although you had written like an angel, although you had shown yourself to be more witty than Mr. Jeffrey, more logical than Mr. Brougham, and more scientific than Mr. Playfair, I assert, that you could have had no reason to pique yourself upon your laurels. I maintain, that by writing in this review, you are injuring the cause of your faith and of your master; and I know, that you are incapable of consoling yourself for wrong done to them, by any gratification which your individual vanity might receive.

In one of your late publications, a work with which, by the way, I was much more pleased than most people seemed to have been, you caution your readers against blaming too much the pa-

pistical submission to creeds, councils, and fathers, while they themselves are, in all probability, the equally unquestioning disciples of some less venerable authorities. Believe me, the circle in which you yourself move; above all, the audience to which you preach, have great need to take this, your admonition, into their serious consideration. I know of no man whose *ipse dixit* affords at this moment a more common, or a more undisputed argument, among many extensive classes of society than your own. You are the oracle of a few; but many, very many, who make no man their oracle, are inclined to listen with the utmost attention to your advice, and to follow without much examination, any path of conduct which seems to have the recommendation of your favour. This much is certain, that any foreigner, a stranger to our country and our popular literature, after a perusal of your avowed works, would think himself extremely safe in taking up any number of a periodical work, to which he had been informed that Dr. Chalmers was a contributor. He would never suspect, that the sentiments of those who conduct this journal, and the main tenor of their disquisitions, could be at all at enmity to those principles and feelings, of which he already knew you to be so zealous a partaker, and so vigorous a defender.

If he happened to be a weak man (and all good Christians are by no means to be expected to have strong intellects), he would much rather question his own eyes or understanding, than the moral or religious tendency of any which he might read in these so consecrated pages. The sanctity of your name would shed an air of reverence over all with which it should be associated; and he would never dream that treason might lurk under those banners of which you were pleased to call yourself the champion.— If any man is told, that some particular work is supported by a person of acknowledged genius, he takes it for granted, that the general talent of this work is at least respectable, and that the great man, for whose name he entertains so much regard, would never stoop to be the coadjutor of a herd of drivellers. Are we to rely with more confidence upon the consistency of intellect than upon that of principle? Are we to allow more license to your Christianity than we would to the genius of another man? The faith which you profess should teach you that the talents you possess must all

hereafter be accounted for. If the Judge be severe upon him who buries his talent in the napkin, how, think ye, will he look upon that man who pawns his treasure to be the surety of the adversary? Take heed, sir, I beseech you; you know not into what serious evils the indiscretions of a momentary vanity may bring the character and the usefulness of a minister of Christ.

It is not necessary to suppose, that many men can be found so ignorant, or so obtuse, as to believe that the *Edinburgh Review* is a Christian work, even although Dr. Chalmers contributes, now and then, its leading articles. But may not much evil be done, although the infatuation should stop very considerably short of this? Is there no danger that those who see the difference between your avowed principles and those of the journal which you befriend, may be led, by the respect in which they hold your character and judgment, to suspect, that this difference, great and evident as it may be, is a matter of much less moment than they had formerly supposed? You know as well as I do, how natural a thing scepticism is; with what seductive charm it seizes upon the affections of the young, the vain, and the inconsiderate; how it flatters the self-love of the ignorant, and lulls to repose the inquietude of the slothful. You know how many there are to be found in every city, who, after they have recovered from the delusion of youthful self-sufficiency, and learned to suspect that some things are too high for the investigation of unassisted reason, are yet held in fetters by the habits which they have acquired, and arrested at the threshold of faith by the phantom of doubts which they have in vain endeavoured to dispel. Your experience as a clergyman has, I doubt not, made known to you many unhappy individuals, who thus suffer, by the indecision of many comfortless years, for the fleeting satisfaction of their youthful pride. You have seen such men; you have pitied them; perhaps it has not unfrequently been your lot to console their weary spirits, and strengthen their shrinking resolutions. What effect, think ye, will it have upon such minds as these, to hear that you lend your countenance, and the strength of your name and genius, to the *Edinburgh Review*?—that you are allowing your writings to go forth in the world, and give their influence to forward the success of a work, from whose treacherous pages it has perhaps been their misfortune to derive

not a few of those evil impressions which are rendering their lives unhappy?—that you are become the patron of those whom they cannot help cursing as the misguiders of their youth,—whose impious jeers have left a poison within their breasts, so foul and rankling, that no after penitence can entirely expel it,—whose derision has acted as a corrosive pestilence, mutilating and wasting away, within them, every thing that is most generous in feeling, and most sublime in principle? They had begun to reverence you as the weight in the scale, which was likely to give to the right cause its just preponderance. They were rejoiced to find genius as great as they had before followed into evil acting as the pillar and the cloud which should conduct them into the land of security and faith. What a blow it was to all their expectations, when they see that you, who talk in the pulpit as if a clever sceptic were the most dangerous pest that ever was let loose upon society, can condescend to cater for that banquet of which scoffers and infidels are the principal purveyors! How can you suppose that these men will turn from the cold blasphemies or impish grins of the old reviewers, with that horror which every devout and steadfast Christian must feel in perusing their writings, when they find, that, in spite of all their grins and all their blasphemies, those heirs of the malignity of Gibbon and the scorn of Voltaire are aided and abetted in their impious undertakings by the sincere, the zealous, the manly intellect of Chalmers? What, think you, would the good men of less sophisticated ages have said to the spectacle of such alarming inconsistency? Would Milton have patronised a miscellany conducted by Mr. Hobbes? Would Addison have been the coadjutor of Bolingbroke or Shaftsbury? Would Johnson have sent forth his essays, mingled with those of Hume? I consider you as both morally and intellectually very much the superior of Robertson; but I think you might derive a very important lesson, from contrasting the contempt wherewith his memory is loaded, with the respect which infidels and Christians alike accord to the firm integrity of Whitaker.*

There is only one supposable case in which I should think it justifiable, or even commendable in you, to be a contributor to

* See Gibbon's *Miscellaneous works*, vol. iii.

Mr. Jeffrey's Review. It is this, since the moment this review has commenced, it has maintained a remarkable silence with regard to one very important part of our national literature. Our poets, philosophers, travellers, and wits, have received abundant attention; but little or nothing has been ever said about our divines. Two or three volumes of sermons have indeed been reviewed; and these have been thus highly favoured, it would appear, rather on account of personal regard to their authors, than from any affection for the subjects of which they treat. The reviews of these books were written, indeed, with a decent air; but the most superficial observer cannot fail to see, that, in discussing the literary merits of Moncreif, Alison, and Morehead, the critic has been very careful to abstain from any thing like an eulogy on that peculiar system of faith which it has been, throughout life, the chief object of all these good men's endeavours to illustrate and defend. Your own works have excited much more attention among the literary as well as the Christian world, than any other religious compositions of our day, but not one of them has ever been noticed in this review,—a circumstance which I attribute, not to any unwillingness on the part of Mr. Jeffrey to gratify and praise you, but to the intensely Christian aspect and air of the writings themselves, and the difficulty, or rather I should say the impossibility, of assigning to you your true place among the literary men of the time, without saying something decided concerning the topics which you have handled so well, and from which the chief inspiration of your genius seems unquestionably to be derived. Now I do not suppose for a moment, that you could stoop to follow the example of some of your brother authors, and review yourself; but I see nothing absurd in imagining that you might very well review and applaud those who are employed on the same subjects, and animated with the same hopes, which you yourself love and cherish. Had Mr. Jeffrey said to Dr. Chalmers, "I cannot venture to say a word with respect to religion, but I pledge myself to insert nothing in the Review which can appear hostile to it. Take you this matter entirely into your own hands: you understand it better than any of our confederacy. The want of religious reviews is the greatest defect in our journal; for theological writings have always formed a most important part of English literature, and even in that point

of view alone, I am sensible that our neglect of them is a radical error. Say what you please and do what you please, with this branch of the Review. Leave me the belles lettres and the sciences, and take you the religions, &c." Had Mr. Jeffrey acted in this open and candid manner, I think you might safely have quenched all your scruples, and set your shoulders to the work, infinitely to your own honour and to the benefit of the Review. But this is not so. The Review still continues to be the organ of infidelity. The part which you play is a very humble one. You are only allowed to write on subjects unconnected with religion: while you are earnestly entreated to join the camp, the weapons in whose use you are most skilful are maliciously kept out of your hands. You are rather there as part of the pageant than as one of the substantial combatants. It suits neither your interest nor your reputation to maintain so pitiful a post. It is unworthy of you to write in any book, wherein you dare not give full vent to your thoughts on that subject which you profess to consider as of paramount weight and dignity. I own that there would be some risk of ridicule in the attempt to render the Edinburgh Review a defender of Christianity. But if this be so, if you shrink from the derision of the men of the world, should you not still more shrink from their contempt? And contempt, you may depend upon it, is the best wages which some of your present coadjutors will ever give you for all your compliance.

In spite of every thing, you cannot avoid showing us, who know you, that even in your assumed character of an Edinburgh Reviewer, you still preserve the same ardent love for Christianity which shines with a more effectual splendour among the volumes you have published with your name. In one eloquent passage you even advance and maintain, with no ordinary vigour, the principle, that the extended influence of our religion would of itself be sufficient to remove all those evils of pauperism and poor-rates which at present occupy so much of the attention of the British legislature. This is noble, and worthy of you. But do not imagine that the full meaning of the writer will ever be guessed at by the majority of those who read the passage. They are so much accustomed to see the terms of "the truth" and "our holy religion," &c. coupled in this journal with obvious taunts and gibes

against the most sacred mysteries of their faith, that they take it for granted the eulogy of Christianity proceeds merely on the ground of temporal utility, and the gospel of Jesus is recommended in England for purposes which would have secured equal enthusiasm in favour of Mahometanism in Turkey, or Brahminism in Hindostan. You are thus coupled, in the minds of those who know not your character, but cannot fail soon to recognise the recurrence of your very remarkable style, with that band of humble wits who have been so long contented to earn the applauding smiles of the vulgar, by jokes fittened and refined from the rotten fountains, of *Taureau Blanc*, and the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. That forcible sweep of language with which you are accustomed to confound the enemies of your creed, is associated, in the minds of these strangers, with the ideas of audacious deceit and unblushing charlatanerie. Your sublime flights are supposed to belong to the same school with the majestic exordiums of *Œdipus Judaicus*; and you are perhaps classed with the author of that singular performance, as a man who degrades genius, erudition, and oratory, into the instruments of superstition and visionary deism.

It is needless to explain to you at greater length the dangerous purposes to which your conduct may be twisted, or the malicious ways in which it may be represented, by the giddy, the superficial, the heartless, the thoughtless, the faithless, and perhaps the godless readers of this Review. Be assured, that however you may be courted and flattered at head-quarters, you will be regarded by the understrappers of the array, in no other light than that of a hireling and dishonourable auxiliary. You will consult well for your own character before you proceed farther. You will pause before you plunge more deeply into the pit of error. You will hesitate before you entangle yourself in such a manner, as might render retreat a shameful, perhaps a fruitless, attempt. You will, above all, consider with yourself, by what means you are most likely to prevent your name from being joined, in the mouths of the public, with those of certain scoffing priests, and envious renegadoes, who are already branded with an everlasting infamy for the share which they have taken in the guilty triumphs of the Edinburgh Review. Pardon me if I have been betrayed into a warmth of language unsuitable to one who willingly confesses that he is ad-

dressing his superior. Be assured that I have no motive in all that I have said, but a strong zeal, both for your reputation and for the cause of Christianity. It would be superfluous to tell YOU, that this is not a period in which Christians might expect to be pardoned for deserting, even for a moment, the standards around which it is their duty to be rallied. Infidelity does not indeed speak so boldly as it once did among us; but I fear, I greatly fear, whether her silence be not ominous, rather of her settled hostility than of her genuine repentance. I much suspect, that the candour of Hume is the only part of his garment which has fallen upon no disciples. It is useless to multiply names and facts,—but I am sure you internally acknowledge the justness of my position when I assert, that infidelity is at this moment more extensively diffused among the higher orders of British society,—ay, and taught in a manner more dangerous by British authors, than was ever known, even in the days when unbelief was the ally of open democracy, and the enemies of our faith enlisted in their cause all the zeal and bigotry of a political insurrection. In common with many of my countrymen, I rejoiced in the rise of your name, and saw in you a brilliant luminary likely to dispel much of the darkness which enveloped the religious atmosphere of the land. I trust my forebodings were not in vain. Nay, I know and feel that you are born to do great things,—that you are gifted with very singular talents and feelings,—and that these are not more admired in themselves, than in their adaptation to the necessities of the time. Surely you will not allow your name to be sullied by the breath of calumny, merely that you may gratify your own vanity or that of Mr. Jeffrey.—But, indeed, I imagine you have quite mistaken the relation in which your name and character at present stand to his. He has had his day. The world is agreed that he is the cleverest of reviewers, but that he is not, nor ever can become, one of the great men destined to occupy a place in

“That temple where the dead
Are honoured by the nations.”

Your reputation, on the contrary, is not yet settled. You have done much and delighted many, but your works abound in marks of hurry and false taste, which all your readers hope to see re-

moved hereafter. Your writings have been accepted as the promise of a vigorous genius, new in the occupation to which it is devoted; and all men are willing to believe that your future exertions may very far surpass those which you have as yet exhibited. It rests with yourself, whether you may not go down as a British classic, perhaps as the first, or in the very first rank of our divines. You will not facilitate your path to these worthy objects of ambition, or remove any misgivings which we may have in respect to your future career, by making yourself familiar in the hackneyed walk of secular criticism and political economy. You will do well to devote yourself entirely to your profession; you are at present its ornament, but by its means alone; and in the strength of its protection, are you destined to achieve for yourself a literary immortality. You can gain nothing from Mr. Jeffrey; he may hope for much from you. You should calculate well before you consent to be generous, when the object is not good, and the return is sure to be insignificant.

If you become a regular writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, you will certainly learn to look upon that work with somewhat of the feeling of parental partiality. I hint it merely—I may add, modestly and hesitatingly—is there no danger for yourself? There is no wisdom so secure that it may be entitled to despise temptation. No precept is more safe than that which says “flee from danger.”

I have spoken of this *Review* in terms which may appear harsh to many, and to some unjust. To those who understand, as you do, the purport and scope of the work, no apology or explanation can be necessary. To those who are blind enough to be gulled by its external smoothness, or dull enough to be incapable of penetrating its hidden treacheries, I shall at present say nothing. If any hesitate to adopt the opinion which I have expressed concerning it, let them signify their wishes, and I shall gladly present them in a future letter, with such a body of evidence, as, I flatter myself, has not often been called forth against so formidable a band of transgressors.

For you, sir, I cannot conclude without again assuring you of my love, respect, and veneration. Had I esteemed you less, or rated your talents more lowly, I should have spared myself the trouble of a long address, which many will not fail to consider as

impertinent, but which you yourself, I feel satisfied, will acknowledge to be founded in justice and truth. I am sensible that you are placed in a delicate situation. The amiable manners, and kindly dispositions of Mr. Jeffrey are known to none better than to myself. I pity his errors, but I never cease to entertain a certain lurking affection for the man. It is for you to consider how far feelings of this kind should be allowed to interfere with matters of a higher order,—with feelings yet more sacred than any to which acquaintanceship, or even friendship, can give birth. That Mr. Jeffrey is entitled to the warmest love of those with whom he associates, no man who has the least knowledge of him and his habits can for a moment doubt. Had he been the only person interested in the *Edinburgh Review*, I believe the character of that work, even in a religious point of view, would have been very superior to what it is. But although he is the responsible man, and although the world is quite entitled to take him to task for all the errors of the book, it is well understood, among them who are near the fountain of information, that of those things which have most offended either the critical or the religious opinions of intelligent readers, comparatively a very small part has been the actual production of his own pen. His situation is, indeed, in my opinion, very far from being an enviable one. He is obliged to stand and receive the blame of blunders which he has not committed, and of meannesses which his nature would teach him to despise. In the vigour of his faculties and of his manhood, he is compelled to bear the burdens of querulous and despairing age on the one hand, and of pert, presumptuous, ignorant boyhood on the other. Himself a man of brilliant fancy and happy temperament, he is the captain of a set of obtuse imitators and envious pigmies. The lash which he himself wields is sharp and cutting, but the wound which it leaves is only in the flesh, and there is no poison in the stroke. But his hireling crew of executioners indulge in their office the malignant invention of infants, and the persevering cruelty of savages. You must not think of Mr. Jeffrey alone, when you think of quitting the *Review*. You must take it into consideration, that your contributions assist not him alone, but all his confederates. Among them of later years are to be found some, whom a man of true ge-

nus such as you, cannot but despise; whom a man of pure morality and honour, like Mr. Jeffrey, should blush for a moment to admit into any portion of his confidence. You were formed by nature for higher things than to be the companion and coadjutor of such reprobates as these. Have a care lest a name which might have gone down to posterity in all the majesty of purity, receive any stain from others, with which you are thus compelling it to be associated.

If you have opinions to express on any subject whatever, be assured that the authority of your name in a title-page, goes at least as far at the present time as the protecting cover of the Edinburgh Review. You are not in the situation of a young nameless author, whose lucubrations, that they may not languish in obscurity, have need to catch a little second-hand splendour from the established reputation of Brougham, Hazlitt, and the Rev. Sidney Smith. You have no need of leading strings, and you should no longer allow yourself to be dazzled by bawbles. Stand on your own strength, and there is none who will overlook you. Your mind was not made to be a parasitical plant—you were born to grow and flourish in independence.

I shall conclude with a sentence from the writings of one whom you will allow to have been at least as great a man, and as good a judge of conduct, as any of all your coadjutors in this journal.

"The spreit of God," says the firm and fearless JOHN KNOX, "willeth us to be sa cairfull to avoyd the company of all that teachis doctrine contrarie to the treuth of Chryst, that we communicat with thame in nathing that may appeir to manteane or defend thame in thair corrupt opinioun, for hie that biddis thame Godspeid, communicatis with thair syn; that is hie that appeiris, by keiping thame company, as *assisting unto thame in thair proceedings*, to favour thair doctrine, *is guilty before God of thair iniquitie baith because hie doith confirme thame in thair error by his silence, and also confirmis utheris to credit thair doctrine because hie opponis not himself thairto.*"*

With every good wish and hope, I remain, sir, your very obedient humble servant,

1st May, 1818.

IDOLOCLASTES.

* See his first letter addressed to Mrs. Margery Bowls, ap. M'Crie.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE TREATISE ON THE SUBLIME,

BY LONGINUS.

(From the French of La Harpe.)

IF there be any thing which would seem to defy all attempts at analysis or even definition, it is, undoubtedly, the sublime. In fact, how can we define that which cannot be prepared by the orator or the poet, nor foreseen by those who read or hear it; which is only produced by a species of transport, which we cannot perceive without enthusiasm, in short, that which throws beyond themselves not only the author of it, but those who admire his success. How can we describe an impression, which is, of all others, the most lively and rapid? And what explanation can we give which would not be as cold as inadequate, of that which so forcibly excites all the emotions of the heart? Who does not perceive that in all extravagant sentiments there is something beyond the reach of expression, and that when the heart is melted to a certain degree, it can no longer find utterance to describe its sensations! If it be admitted that the faculty of feeling extends beyond the power of describing that feeling, this is particularly applicable to the sublime, which excites in us all that is susceptible of being moved, and communicates the most exquisite pleasure which we are capable of enjoying:—the complete enjoyment of all the emotions of sensibility.

When we behold a beautiful scene, or listen to an eloquent oration, or a polished piece of poetry, if we are asked why we are pleased, why we applaud, every one, according to his own perceptions, can account for his own judgment, and praise the whole of the work or particular parts of it, as, the thoughts, the diction, the harmony; in short, all that art has taught him to understand and taste enabled him to appreciate. But when the poet, by one successful stroke, has elicited an universal burst of admiration from an audience, if any one should inquire what they have found so beautiful, what reply could be given? We can only answer, we think it very fine because we are transported beyond ourselves. When the great Scipio, being accused by the tribunes, appeared before the people,

he contented himself with this defence: "Romans! twenty years ago I conquered Hannibal and took Carthage. Let us go to the capitol and return thanks to the gods." A general cry instantly burst forth, and all the people followed him. Here Scipio was sublime, for it is the part of sublimity to subjugate all hearts.

The sublime of which I speak in this place, is necessarily rare and instantaneous; for nothing which is extreme can be common or permanent. It is a word, a trait, a motion, a gesture; and its effect is like that of lightning. It is so independent of art, that it may exist in persons who have no idea of art. Whoever is highly excited, whoever has an elevated heart, may reach the sublime. There are numerous examples of this. It was a woman, in common life, who said to a priest, on the subject of Isaac being ordered to be sacrificed by his father Abraham, "God would never have demanded such a sacrifice from a mother."

The sublime is sometimes found even in silence. The famous Bussi le Clerc, presented himself before parliament, accompanied by his followers. He commanded the members to pass a law against the rights of the house of Bourbon, or to follow him to the Bastile. No one answered; but all rose to follow him. Here was the sublime of virtue; for no reply could be so expressive as this silence. Without pretending to define the sublime precisely, we may content ourselves with observing, that it is its character to elevate the imagination and heart beyond all their former conceptions. Apply this remark to every instance that can be produced, and it will be found to be true. Whatever is beautiful, great or noble, is so, in a greater or less degree. But the sublime admits of no measure. Endeavour to imagine what Scipio could have said, instead of the exclamation which we have just quoted: substitute an answer for the silence of the parliament: you will still fail in equalling the original. Place yourself in the situation of Ajax, who, when the Greeks fled before the Trojans whose arms were favoured by Jupiter, was enveloped in such darkness that he could not continue the fight. Try the boldest language which blind rashness or despair can suggest to a warrior, and imagination, so extensive itself, can furnish nothing surpassing the verse so often quoted.

*Grand Dieu! rends-nous le jour et combati contre nous.**

I have spoken of actions produced by a sublime instinct. The following remarkable instance occurred in the last century. A lion escaped from the menagerie of the grand duke of Florence, and ran through the streets of the city. Terror spread through all ranks, and every one fled before him. A woman who carried an infant in her arms, let it fall, as she ran. The lion took it in his mouth. The frantic mother threw herself on her knees before the terrible animal, and demanded her child in the most heart-rending accents.—This extraordinary action, which was the last effort of madness or despair; this forgetfulness of reason, or rising above reason itself;—this poignant grief which persuades itself that nothing can be inflexible to its prayers—is an instance of the true sublime. The event suggests another remark. The lion stopped; regarded her with fixed attention, gently put the infant on the ground, and passed on! May we venture to infer that grief and despair can move even wild beasts? We know that they are capable of sentiments which belong to habit, and many instances are recorded of their attachment and gratitude. In this instance, the mother, to arrest the teeth of the ferocious beast, had but one moment and a single cry. He must have comprehended what she demanded, and been moved by her prayer: he did un-

* This is *Lamotte's* translation; but he has mistaken the sense of the original, and I am surprised that La Harpe should have passed it without notice. Pope expresses it thus:

If Greece must perish we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!

Homer does not attribute to Ajax the impiety of defying the power of Jupiter, if he will but give him light. Longinus thus represents this passage, which has been regarded as one of the most sublime in Homer: "The thickest darkness had suddenly covered the Grecian army, and hindered them from fighting: when Ajax, not knowing what course to take, cries out; *Oh Jove, disperse this darkness which covers the Greeks, and if we must perish, let us perish in the light!* This is a sentiment truly worthy of Ajax. He does not pray for life, which would have been unworthy of a hero: but because in that darkness he could not employ his valour to any glorious purpose, and, vexed to stand idle in the field of battle, he only prays that the day might appear, as being assured of terminating his own life, in a manner worthy of him, though Jupiter himself should oppose his efforts."

derstand it, and he was moved by it. But how? This would furnish us with many religious reflexions on the natural affinity between all animated beings; but they do not belong to our subject.

After what has been said of the sublime, the question naturally occurs, if it can neither be analysed nor defined, what has Longinus accomplished in his treatise? We answer that he has not treated this subject; but has confined himself to what rhetoricians denominated the sublime style, in contradistinction to the simple and the temperate style, which holds a middle rank between the two: the style which belongs to grave matters, to elevated subjects, to epic, dramatic and lyric poetry, to eloquence judicial, deliberative or demonstrative, when the subject is susceptible of grandeur, elevation, force and pathos. This will appear from an examination of the work itself. Some critics entertain a different opinion, and they have been led into the error by the fact, that there are some parts in Longinus which may be applied to the sublime of which we have spoken: but the contexture of the whole work shows that these examples are only cited at belonging to a sublime style, with which they are necessarily connected. It may be asked how such a dispute should have arisen, since the author must have commenced by determining in a precise manner what he meant to discuss. The commencement of the work will answer this question. It is necessary for you to be apprised, that before the time of Longinus, there existed a treatise on the sublime, by a rhetorician named Cecilius, which is now entirely lost, and only known to us, by being mentioned by Longinus.

Longinus commences by an exordium addressed to Terentianus, his pupil and friend. "You remember, my dear Terentianus, that when we examined the treatise of Cecilius on the sublime, we thought his style too mean for the subject; that it is entirely defective in the principal branches, and that consequently it fails in the power of communicating instruction, which should be the aim of every writer. In every treatise upon an art, two objects should be proposed: 1st, that the science, which is the subject of it, should be fully explained. The 2d in order, though the first in importance, is, that the means of attaining that science should be shown. On the first, Cecilius is very diffuse, as if his readers were entirely ignorant of the subject, and on the second he

is totally silent. He explains the nature of the sublime, but he forgets to inform us how it may be reached."

Longinus, therefore, thinks it unnecessary that he should be very full on the nature of the sublime, particularly as he is addressing Terentianus, who is well acquainted with that subject.

"But since I write to you, my friend, who are versed in every branch of polite learning, I need not undertake to prove that the sublime consists in a certain eminence or perfection of language, and that it is this quality chiefly which has immortalized the best writers." He then proves, according to the method of the philosophers and rhetoricians, that there is an art in the sublime. He indicates the vices of style which are opposed to it, and after this preface, he enters upon the subject, and lays down the principal sources of the sublime, which, according to him, are five.

1. Το περί τας ἰουσεις ἀδριπυθελον, or, *boldness of conception and adventurous imagination.*

2. Το σφοδρον και ενθυσιαστικον, or, *an enthusiastic sensibility.*

3. Η ποια ται σχηματοι πλασει, or, *a certain conformation of figures.*

4. Η γυναια φρασι, or, *a generous character of diction.*

5. Η εν αξιωματι και διαρσει συνθεσις, or, *a dignified and elevated composition.*

Longinus draws his examples only from the best authorities; such as Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, and Demosthenes, because he is in search of models of style. If he had intended to confine himself to traits of the sublime which sometimes present themselves, even in writers of the second rank, he would have found more than one example in the tragedies of Seneca: for instance, in his Thyestes Atreus, at the moment when Thyestes holds the cup filled with the blood of his own offspring, and says to him with hellish satisfaction,

Know'st thou this blood?

I know my brother,

is the only reply which this wretched father makes; and he could say nothing more forcible. In his other works, Seneca, who is so strongly embued with a bad taste and with genius, whose writings we must admire in some places, though we cannot comprehend

them in others, even this author exhibits happy flights, and more frequently than Cicero. This writer has produced sublime passages, that is to say, passages of an elevated and sustained force; Seneca has traits of the sublime which strike like lightning: but I prefer Cicero to Seneca, because the most brilliant lightning affords but a transient pleasure.

We can scarcely pretend to reduce within the limits of any art, that which is the happy birth of a fortunate moment; and yet many writers have endeavoured to define the sublime. I shall collect a few of them.

"The sublime," says Despreux, "is a certain power of language, which elevates and ravishes the soul, arising from the grandeur of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmony of the turn, enlivened and animated by the expression—that is to say, from one of these qualities alone, or from the whole three united, which forms the perfect sublime."

This definition, which is long enough, for a description, does not appear to be better for its length. I would not represent the sublime as a *certain power of language*, nor as a *harmonious, lively, and animated turn of expression*. How often do we meet with these beauties without finding the sublime! What is most perspicuous here, is the distinction of three kinds of sublime, borrowed from the three first articles of the division of Longinus, to wit, that arising from the thought, from the sentiment or passion, and from the figures or images. But a division is not a definition.

Lamotte says, in his discourses on the ode, "the sublime is no more than the combination in one great idea, of the true and the new, expressed with elegance and precision."

What applies to every thing distinguishes nothing. What is true is found every where: what is new may very often fail in reaching the sublime, and elegance is not necessarily a constituent part of it. There is nothing elegant in the passage from Genesis cited by Longinus, as an instance of the sublime; *God said, let there be light, and there was light*. Huet has written a long dissertation to prove that these words are not sublime; but as it is impossible to convey a more adequate idea of the creative power, Huet must permit us to follow the opinion of Longinus.

A third definition or description, is that of *Silvain*, who wrote a treatise on ~~the~~ *sublime*, in which there are more words than ideas.

“The sublime is a discourse of an extraordinary turn, which, by the noblest images and grandest sentiments, expressed in corresponding language, elevates the mind above the ordinary conceptions of greatness, and which, by carrying it to what is more elevated in nature, ravishes it and gives it a more exalted impression of its own powers.”

There is nothing of any value in this excepting the concluding words which are copied exactly from Longinus. I mean that part in which one of the effects of the sublime is described to be, the giving the mind a more exalted opinion of itself. This thought, which is not less beautiful than just, is almost lost in the verbiage of Silvain.

The fourth definition is that of *M. de Sant-Marc*, a man of letters of a highly cultivated mind, who has ably commented on Boileau and Longinus, but whose taste is not always correct. “The sublime,” he says, “is a short and lively expression of what passes in the greatest and most magnanimous soul.” This definition, which possesses more brevity and perspicuity than the others, is not without vagueness and indistinctness; for what is the difference between great and magnanimous in this place? In one respect, he has been more successful than the others, when he represents the sublime as the highest degree of grandeur: but he falls into the same fault with Lamotte, who takes no notice of the pathetic in his definition.

Two other writers, equally celebrated, though in a different way, have also treated of the sublime, Rollin and La Bruyere; but neither of them has attempted a definition. The former, in his treatise on *studies*, composed, principally for young persons, but which I would recommend to every age, is led, by his subject, to speak of this division of eloquence into three parts, which I have already denominated, the simple, the temperate, and the sublime. When he comes to speak of the last, he contents himself with extracting from Longinus, what appears to him most proper to mark the qualities of the sublime. As to the particular object of the treatise, he refrains from deciding upon it, though in a manner

which shows that he does not agree with Despréaux. Regarding these delicate distinctions as of minor importance to his object, he takes a very prudent course. "Without entering," he says, "into an examination, which would lead us into many difficulties, I shall content myself with premising, that by the sublime I mean, here, equally the extended chain of a discourse, and that which is more concise, consisting of those lively and striking thoughts; because in both we discover a manner of thinking and an expression that is noble and great—which is properly the sublime. There are a great many passages in Demosthenes and Cicero, which are very extensive, and much amplified, and yet very sublime, though no brevity appears in them."

We may conclude from this passage that the judicious Rollin, without openly contradicting Despréaux, agrees, notwithstanding with Longinus, in admitting nothing into the rank of the sublime, but what is of the most elevated character in poetry and eloquence.

Let us now hear La Bruyere, but bear in mind always that the perspicuous conciseness of his style will enlighten us less than we should be apt to imagine.

"What is the sublime? It does not appear ever to have been defined. Is it a figure? Is it created by figures, or at least by figures of a certain description? Does every kind of writing admit the sublime, or is it confined only to the more dignified order? Is it any thing more in an eclogue than a natural beauty; and in familiar letters and conversation, an exquisite polish? or rather, are not the natural and the delicate the sublime in those works in which they constitute the perfection?"

La Bruyere may be answered very briefly. The sublime is not a figure, nor does it require figures. This is proved in a hundred instances. With respect to the species of writing, which will admit it, good sense must decide, according to the great rule of fitness. It would be very easy to decide, into what species it may be introduced with most propriety: but not so easy to point out those from which it is utterly excluded. We cannot foresee every exception. What should prevent us from introducing a sublime word into a letter or a conversation? This depends upon the subject of the conversation or the letter. But with regard to the last

question, I do not believe that the perfection of insignificant things can ever constitute the sublime. He continues—

“The sublime describes nothing but the true; but its subject must be noble. It paints it in the entire, in its cause or in its effect: it is the most exalted image or expression of this truth—It is only among great geniuses of the highest order that we can find the sublime.”

After this excursion among the moderns who have treated of the sublime, it is time to return to Longinus, who, without giving a precise definition of it, has shown its different characters with great propriety, and traced its effects with a vivid pencil.

“A simple persuasion,” he says, “makes an agreeable impression upon us to which we may yield voluntarily: but the sublime exercises an irresistible power over us. It commands like a master, and strikes like thunder.”

“The heart is elevated when it becomes impressed with the sublime. It is, in a manner, transported beyond itself, and swelled with inward pride, as if it had itself produced what it so exquisitely feels.” This is treating the sublime in a manner worthy of the subject. He proceeds. “That is great which leaves the mind something to dwell upon; which excites a feeling not to be repressed, and which we preserve with a profound and indelible remembrance.” It is worthy of remark here, that the author makes use of the words great, sublime, and many others which are analogous, to convey the same idea; which is an additional proof of the correctness of our interpretation. A still stronger evidence is furnished in the place where he distinguishes between the five principal sources of the sublime. “The talent of speaking well is the foundation of all these sources; without which they can produce nothing.” It results from this that he is treating of the perfection of that art, the possession of which appears so indispensable.

As to what regards the two first sources of the sublime, the elevation of the thoughts, and the energy of the passions, he admits, very properly, that they are the gifts of nature rather than the acquisitions of art. He blames Cecilius for not having included the *pathetic* in the different kinds of the sublime. “If he looked upon the grand and the pathetic as including each other,

or being in fact the same, he was under a mistake. Nothing so much raises a discourse, as a fine pathos seasonably introduced. It animates a whole performance with uncommon life and spirit; it imparts a tone of enthusiasm and resembles the language of inspiration."

He returns to what he had before said respecting a disposition for the grand which is derived from nature. "But," he says, "much may be acquired by habit and carefully cherishing none but honest and noble sentiments. It is not possible that a mind always employed upon insignificant subjects, should produce any thing worthy of admiration. Grand and sublime expressions must flow from those only, whose minds swell with exalted conceptions."

The *Iliad* is the great exchequer from which the critic liberally draws instances of grand ideas and exalted images; for he appears to consider them as flowing from the same source, the faculty of conceiving boldly. We are not surprised at this preference, when we reflect that Homer surpassed all poets in the splendour of his language. One of the passages which he cites, is taken from the opening of the twentieth book of the *Iliad*. It is at the moment when Jupiter has given permission to the gods to take a part in the quarrel between the Greeks and Trojans, and to descend upon the field of battle. He gives the signal with a thunderbolt, from the summit of the skies, and Neptune striking the earth with his trident, shakes the loftiest heights of *Ida*, and makes the towers of *Ilium* tremble.

"Pluto, himself, the king of Hell, felt the blow in his infernal regions: he leaped from his throne with a loud cry; he trembled lest Neptune, whose strokes had shook the earth, would not stop till he had rent it asunder, and disclosed to the eyes of mortals and immortals, the dwellings of the dead, at which men, and the gods themselves, shudder."

Heaven, in loud thunders bids the trumpets sound,
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
The infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head;
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,

And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men and dreadful e'en to gods.—POPE.

“What a picture is here!” exclaims Longinus. “The earth laid open to its centre; Tartarus itself disclosed to view; the whole world in commotion, and tottering on its basis; and what is more, Heaven and Hell, things mortal and immortal, all combating together, and sharing the dangers of this important battle.”—p. 30.

This great admirer of the *Iliad* does not think so favourably of the *Odyssey*, in which he differs from many of the modern critics, who place them side by side. This is not the place to institute a comparison between the two poems; nor to assign the reasons why I agree with Longinus; but what he says is too remarkable to be passed without notice.

“The *Odyssey* is the decline of a great genius; which in old age begins to show a fondness for narrations. The *Iliad*, the production of earlier years, is full of vigour and action: the *Odyssey* is almost entirely spent in telling stories, the delight of old age. In the latter work, Homer may be compared to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains to the eye, though its heat is no longer felt. It is the meridian fire which animates the *Iliad*, a loftiness of genius which never sinks, an activity which never slumbers, a torrent of passion which bears down all before it, a crowd of ingenious and probable fictions. Yet like the ocean, whose very shores, when deserted by the tide, mark how wide has been the expanse of its waters, so the genius of Homer, when ebbing into all the incredible ramblings of Ulysses, shows to how sublime a height it once had soared. Not that I forget the storms, which are described in so terrible a manner, in several parts of the *Odyssey*; nor the adventures of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and some other instances of the true sublime. No, I am indeed speaking of old age, but it is the old age of Homer.”

Longinus, being desirous of giving another example of lively imagery, although very inferior, to the many which he had cited from Homer, selects one from the *Phaeton* of Euripides, which, together with many others of his plays, has been lost. He admits that Euripides, who excels in the pathetic, but whom, all the ancient critics, commencing with Aristotle, have placed far above Sophocles, in style,—cannot sustain a comparison with Homer.

“ But,” he adds, “ though his genius was not naturally great, yet in many instances he has worked it up to the true spirit of tragedy, and he always rises where his subject demands it.” This is evident from that passage where Sol delivers the reins of his chariot to Phaeton:

Drive on, but cautious shun the Lybian air;
That hot unmoisten'd region of the sky
Soon will force thy rapid chariot down.

And a little after,

Thence let the Pleiades point thy wary course.
Thus spoke the god. Th' impatient youth with haste
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
He starts, the coursers whom the lashing whip
Excites, outstrip the winds, and whirl the car
High through the airy void. Behind, the sire
Borne on his planetary steed, pursues
With eye intent, and warns him with his voice,
Drive there! now here! here! turn the chariot here!

“ Who would not say,” exclaims Longinus, “ that the soul of the poet had mounted the vehicle, accompanying the charioteer, sharing his dangers and urging his rapidity.”

By the side of this picture, so animated, he places another of a very different character: it is that of the seven commanders before Thebes, who bound themselves by oath not to survive Eteocles. It is taken from Eschylus.

The seven, a warlike leader each in chief
Stood round; and o'er the brazen shield they slew
A sullen bull; then plunging deep their hands
Into the foaming gore, with oaths invoked
Mars and Bellona, and bloodthirsty terror.

These two extracts, from Euripides and Eschylus, have nothing in them which can properly be called sublime; but the one is remarkable for the vivacity, and the other for the strength of the imagery, and both, of course, belong to that elevated style of which he is treating.

On the subject of oratorical figures, he cites two celebrated passages from Demosthenes, which we shall notice when we come

to speak of this orator. On the subject of figures, however, he gives a very sensible precept, which deserves the attention of those who use them, and those whose business it is to determine their merits. "It is natural to man to dislike artifice, and as figures belong to this description, that is the best which is best concealed. It is therefore necessary that the strength of the idea and the sentiment should be such as to cover the figure."

This is a just observation. Figures of rhetoric, as they are called, have been decried, not because they are not good in themselves, but because they have been carried to an excess. We should bear in mind that our figures should always be consistent with the idea or sentiment, without which they will not be natural, for it is unnatural for a man who is not excited to some degree of passion to make use of animated embellishments in his discourse. It is admitted that we are indebted to this passion or sensibility for the invention of those figures, which give strength to discourse. Therefore when this correspondence exists, the effect is certain, because then, as Longinus says, the figure is so natural that we do not dream of its existence. Let us take, for instance, the apostrophe of Ajax, which we recently cited. The manner is so true, the idea so grand, it arises so naturally from the situation and the character, as to attract all our attention, and prevent us from perceiving a figure of rhetoric which is called an apostrophe. But let us suppose that a person in a tranquil situation should address Jupiter, without having any thing more than ordinary to say to him, every one would at once see the rhetorician, and ask, what is the use of this apostrophe? That of Ajax, conceals itself, to adopt the phrase of Longinus, in the sublimity of the thought. Sophocles gives us another instance of the sublime sentiment. I know of none which will illustrate the idea of Longinus more clearly. I quote that part of *Philoctetes*, in which this wretched man is informed by Neoptolémus, that he is to be carried to the siege of Troy, and he conjures him to return his arrows to him.

Thou worst of men, thou vile artificer
Of fraud most infamous, what hast thou done?
How have I been deceived? dost thou not blush
To look upon me, to behold me thus

Beneath thy feet imploring? base betrayer!
 To rob me of my bow, the means of life,
 The only means; give 'em, restore 'em to me;
 Do not take all: alas! he hears me not,*
 Nor deigns to speak, but casts an angry look
 That says, I never shall be free again.
 Oh! mountains, rivers, rocks, and savage herds!
 To you I speak, to you alone I now
 Must breathe my sorrows; you are wont to hear
 My sad complaints, and I will tell you all
 That I have suffered from Achilles' son. Frank. *Seph.* p. 169.

Here we see figures of the boldest character: an apostrophe addressed to a source where it cannot be understood. But who would expect to find a figure in this distress of Philoctetes, which his situation renders so natural? Who does not perceive that extreme grief carries him to these lengths: and when Neoptolémus turns a deaf ear to his importunities, to whom can he address himself, but to the mountains, rocks and wild beasts, to which he had been accustomed to make his lamentations.

Interrogation is another figure, which the critic mentions as contributing to the success of eloquence. "Is not discourse enlivened, strengthened, and borne more forcibly along by this figure?—" "Would you," says Demosthenes, "go about the city and demand, what news? What greater news can there be, than that a Macedonian enslaves the Athenians, and lords it over Greece? Is Philip dead? No, but he is very sick. And what advantage would accrue to you from his death, when as soon as his head is laid low, you yourselves will raise up another Philip?" And again, "Let us sail for Macedonia. But where shall we land? The very war will discover to us the rotten and unguarded sides of Philip." Had this been uttered simply, and without interrogation, it would have fallen vastly short of the majesty requisite to the subject in debate. But as it is, the energy and rapidity that appears in every question and answer, and the quick replies to his own demands, as if they were the objections of another person, not only renders his oration more sublime and lofty, but more plausible and probable. For the

* Neoptolemus, may be supposed to be repenting of his perfidy and lost in thought—debating with himself, whether he shall restore the arrows.

pathetic then works the most surprising effects upon us, when it seems not fitted to the subject by the skill of the speaker, but to flow opportunely from it.

Thus much of figures, of which I have only spoken, in this place, as they regard the sublime. What Longinus says of words and of arrangement and number, is not applicable to our tongue; but he gives one general precept, which is of use to writers in all languages: we must never offend the ear by low or antiquated expressions. In this particular, Hesiod offends greatly in *The Shield* (if he wrote it), when he says of Melancholy,

A filthy moisture from her nostrils flowed.

This image is not terrible or affecting, but nauseous and loathsome. Here we may observe, that some objects are equally vulgar in all languages, although we find there are many words which are ignoble in one idiom and not so in another.

He reproaches Plato likewise with being too luxuriant in his style and affected in his ornaments. "A city," says Plato, "should resemble a goblet replenished with a well tempered mixture: where, when the foaming deity of wine is poured in, it sparkles and fumes; but when chastised by another more sober divinity, it joins in firm alliance, and composes a pleasant and palatable liquor."* To call water a *sober divinity* is as ridiculous in English as in Greek, and the remark of Longinus appears as just to us, as it must have been to his first readers. Although an enlightened admirer of great writers, he is not blind to their faults. We have seen what he thought of the *Odyssey*, and though he censures Plato in some respects, he admires his fine genius. He is still more captivated with Demosthenes, whom he exalts above all orators, though he does not conceal any of his defects. "Demosthenes does not succeed in moderate tones; he has too much harshness: he wants ease and pomp, and he is ignorant of the art of pleasantry. Hyperides, his rival, on the contrary, possesses all those qualities in which he was deficient. But he never could attain the sublime. Demosthenes was born to reach that eminence.

* To call water a sober divinity, and the mixture chastisement, is a shrewd argument that the author was not very sober himself.

Nature and study combined to give him every assistance in the acquisition. He united in himself all the qualities which constitute a great orator, the majestic tone, vehemence of action, rich in his resources, address, rapidity and force in the highest degree."

Then he compares him with Cicero, "who is great in his abundance as Demosthenes is in his conciseness. Demosthenes strikes with more powerful might at the passions; is inflamed with fervent vehemence and passionate ardour. He seems to be all fire; and as he bears down every thing before him, he may be compared to a thunderbolt or hurricane. But Cicero, like a wide conflagration, spreads and devours on all sides; his flames are numerous and their heat is lasting; they break out at different times and in various places, and are nourished to a raging violence by successive additions of suitable fuel.

Longinus employs one chapter in the discussion of a question, which has frequently been agitated since his time; and which, properly speaking, cannot be a question. It is whether a *mediocrity* which has no faults, nor any striking beauties, be preferable to a sublime, which is tinctured with some blemishes. There seems to be, here, a contradiction of terms. For it is a real blemish not to have some striking beauties, where the subject will admit them. "We readily pardon those who soar on a lofty wing and occasionally fall, and those who sometimes forget the fertile resources which they can command. It is not surprising that he who never rises should never fall, but we are naturally led to admire what is great, and one of the fine strokes of a superior is sufficient to make us forget all his faults."

Some critics have wandered so far from the true spirit of this passage, as to contend, that a single beauty would atone for all the faults of a bad work. Longinus seems to have been aware of this interpretation, and he guards against it by giving an instance. "Collect together," he says, "all the faults of Homer and Demosthenes, and you will find that they will make but a small book." This is saying very clearly that we only excuse faults, where the beauties predominate; in which opinion Horace concurs.

In another chapter, the critic endeavours to develop the power of that harmony, which arises from the arrangement of words, and which was so indispensable in the poetry and eloquence of a peo-

ple, who, both from custom and the construction of their language, were so sensibly alive to the melody of sounds. The judgment of the ear is the nicest of all, says Quintilian. Harmony of language, says Longinus, strikes not only the ear, but the mind: it excites a crowd of ideas, sentiments, images, and approaches more nearly to the heart, by the relation between sound and thought—an apt connexion of the parts, conduces as much to the improvement of a discourse as symmetry in the members of the body to the formation of a majestic mien. If they are taken apart, each member will possess no grandeur or beauty, though together they constitute what is called a fine person. So it is with a harmonious period; destroy the arrangement and the effect is lost.” This comparison is perfectly just.

Longinus advises us, to be careful against making our sentences too long or too short. The latter fault is particularly at variance with a sublime style—not the sublime of words,—but that majestic style, which belongs to great subjects. From the very commencement of his treatise, Longinus continues throughout to dwell upon those vices which are opposed to a sublime style; but I have deemed it proper to pursue a different course, for in all things it seems to me better to indicate what should be done, rather than what should be avoided. The faults which he points out are three; bombast, far-fetched ornaments, which he calls a frigid and puerile style, and false heat or passion. The bombastic, he says, is the most difficult to be avoided: we fall into it, unconsciously, in aiming at the sublime, or striving to avoid feebleness and sterility. We entrench ourselves under the maxim that in a noble attempt it is glorious to fall: but we abuse it. Bombast is not more vicious in discourse, than grossness in the body. It makes a show, but it is hollow within. Nothing is so dry as a dropsy. This comparison is borrowed from Quintilian. “The cold and puerile style, is an abuse of figures which we learn in the schools: it is the fault of those who are always striving to say something extraordinary, and brilliant—and who by forcing themselves to be natural, fall into a ridiculous affectation. That false passion, which a rhetorician called Theodore, very happily denominated fury out of season, consists in rising at an improper time, or in becoming very animated when we should be very cool. Such writers resemble a

man in a state of intoxication: they strive to express passions which they do not feel, and nothing is more ridiculous than a person in a violent rage, when no other individual is moved."

This excellent critic concludes his work by deploring the loss of that noble eloquence, which was heard in the flourishing days of Athens and Rome. This he attributes to the loss of their liberty. "It is impossible," he says, "for a slave to be a sublime orator." When we come to speak of the decline of letters in Greece and Rome, we shall perceive the justice of this observation, and that the same corruption which produced the downfall of ancient governments, hastened that of the fine arts. I. E. H.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TORDENSKIOLD, THE DANISH ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL TORDENSKIOLD, was, in the literal sense of the words by which he was designated, on being raised to the honours of nobility—thunder (*Torden*) to the enemy, and a shield (*Skjold*) to his own country. Never did any nation produce a naval hero more humane, magnanimous, intrepid, valiant, and full of resources than *Peter Vessel*; who, from being a tailor's apprentice, rose to the dignity of a vice admiral, and a nobleman. He was born at Drontheim, in Norway. The present opportunity does not admit of a detail of the multifarious and splendid exploits of this wonderful character; but the rapidity of his promotion will no doubt be deemed perfectly conclusive of the importance of his services.

By his daring attack on the Swedish port of Dynehil, where Charles XII. had assembled a great number of vessels, laden with ammunition and provisions, which were all captured or destroyed by the Danes, Tordenskiold effectually frustrated the schemes of the Swedish king against Norway, in the year 1716. His frequent descents on the coasts of Sweden were always attended by those beneficial results to his country, which a century afterwards, were so fondly anticipated by the illustrious Nelson, from the employment of a floating army, as he expressed himself.

It redounds exceedingly to the honour of Tordenskiold, that his patriotic antipathies as a Norwegian, and his resentments

as a loyal subject of the king of Denmark, on no occasion betrayed him into an aggression on the unarmed inhabitants of Sweden. He inspired them with terror only, never with horror; and his gallant companions in arms proved that they were actuated by the same spirit of humanity which distinguished their leader. After the capture of the town of Marstrand, the inhabitants were placed in the most cruel predicament, by the firing from the adjacent fort, which was kept up for the purpose of dislodging Tordenskiold. He instantly wrote to the Swedish governor, entreating him to cease firing until the inhabitants of the town, and such effects as could be removed, were placed in safety. His proposal was complied with, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who had not been taught to expect such benevolence from an enemy, whose name they employed as a bug-bear to frighten their children.

Among his own countrymen, and more especially among those under his command, Tordenskiold possessed all the respect and affection, which his exalted character, and the brilliancy of his exploits so justly entitled him to. His country to him was the highest consideration on earth; his bitterest personal enemy, he no longer regarded as his foe when he proved himself a friend to Denmark. Thus captain Vosbein, of the navy, had been repeatedly guilty of breaches of duty, accompanied by marks of disrespect to Tordenskiold, which induced the admiral to transmit complaints to the admiralty, and at the same time to despatch an order for putting captain Vosbein under arrest. Before the order could be executed, captain Vosbein had the good fortune to fall in with a Swedish vessel of far superior force, which he most gallantly engaged, and after a desperate action, succeeded in capturing. Tordenskiold was so struck with captain Vosbein's exploits that he instantly forgot all his offences, and not only addressed a congratulatory letter to him full of the warmest expressions of friendship and regard, but recommended the captain so strongly to the admiralty and to the king, that he was promoted to the rank of commodore.

The life of Tordenskiold abounds with instances of the most adventurous intrepidity and determined valour. He once went on shore in Sweden with a small party to obtain intelligence, and unfortunately fell into an ambush, whence some Swedish dragoons

sallied forth. Tordenskiold's men took to their heels, and he was for once compelled to turn his back on his foes; he was however overtaken before he could reach the beach by one of the dragoons, who placing himself between Tordenskiold and the water called upon him to surrender. Tordenskiold who grasped his naked sword, said he would surrender; upon which another dragoon rode forward to take his sword, but Tordenskiold instantly cut off the dragoon's hand; and exclaiming, "not this time," leaped between the other two dragoons, and threw himself into the sea. Placing his sword in his mouth, he swam to his boat, pursued indeed by the dragoons, as far as they could follow him; but Tordenskiold being a skilful and swift swimmer, and they being without fire-arms, he succeeded in effecting his escape.

His attack on the shipping of Gottenburgh is an instance of boat-service, which may well be compared with the most brilliant achievements of that kind recorded in the naval annals of any country. The Swedes had captured some small armed and trading vessels from the Danes, while they lay at anchor off the coast of Sweden; Tordenskiold determined to obtain redress, and marked out Gottenburgh for the scene of his enterprise. He set off in the evening with ten lanches and contrived to elude the vigilance of the Swedish guard vessels; he passed unobserved by the fortress of New Elfsborg, and in the best order possible reached the fortress of Old Elfsborg by which the shipping was protected. Tordenskiold disembarked his men, who seized the Swedish guard, spiked the guns on the fortifications, and began to warp the ships out of the harbour. Independently of the vessels taken from the Danes, the harbour contained a new 36 gun frigate, several galleys, a bomb and a ship fitted for a powder magazine, every one of which Tordenskiold captured. But the intricacies of Gottenburgh river obliged him to set fire to the prizes except a few of the recaptured Danish vessels. The inhabitants of Gottenburgh and the garrison of New Elfsborg were thrown into the greatest consternation; they stared and wondered how their ships moored in a secure harbour could possibly blow up one after another, and this in some measure enabled the gallant Tordenskiold to complete his retaliation effectually. When Tordenskiold had re-embarked his men, and proceeded to join his

ships in the offing he was hailed by a Swedish boat. He replied "Tordenskiold! I have been here to teach your governor vigilance." On repassing the fortress of New Ellsborg a tremendous fire was kept on the Danish boats, but fortune continuing to favour Tordenskiold, no material injury was done either to his men or to his boats.

Of his determined valour, the following example may give an adequate idea. Being ordered to quit the Norway station he set sail for Copenhagen, in a small Swedish prize, mounting two guns, with a crew of twenty-two hands. In the course of the voyage he was overtaken by a Swedish sloop of war. Against such a disparity of force the bravest man would have been justified in declining a contest; but difficulties and dangers only crowded upon Tordenskiold to afford him more exquisite delight in overcoming them. He placed both the guns on one side of the vessel, and made the necessary arrangements for keeping up a brisk fire of musketry. Two servants he directed to be at his side, to load his rifles as fast as he discharged them.

The first broadside from the Swedish sloop killed and wounded some of Tordenskiold's crew; and the kind of resistance which he made appeared so trifling, that the Swedes called out to him to surrender. The Danish admiral replied, that they were fighting with Tordenskiold, who never thought of surrendering.

At length, however, Tordenskiold's vessel appeared unable to sustain a longer conflict, when the Swedish commander, waving his hat exclaimed, "I am happy to have it in my power to carry Tordenskiold to Gottenburgh!" "Neither you nor any other Swede shall ever do that," replied Tordenskiold, and shot the Swedish captain at the instant. Tordenskiold then ordered his musicians to strike up a national air, which the crew accompanied with hearty cheers. The notion of Tordenskiold's invincibility at this moment recurred to the Swedes with such force that they sheered off.

During the action Tordenskiold had been in great want of bullets; he was not however at a loss, but made use of English block tin, which he cut into pieces for the purpose.

The manner in which he obtained possession of the Swedish fortress of Marstrand, deserves to be noticed as an apt illustration of the fertile resources of his mind.

When he had taken the town, he wrote to the commandant of the fort, informing him that he had resolved to take the fort, that he had plenty of troops, and that he expected a speedy reinforcement of a whole army for the purpose of effecting ulterior objects. With a view to impose on the credulity of the commandant, he added, that he might send an officer to view his troops, and preparations, and he would find all that he had advanced to be true. The Swedish commandant took Tordenskiold at his word and despatched a captain to review the Danish troops. When the captain produced his credentials, Tordenskiold told him, without hesitation, that his wish should be complied with, and in his hearing ordered the troops to be mustered in the streets. Tordenskiold then invited the Swedish captain to breakfast, and after the repast they walked out to view the soldiers. But Tordenskiold had drawn his men up in so artful a manner, that as soon as a certain body of them had been reviewed, the party slyly stole into another street, and were again drawn up. The Swedish captain surrounded by Danish officers, who kept him in constant conversation, did not perceive the stratagem, and returned to the commandant, whom he assured, that the whole town of Marstrand was lined with Danish troops: upon which the fort surrendered.

The fame of Tordenskiold was so well established abroad, as well as at home, that his majesty king George the First of England, expressed a wish to see the Danish admiral. In obedience to that monarch's desire, Tordenskiold accordingly set off, and by the way stopped some time at Hamburgh. Here a Swedish colonel Stael happened to excite considerable attention, among the higher orders of society, by pretending to have in his possession a snake with seven crown'd heads. The circumstance attracted the notice of a youth in the suit of Tordenskiold, whose curiosity easily prompted him to pay the Swedish colonel a visit. He did not however see the snake, but was enticed to play, and lost a great deal of money. Tordenskiold was informed of what had happened, and being one day at the house of the burgomaster when the story of the snake became the topic of conversation, took occasion to declare that the fellow who pretended to possess the snake in question, was nothing but an arrant knave, who had tricked an inexperienced youth of his suit out of a large sum of money.

Tordenskiold's words were no sooner uttered than a person walked up to him, and demanded how he came to speak so confidently on the subject. "Dare you thus address a Danish admiral, sir," replied Tordenskiold with great warmth. "Yes" returned the person who put the question, at the same time raising his stick in a menacing attitude, "for I am the man who possess the snake, I am colonel Stael in his Swedish majesty's service." "Then, sir, you are the arrant knave I declared you to be before I was personally acquainted with you; and I will immediately prove my words with effect," said Tordenskiold; snatched the stick out of the Swedish colonel's hand, gave him a sound beating with it, broke the stick and threw the fragments out of the window. A challenge was sent by colonel Stael, which Tordenskiold justly considered beneath his dignity to accept. Some officious persons, with a ridiculous tenderness for Tordenskiold's character, if not for baser motives, however interfered, and Tordenskiold agreed to meet colonel Stael, but declined settling the matter by means of pistols, conceiving that he should certainly possess an undue superiority over his antagonist; for Tordenskiold was confessedly the best shot of his day. Unfortunately, however, he carried his romantic sense of honour still further, and took with him only a dress sword, while colonel Stael brought a large sword. Skilfully, however, as Tordenskiold handled his weapon, fortune, as *Holberg* expresses it in his Latin epitaph on Tordenskiold, left *him* in a private quarrel, *whom* she had never abandoned in public strife.

Colonel Stael did not however long enjoy what he vauntingly proclaimed a national triumph. His line of life would naturally often involve him in disputes, and he fell some time afterwards by the hands of a Danish officer.

The body of Tordenskiold was conveyed to Copenhagen for interment in the Navy Church, where a monument has been erected to his memory, with the following inscription:

Conditur hac urna Borealis gloria Ponti,
Danorum plausus deliciæque breves,
Ferrea quem Lachesis raptum florentibus annis,
Dum numerat Palmas, credidit esse senem.

Which Mr. Walker has thus translated,

Here rests the glory of the Northern main,
 Denmark's brief pride, unconquered Tordenskiold:
 Fate broke in early youth his vital chain,
 Yet, while she summ'd his actions thought him old.

Tordenskiold was but twenty-eight years old when he died.

A VOYAGE TO SPITZBERGEN;

Containing an account of the Country; of the Zoology of the North; of the Shetland Isles; and of the Whale Fishery. With an appendix, containing an historical account of the Dutch, English, and American Whale Fisheries; some important observations on the variation of the Compass, &c.; and some extracts from Mr. Scoresby's paper on "Polar Ice." By John Laing, surgeon. Second edition, corrected and enlarged. 12mo. pp. 165. [From the Monthly Review.]

Mr. LAING has mixed with his own observations much that was before known, and has been rather abundant in quotations from works of natural history; but his remarks are presented in the modest form of a duodecimo volume, at the reasonable price of four shillings and sixpence; whereas, in the hands of publishers, more studious in such matters, they would probably have been deemed competent to the completion of a handsome octavo volume, at double the price.

"Not many years ago," says Mr. Laing, "Whitby sent upwards of twenty vessels to Greenland. The trade afterwards fell much to decay, until it was latterly revived by the persevering activity of captain Scoresby." He notices the small town of Marton, contiguous to Whitby, as being the birth-place of the great circumnavigator, captain James Cook;* whose barometer (that which he had used in his voyages of discovery) was on board the ship in which the author had engaged to serve as surgeon; and it was probably out of respect to the memory of captain Cook that the vessel was also named the *Resolution*.

This Greenland-ship, commanded by captain Scoresby, was new, stout-built, of about 400 tons burthen, and, besides being

* Captain James Cook was born October the 27th, 1728.

provided for the Greenland fishery, was fitted out as a letter of marque, or private ship of war. She had nine fishing boats, and a crew of between sixty and seventy men. She sailed from Whitby on the 23d of March, 1806, and on the 25th at noon, anchored in Bressay sound, opposite to Lerwick, the capital of the Shetland isles. According to Mr. Laing's estimation, Lerwick contained about one thousand eight hundred inhabitants; and two packets, having good accommodation for passengers, were generally in employ between this place and Leith. The harbour or sound of Bressay is formed by the mainland of Shetland, and the island of Bressay, and has two entrances. "On the outside of the north entry lies a sunken rock, called the Unicorn. On this rock was wrecked the Unicorn man-of-war, sent out in pursuit of the earl of Bothwell, who fled to Shetland, and hence the rock has its name." Two other small isles, near the isle of Bressay, are distant from each other thirty-two yards, and their height above the level of the sea is about five hundred feet. One of these is a steep and nearly perpendicular *holm* (by which name is signified any small island not inhabited, but used for pasture), having a small level at the top which produces excellent feed for sheep.

"To transport them there, however, might well have been thought impossible; but human ingenuity requires only the exhibition of difficulties in order to overcome them. An islander climbed up the rock, and having fastened some ropes to stakes he drove into the soil on the top, threw them across the intervening chasm to the headland, where they were in like manner fastened. A cradle or basket was then drawn along these ropes, and sheep are thus transported to, and from the holm; and the eggs or young of the sea-fowl, which there breed in vast numbers, fall an easy prey to the skill and industry of man.

"The adventurous islander who first ascended the holm, and showed the possibility of joining it to the island, from an excess of bravery, met with an untimely end. Disdaining to pass over in the cradle, and trusting that the same expertness which had conducted him to the summit of the rock would enable him to descend to its base,—he fell and was dashed to pieces."

Those who desire cheap living more than they dread a severe climate, may find their account in making Shetland their abode; since a pig ready for the spit can be purchased for two shillings; and sheep, full grown, the breed indeed small, sell from four to

seven shillings each. The number of sheep on the Shetland isles has been estimated to be between 110,000 and 120,000. "The wool of these sheep is remarkably fine; but there is so much diversity in its quality, that some stockings at 2l. 2s. *per* pair, and others at sixpence, are made from it. The very fine ones, esteemed superior in value to silk, will pass through a small finger ring. The sheep are not shorn, but early in June the wool is pulled off without injuring the animal; and in this process care is taken to leave the long hairs which grow among the wool, by which means the young wool is sheltered, and the animal kept warm and comfortable." The inclemency of the weather will not allow the introduction of a larger breed of sheep.

Some description is also given of the husbandry practised in Shetland. Ships employed in the Greenland fishery generally sail from England short of hands, and fill up their complement of men at Shetland; and here the Greenland seamen supply themselves with mittens, caps, and "comforters." "The whole number of the inhabitants on the Shetland islands, according to the latest account (*i.e.* in 1807), was estimated to be 22,379 persons, and the whole land-rental amounted to about 5000l. *per annum*." During his stay here, both in 1806 and 1807, Mr. Laing was asked to visit sick patients; and, medical advice and drugs being at an exorbitant price, captain Scoresby charitably allowed him to give medicines *gratis* to such as were objects of compassion; while Mr. L. as charitably took nothing for his trouble.

April the 12th, they came in sight of the island of Ian Mayen, and shortly afterward made the ship fast to one of those floating mountains of ice, called icebergs. Mr. L. thus accounts for the formation of such of the icebergs as are at the same time the most compact and the most transparent. "The sun, even in these high latitudes, has considerable power in melting the snow on the mountains, which running down into the vallies, and again congealing, segments frequently break off from the entire mass, and fall into the sea." It was observed, when the ship was fastened to one of the icebergs, "that whilst from its great depth it drifted but little, the lesser fragments of ice were driven past it at the rate of two knots an hour." The fact of the surface of the sea freezing is thus circumstantially related:—

"I had this day a complete proof of the fallacy of the opinion, which maintained that salt water did not freeze. All around the ship, ice was formed on the surface of the water; I observed the spiculæ darting with considerable velocity, and in an immense variety of forms. This ice, when newly formed, is of a bay colour, and when it has attained the thickness of window glass, is called by the sailors, *bay ice*. It is rough on the surface, and opaque; if the frost be not interrupted by a swell of the sea, or storm, the salt water ice often extends to an immense distance. It is by the Greenland sailors termed a *field*, when of such extent that the eye cannot reach its bounds. The smaller fragments of salt water ice are called *seal-meadows*, and on them these animals often sport by hundreds."

What will our continental travellers, who have seen the wonders of the Alps and Appennines, say, when they shall be told that the glaciers of those mountains are of an inferior order to the glaciers of Spitzbergen?

"The mountains of Spitzbergen," Mr. Laing says, "have been observed by voyagers to decline in altitude towards the east; neither are the eastern mountains so black, steep, or naked, as those more to the west.— This curious phenomenon is considered by some naturalists as a general law of nature. The mountains here are totally composed of one entire and single mass of granite. The only fissures discovered in their vast extent are formed by the intensity of the frost rending them asunder. They burst with a noise like thunder, and often huge fragments are torn from the summits, and rolled with great impetuosity to the base.

"The glaciers are the most astonishing of all the natural phenomena of this country. It would only convey a faint representation of their size and magnificence, to say, that they far surpassed those of Switzerland. Travellers who have been in both countries declare there is no comparison between them. Perhaps the most proper method to form a just conception of their magnitude, is by considering the size of the icebergs, which, as previously stated, are fragments of them. One of these masses, according to Phipps, has been found grounded in twenty-four fathoms water, while it towered above the surface to the height of fifty feet."

Spitzbergen, the most northern land which has yet been seen by the human race (its northern extreme being beyond the 80th parallel), is not entirely destitute of vegetation. "Some plants are found which brave the rigour of perpetual frost, and convey some faint representation of a more southern country. They are generally short, crabbed, and have a wretched appearance. The *Salix herbacea*, dwarf willow, the most vigorous of them all,

scarcely rises two inches from the ground. Among the few herbs, the *Cochlearia*, scurvy grass, deserves the first rank, as being the providential resource of distempered seamen. Here are also found several species of *Lichen*, liverwort, *Saxifragia*, *Ranunculus*, *Bryum*, and a few others, of little or no use in the medical world." Reindeer are observable in every part of Spitzbergen; and it is said that parties of Russians have continued there throughout the year, for the purpose of hunting, who were "well provided with fuel from the immense quantities of drifted wood that is every where to be found in the different creeks."—"The one summer day of Spitzbergen," the author remarks, "continues from about the middle of May to the middle of October, when the sun bids a long adieu to this northern region."

In a brief description of the northern animals, Mr. Laing notices a curious or rather an odd kind of dispute, which has taken place among naturalists respecting discrimination of taste in the appetite of the polar bear. "Some naturalists maintain that the polar bear chiefly delights in human flesh; which is expressly contradicted by Fabricius, who from long residence in Greenland must be allowed to be unexceptionable authority. He says, it will not prey on man unless pressed by hunger." This may be considered as strange: but, apprehending, as we do, that the time at which the bear is not hungry must be when he is asleep, the wonder is considerably abated: yet, even in that state, his quick sense of smelling might probably sleep less soundly than his other senses. As for his discrimination, that quality might appear when variety within his reach afforded him an opportunity of showing preference: but, when he had only "Hobson's choice," we suspect that he would, whatsoever the fare, invariably prefer it to the continuance of hunger. On mature consideration, we desire not to trust ourselves to the discriminate forbearance of Mr. Bruin, whether famished or full, even on the authority of Fabricius.

Seals have been remarked to be very sagacious, and of sociable dispositions. About seven years ago, a live seal was brought to London, and exhibited as a curiosity. In countenance and manner it much resembled a dog, having a similar expression of familiarity, but by no means the same degree of animation. A tub

being kept filled with salt water for him, and level with the top of the tub, a bank being made with straw on it, he might be said to have had a choice of being at sea or on shore; and so contented was he with his situation, that he had increased 30 lbs. in weight from the time at which he was first taken. It has been observed that these animals have a quick sense of hearing, and are delighted with musical sounds.

The author describes the manner of pursuing and killing the whale: but we learn that the south whale fishery in late years has procured much respite for the northern whales, the ships employed at present in the Greenland fishery, from this country, being not above one-fourth of the number employed thirty years ago.

So early in the season as the 28th of May, the ship was in latitude, by observation, $81^{\circ} 30' N.$, "the sea-shore at this time," the author remarks, "almost clear of ice, with a great swell."—From what quarter the swell came, he has omitted to specify. "The weather was serene. Had our object been the making discoveries, there was not *apparently* any thing to have prevented us from going a good way farther to the north." This statement holds out something like encouragement to the reader to expect that the sea may be found navigable even to the Pole: but, in the ensuing page, Mr. L. relates; "In my second voyage to this country (*i. e.* 1807), we could not penetrate higher than $78^{\circ} 30' N.$ A ridge of ice totally prevented our farther progress." It is regarded as a circumstance favourable to the experiment now making, that a larger quantity of ice was dismissed from the Northern Sea in the last year than that which has been noticed in any former year.

On the 26th of June, which may there also be called midsummer, the weather was so sharp that one of the boat-steerers, being thrown overboard by a stroke from the tail of a whale, was taken into the boat again almost senseless with the cold; and before they could row him to the ship, he was apparently without life. "He was laid on a blanket before the fire. No pulsation was found in any part, and a mirror held before his mouth produced no evidence of respiration." After having vainly tried to restore animation by chafing, hot flannels, camphorated spirits, and other applications, Mr. Laing ordered; as the last resource, that one of

the men should blow into the patient's mouth as strongly as he could, holding his nostrils, at the same time, lest any of the air should escape.

"When I found, by the rising of the chest, that the lungs were properly inflated, I ordered him to quit blowing, and with my hand pressed down the chest and belly, so as to expel the air. This imitation of natural respiration was pursued for a short time, till putting my hand on his left breast, I found his heart give some feeble beats: soon after, the pulse at the wrist was found to beat."—"Captain Scoresby was so kind as to order him to be put into his own bed, with two of the men, one on each side, to bring him the sooner to a natural heat."

The Resolution did not lose a single man in either of the voyages which the writer made to the Greenland seas.

In imitation of bulky authors, Mr. Laing has subjoined an appendix to the narrative of his voyages, in which is an account of a town named Hammerfest in West Finmark, from a communication made by a gentleman who was in the North Seas in the year 1814, on board the British frigate *Sybilie*, sent there for the protection of our Greenland fishery. Hammerfest is in so high a latitude as 70° 38' N., and we believe that it has not yet found its way into our gazetteers.

"About the 20th of June, the ships *Sybilie* and *Princess Carolina* stood from Spitzbergen for the North Cape, in order to water, and procure any refreshments that could be got. After making the land to the westward of the cape, we stood into a large bay, to look for a place of safety to accomplish our purpose, hardly suspecting that any inhabitants were to be found. On standing in, we observed some boats under sail, one of which was soon brought along side, that contained a family of Finmarkers, some of whom spoke the Danish language. They informed us of the town of *Hammerfest* being close by, and offered to take us in. This offer was soon embraced, and in a few hours, the town opened to our view; which, to our astonishment, contained a church, batteries, &c. The captain of the port soon made his appearance, and anchored us in safety. I made a survey of this place, and ascertained its latitude to be 70° 38' 34" N., and its longitude 24° 28' E. from the meridian of Greenwich."

Hammerfest is but small, the number of the inhabitants being estimated at only about two hundred. The coast in the neighbourhood of the North Cape, however, appears to be more fully peopled than we could have imagined in a country situated in so

high a latitude. The same writer says, "I was informed that 3000 boats were yearly employed by the Finmarkers in fishing; for as soon as the hunting season is over, they devote their whole attention to the fisheries. Four or five men are attached to each boat."—"The female beauty of Hammerfest had sufficient attraction to induce the gentlemen of the Princess Carolina and Sybille to give them a ball and supper. The invitation was quite general, and the whole went off with great *éclat*."

Two other papers in the appendix consist of extracts from observations written by Mr. Scoresby, son of captain S. of the *Resolution*, and inserted in the *Memoirs of the Wernerian Society*, on the subject of polar ice, and the possibility of reaching the North Pole. We shall have occasion in our next number to make a report of these memoirs: but, in the mean time, we may now quote a few paragraphs respecting the tremendous masses of ice which occur in the high northern latitudes.

"The occasional rapid motion of fields, with the strange effects produced on any opposing substance, exhibited by such bodies, is one of the most striking objects this country presents, and is certainly the most terrific. They not unfrequently acquire a rotatory movement, whereby their circumference attains a velocity of several miles per hour. A field, thus in motion, coming in contact with another at rest, or more especially with a contrary direction of movement, produces a dreadful shock. A body of more than ten thousand millions of tons in weight,* meeting with resistance, when in motion, the consequences may possibly be conceived!—

"It may easily be imagined, that the strongest ship can no more withstand the shock of the contact of two fields, than a sheet of paper can stop a musket-ball. Numbers of vessels, since the establishment of the fishery, have been thus destroyed. Some have been thrown upon the ice: some have had their hulls completely torn open; and others have been buried beneath the heaped fragments of the ice.'"—

"In the month of May 1813, I witnessed a tremendous scene. Whilst navigating amidst the most ponderous ice which the Greenland seas pre-

* A field of thirty nautical miles square surface, and thirteen feet in thickness, would weigh somewhat more than is here mentioned. Allowing it to displace the water in which it floats, to the depth of eleven feet, the weight would appear to be 10,182,857,142, nearly in the proportion of a cubic foot of sea water to 64 lbs.'

sent, in the prospect of making our escape from a state of basement, our progress was unexpectedly arrested by an isthmus of ice, about a mile in breadth, formed by the coalition of the point of an immense *field* on the north, with that of an aggregation of *floes* on the south. To the north field we moored the ship, in the hope of the ice separating in this place.—I then quitted the ship, and travelled over the ice to the point of collision, to observe the state of the bar which now prevented our release. I immediately discovered that the two points had but recently met; that already a prodigious mass of rubbish had been squeezed upon the top, and that the motion had not abated. The fields continued to overlay each other with a majestic motion, producing a noise resembling that of complicated machinery, or distant thunder. The pressure was so immense, that numerous fissures were occasioned, and the ice repeatedly rent beneath my feet. In one of the fissures, I found the snow on the level to be three and a half feet deep, and the ice upwards of twelve. In one place, hummocks had been thrown up to the height of twenty feet from the surface of the field, and at least twenty-five feet from the level of the water; they extended fifty or sixty yards in length, and fifteen in breadth, forming a mass of about two thousand tons in weight. The majestic unvaried movement of the ice—the singular noise with which it was accompanied—the tremendous power exerted—and the wonderful effects produced—were calculated to excite sensations of novelty and grandeur, in the mind of even the most careless spectator!”

In the second paper, Mr. S. considers the possibility of reaching the North Pole by travelling over the ice on sledges, drawn by reindeer, or dogs; enumerating the several difficulties, and endeavouring to suggest means of obviating them. He evidently leans to the opinion that the attempt might be successful.

GAYETY COMPARED TO GOOD HUMOUR.

GAYETY is to good humour as animal perfume to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gayety seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy or despair. Good humour boasts no faculties, which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

THE POSSIBILITY OF APPROACHING THE NORTH POLE ASSERTED.

By the Hon. D. Barrington. A new edition. With an appendix, containing papers on the same subject, and on a north west passage. By Colonel Beaufoy, F.R.S. Illustrated with a Map of the North Pole, according to the latest discoveries. 8vo. pp. 280. [From the Monthly Review.]

THE same reason which induced us to remark on the second edition of Mr. Laing's Spitzbergen voyage calls on us to notice, though more briefly, the republication of the papers of the Hon. Daines Barrington* and colonel Beaufoy, on the possibility of approaching the North Pole; which are aptly described, in the preface of the volume before us, as "a mass of written, traditional, and conjectural evidence." They are accompanied by "a map of the countries around the North Pole," which strongly inculcates, in a manner not singular in the present day, the possibility of a polar navigation, and of a passage by the north of America to the sea of Kamtschatka. The editor tells us that, in "order to render the volume as complete as possible, an entirely new map of the North Pole is prefixed:" but it is not said to be according to actual survey, only "drawn from the best authorities, and according to the latest discoveries."

Among the accounts here given of near approaches to the Pole, the one which appears to us the best authenticated is that of captain McCallam, of Campbelltown, who, in 1751, is said to have reached as high a latitude as 83 degrees and a half north. The statement rests, indeed, on the authority of one of the voyagers, Mr. James Watt, from recollection after a lapse of many years: but Mr. Watt was subsequently a master and commander in the royal navy; and Mr. Daines Barrington, with a plainness and simplicity of manner which is to be found in all the writings of that worthy man and warm promoter of discovery, remarks; "it may possibly be said that this voyage took place above twenty years since, and that therefore at such a distance of time, no one's memory can be relied upon. But is it more extraordinary that

* We mentioned Mr. Barrington's papers, on their first appearance, in our liii. vol. O. S. p. 125.

Mr. Watt, who was himself an observer, should remember with accuracy that, two-and-twenty years ago, he had been in north latitude 83 degrees and a half, than that, at the same distance of time, he might recollect that he had been at a friend's house, which was situate eighty-three miles and a half from London?"

Mr. Daines Barrington was perhaps the most firm of any man in the persuasion that the north sea might be navigated to the Pole itself; of which a curious instance is furnished in a paper written by him, and read at the royal society, whence the following is an extract:—

"When the royal society was first instituted, it was usual to send queries to any traveller who happened to reside in England, after having been in parts of the world which are not commonly frequented.

"In the year 1662-3, Mr. Oldenburgh, the secretary of the society, was ordered to register a paper, entitled, 'Several Inquiries concerning Greenland, answered by Mr. Grey, who had visited those parts.'

"The 19th of these queries is the following:

"'How near any one hath been known to approach the Pole?'"

"Answer. 'I once met, upon the coast of Greenland, a Hollander, that swore he had been but half a degree from the Pole, showing me his journal, which was also attested by his mate; where they had seen no ice or land, but all water.'

"After which Mr. Oldenburgh adds, as from himself, 'This is incredible.'

"It may not be improper, therefore, after mentioning this first instance of a navigator's having approached so near to the Pole, to discuss upon what reasons Mr. Oldenburgh might found this his very peremptory incredulity."

Discussions have lately been revived concerning the probability of being able to reach the North Pole, by means of travelling with reindeer, from Spitzbergen, over the ice in the winter, when the sea is frozen: but various queries, which were proposed by colonel Beaufoy, with the answers to them, given by Russians, who had wintered in a high latitude, are reprinted in the appendix to this volume, which do not afford the least encouragement to such an attempt.

"Q. Does any danger arise either in crossing the land or the ice from the drifting of the snow?

"A. They do not journey in winter except to islands at trifling distances; and a traveller is in much danger if surprised by a sudden gale of

wind, accompanied by drifts of snow; he is obliged to lie down, covering himself with his —— ,” any thing, we suppose, that he has with him, “and remain so secured till the hurricane is over; but when it continues for any length of time, the poor wretch often perishes.”

As to wintering in a high latitude, for example at Spitzbergen, we believe that it would be attended with less danger now than formerly; the new methods of preserving provisions, together with other improvements, having nearly expelled the sea-scurvy from the list of human diseases.

TRAVELS IN POLAND, AUSTRIA, SAXONY, BAVARIA, AND THE TYROL;

In the years 1807, and 1808; in a series of Letters to a Friend. By baron D'Uklanski. 12mo. pp. 243. [From the Monthly Review.]

THE writer of this little volume is one of the many individuals whom the successive wars of Bonaparte drove from their homes, and forced to seek in other countries the means of recovering their losses, or of procuring a temporary oblivion of their cares. Without giving any minute account of himself, or the situation of his landed property, the baron apprizes his readers that the latter was situated in the part of Poland which was laid waste by the hostilities of the French and Russians in 1806 and 1807; and that he quitted it in the midst of those disorders to reside some time at Warsaw, but left that city in the early part of the last-mentioned year in order to travel in Austria, Saxony, Bavaria, and eventually in Italy. The various observations occurring in the course of this tour are communicated in the shape of letters to a female friend, of whom we are told nothing but that she bears the promising name of *Constance*, although she leaves the reader without any evidence of her punctuality, the baron being the only letter-writer in the book. He puts his remarks together with little skill in composition, but with considerable attention to impartiality and fidelity. His range of observation altogether was extensive: but, as Saxony and Bavaria engaged comparatively little of his notice, we

shall give our chief attention to the passages descriptive of Poland and the Tyrol.

So far from proving an accession of political power to so distant a master as Bonaparte, there seems little reason to doubt that Poland would have been a drain on his treasury and a ruinous absorbment of his military means; and baron d'Uklanski could scarcely fail to be of this opinion when he committed to paper the following sketch of *Polish manners*:

“The Polish *nobleman's* residence is, in general, a house of timber, with two rooms; one of them answering the double purpose of a kitchen and place for the servants, and the other of parlour, dining-room, and bed-chamber, for the gentleman. Dogs, cats, pigs, and geese, live here, with their master, peaceably together. When a Sarmatian of this description is visited by a stranger, the first thing offered him is a glass of brandy: another dram is taken to whet the appetite immediately before dinner, and after it the dose is repeated to help digestion. The table is spread with a cloth, which hardly resembles table-linen, and the disgusting stains thereon show clearly how little washing is used in Poland. The furniture consists of a bed, without curtains, a rotten settee, and two chairs, and, in deficiency of a sofa, the bed is drawn to the table, or the table to the bed, and on it the guests are seated. They know no such things as napkins; one knife serves two masters; and greasy spoons of lead, glue themselves to your lips. Instead of grates, their fire-places are provided with low hearths, on which the wood is piled up; and from the chimney is suspended, by a chain, a copper, which contains boiling water. When a dish is taken from the table, a dirty clown, who, with a mop in his hand, officiates as scullion, cleans the plates in sight of the strangers, by dipping his rag-brush in the copper and passing it over them, and then ranges the pewter on the hearth, which is buried under ashes, the guests waiting until this operation is performed. If the brush does not answer the purpose, or ashes stick to the plates, the dirty fellow grasps the corner of his woollen coat, in Poland called *zhupan*, and gives them the necessary polish. Broth, vegetables, and roast-meat, are, without distinction, served up in deep tin tureens; flat dishes are seldom seen, and the stranger's appetite must be craving if it can induce him to taste the tough cow-flesh which usurps the place of beef. For drink, you are first presented with beer, a disgusting mixture of barley and water. One large pitcher serves the whole company, and many a Pole swallows this miserable beverage by pailfuls.

“Wine comes for the dessert; you may easily guess of what sort. There is but one glass on the table, and that without a foot; the host, therefore,

on giving out a toast, holds the glass in his hand till he has drunk, for stand it cannot. He then hands it to his neighbour, this to a third, and so on, every one pledging till the glass has gone round, and if the stranger wishes not to offend against the etiquette of the country, he must take the glass from the hand of the last and drink, in mark of acknowledgment, to the health of the whole company. The glass is then placed on its head, till a thirsty throat releases it from that uneasy posture, which figuratively denotes the state of drunkenness. In fashionable houses, decanters of beer are served up also, but they are usually passed by, the company indemnifying themselves with wine of various sorts, which flows freely.

"No sooner is the broth-bowl removed than the toasts begin, and the bumpers grow larger at every round, often succeeding each other to the number of twelve, of which the last is usually of a monstrous size. At Studzieniec, twenty miles beyond Lowicz, the gentleman of the house chose to drink my health out of a cup which held two pints of Hungary wine; standing, he swallowed this brimmer at a draught; and, to my utter astonishment, upwards of thirty persons present at table followed his example.

"After dinner, coffee is presented; my stomach always turns whenever I think of the beverage of succory and beans which is usually given. The guests are honoured with cups; the family drink from glasses, as in Italy, With wealthy people, on the other hand, the coffee is excellent; although sometimes made so strong as to become disgusting."

Every thing-else is in harmony with this curious picture. The inns of Poland are miserable timber-huts, kept by Jews, who exemplify their traditional reputation for filth, and deal in nothing but wretched brandy and muddy beer; while private dwellings are equally deficient in point of cleanliness, it being almost impracticable for a foreigner to enjoy any where a comfortable night's rest, on account of the vermin. At the same time, the expense in the house of a Polish grandee is enormous; in consequence not so much of the style in which he lives, as of the extraordinary waste caused by his own ignorance and the carelessness of the servants. Drinking to excess is still as fashionable here among the higher ranks as ever it was in Ireland or Scotland in the rude days of our forefathers; the nobleman intoxicating himself with wine and *liqueurs*, and the trader or farmer with brandy. If such be the habits of the classes on whom the success of cultivation materially depends, we need not be surprised that the husbandry of Poland is still in a very backward state. Let us hear the baron's representation of *Polish agriculture*.

"The manner of rendering the soil productive is in Poland peculiar to itself. When they begin to clear the land, if strong trees stand in their way, they content themselves with stabbing the underwood, making incisions in the bark of the timber at the height of three feet, to prevent its roots from drawing nourishment from the ground. The land, being cleared in this manner, is only once broken, and then sown; the plough, however, cannot enter deep into the ground, because of the roots, and the work is, of course, done superficially. The trees, besides, begin soon to dry, and losing the support of their roots, tumble down with the first high wind, and nobody thinks of removing the wind-fall from the spot. In the forests the peasants burn tar and charcoal; and, where there is oak, beech, birch, and other kinds of hard wood, they convert them into potash, and wantonly waste the timber.

"Their cattle are wretched, the cows being little taller than a goat. They give an exceedingly small quantity of milk, being fed on undrained meadows, where only coarse and acid grass is produced. In winter they fare still worse, not being allowed any thing else but lashed straw; so that fifty cows give sometimes scarcely six quarts of milk, which is poor at the same time. They are in general farmed out to Jews, who on an average pay sixteen shillings per head, and take the calves into the bargain; but even this small rent is seldom settled, the cow-keeper frequently running away at the end of the year."

"The Polish bridges consist of saplings ranged together, without being peeled or squared. Their very tops are sometimes not lopped off, projecting both ways in unequal lengths. To pass over them in heavy carriages is always dangerous. You remember the dreadful accident which we met with in our return home from Szyrunow; how I trembled for your safety on seeing, by the light of the moon, the middle arch give way, and the leaders tumble into the river. Had not my coachman been so resolute as to arrest the wheel-horses, with all his strength, that would have proved a very melancholy night to us."

The administration of justice in Poland is on a most defective, or to speak accurately on a most iniquitous footing; perjury being quite common among witnesses, and the judges as much habituated to trespass with the juice of the grape as their untitled and unlearned countrymen. Hence the enactment, in a former age, of a very proper and indeed necessary regulation, that no "decision should be valid if delivered after dinner." One great source of corruption was the distribution of money to the voters at the public election of the sovereign. The possession of a single acre of

land sufficed to give a title to vote, and on every occasion of this nature a host of venal adventurers poured into Warsaw; who, being unable to defray their own maintenance, were supported and even feasted by a political leader, and he expended on them the sums received from the candidates for the crown. The latter proving often insufficient, the wholesale intriguers were led to mortgage their estates at usurious interest; and, as the custom of the country is to give the mortgagee immediate possession of the property, it often happened that the plantations were wasted, and the cottagers or bondsmen turned out of doors and dispersed. It is a curious fact that it was not until after the partition of Poland in 1772 that agriculture was successfully cultivated, or that any considerable rise took place in the value of the land. It was then only that law could be said to be introduced into the country, for in the Polish code a peasant was formerly placed on a level with the cattle; his lord, in putting him to death, incurring a penalty of only three pounds sterling, though the commoner who had presumed to give a nobleman a blow with a cane was forced to expiate his offence with his blood. The commencement of war, or the occupancy in any way of the public force, was the signal of anarchy and plunder in this distracted country. It was not unusual to break into a *chateau* in the day-time, and to strip it of its furniture and stock of clothes; while to rob the chest of the receiver-general of the district was an exploit in which the first gentlemen of the neighbourhood had no scruple to participate. Baron D'Uklanski is thus amply justified in asking (p. 49.) how it ever could enter into the plans of Bonaparte, or into the calculation of any enlightened politician, to make the Poles an independent nation.—He gives us these statements respecting the *political condition of Poland*.

“ Their understanding must ripen before they can be released from guardianship; at present they are nationally incapable. This mental darkness is easily accounted for: in Poland they know nothing of schools;*

* ‘ The Prussian government was just on the eve of establishing a number of schools in every department, when the last war with France broke out and defeated the paternal care of the king. The sovereign of Saxony, however, adopted the plan in part, and a few schools have been established since the duchy of Warsaw fell to his share.’

the people there grow up as bountiful nature has formed them. One is astonished at seeing fine ladies, in fashionable dresses, put crosses to a letter or a deed, instead of their signature; and yet nature has lavished, on the Polish women, talents, graces, and charms. Most of the nobles can neither read nor write; but a rusty sabre, and a brace of pistols, you are sure to find with them. Such a fellow is to be trained to the military profession like a horse, that is—he must be made to swim, curry, wipe, dress, harness, and obey the word of command, with as little reference to mind as possible. Nothing was so ridiculous as the national guards; they were all noblemen, who formed themselves into a body at Lenczyc, in the beginning of the last war. Fellows with uncombed hair, beards unshaven, and dirty hands and faces, were seated on rough peasant horses, their saddles without stirrups, and altogether unable to manage the wretched animals, which were as raw as themselves. One had a sabre without a sheath; another a sword without a guard, like a butcher's knife; a third a rusty rapier; a fourth a chequered lance, painted red and white. Black, blue, green, and white pantaloons and breeches, jackets and cassocks, hats and caps, were seen in their ranks, as chance directed: their heels to the horse, they kicked the wretched cattle in the belly, worrying them with either hand, by the hempen bridle, and shouting—*Na! bestia, na!*

“It was fortunate then for Galicia and Lodomeria that they came so early as 1772, under the control of a German prince. Cracow, now the capital of this province, is the seat of arts, literature, and commerce, boasting of thriving manufactories, excellent schools, and academical institutions. Cleanliness, order, and wealth, are observable in all its quarters; the ancient fortifications are demolished; and ramparts, ditches, and walls, have given way to pasture grounds and flourishing gardens. Upwards of 30,000 people live in this new-modelled city, whose streets are constantly crowded; every thing there is cheap and in abundance; the river Vistula facilitating the supply of the market and the sale of the productions. The noblemen, who can no longer think of dietines and drinking bouts, has turned a good manager, and is astonished at the opulence of the villages, which formerly yielded him nothing. It is not now at all uncommon to find landed proprietors of the middling kind, with 20 or 30,000 florins ready money in Vienna bank notes. Since the occupancy of this country, a whole generation have died away; the aboriginal Pole exists, of course, only in advanced age; the youth are of German education; think, live, and act conformably to rational principles; and not a thought of the former government enters their heads.”

It is proper to apprise our readers that the baron is very partial to the Austrian character, and may therefore have been led

into an exaggerated statement of the benefit resulting to Galicia from its new government. His hopes of recovering his property in Poland rested at one time (p. 65.) on the interference of the Austrian minister; and, when he was obliged to give up his expectations from that quarter, the hospitality and kindness of the inhabitants of Vienna were such as to make a permanent conquest of his affections. Numerous letters are, in consequence, appropriated to an account of the Austrian capital, its squares, its collections of curiosities, its paintings, its theatres, and its music.—From these topics he proceeds to describe the neighbouring *châteaux*, palaces, and commanding situations, and does not take leave of Vienna till he has allotted a full third of his book to the report of the various objects belonging to it.—His farther progress took him in the direction of Moravia and Bohemia; where, particularly at Prague, he remained some time, and was on the whole gratified by the attention of the inhabitants of this capital, unpolished and sequestered as it is. Continuing his course northward, he passed Toplitz, so well known in late years for its baths, &c. and went to Dresden, where his admiration was much more excited by the buildings than the inhabitants. “What a difference,” he says, (p. 172.) “between Vienna and Dresden; what liberal hospitality in the one, and what calculating economy in the other.” His regret, however, was probably increased by the failure of his attempts to make interest through the court of Saxony for the recovery of his property in Poland; so that he soon turned his face to the southward, proceeding towards Italy, in the direction of Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Munich.

The inhabitants of Munich are in number about 50,000, and appear to enjoy a considerable share of comfort and ease, if the traveller may be allowed to judge from the absence of beggary and the general aspect of the place. The streets are straight and wide, and have on both sides paths for foot passengers, the want of which is productive of so much inconvenience in Paris, and many other continental cities. Bavaria was long reproached with backwardness in literature, but the present sovereign has established at Munich an university, an academy, and a library, the extent of which we do not over-rate by calling it 200,000 volumes. From Munich the baron held his course to the Tyrol, having its

mountains in distant prospect as he traversed the plains of Suabia and Bavaria; and he became a spectator of all the grandeur and awfulness of Alpine scenery, on drawing near the town of Fuessen (*the foot*), a place so called from lying at the foot of these lofty ridges. To a traveller, however, who follows the carriage tract to Italy, the view of the Tyrolese mountains is in general confined; the road lying through a defile almost all the way to Roveredo, and rocks or hills obstructing the view on each side.

“The architecture of the Tyrolese is wretched; their houses are of timber, with such flat roofs that you may walk on them. They load them with enormous stones, as a security against the violence of the hurricanes; which gives them not only a hideous appearance, but in stormy weather exposes the traveller to the danger of being stoned. The eaves, besides, project upwards of two yards over the walls, and form a kind of pent-house, in which the natives place their clumsy wagons. This contracts the narrow street still more, and admits scarcely a carriage to pass; a hundred rills, besides, arising from the rain and snow water in the mountains, tumble down into the village, and render the road not only difficult, but the atmosphere damp and unwholesome. As early as the 27th of September, I found the tops of the mountains covered with snow, and the cold was so intense that I was obliged to wrap myself up in my cloak as closely as possible. Behind Fuessen, the road is much better, for Joseph II. caused the rock to be blasted to the extent of a mile, and a passage to be cut through its bowels. In memory of this benefit bestowed on the public, a monument of marble was erected, with a Latin inscription, which mentions the name of the monarch, and the year in which this giant work was performed. This artificial road extends as far as the bridge over the Lech, which, like a cataract, foams over the fragments of rock that obstruct its channel.

“Here the aspect of the mountains assume a stupendous character; on one side naked rocks, to which the highest steeple is but a card house, tower to the skies; and on the other, mountains, clothed at their base with forests of pine, whilst eternal snow covers their tops, which, like immense cupolas, lift their heads to the clouds, and give the whole the most singular appearance. Their summits are often wrapt up in fleecy clouds, which obscure the limited horizon to such a degree that you cannot tell where the one region ends, and the other begins.”—

“There is nothing uglier in nature than the Tyrolese women: they wear wigs of blue and white worsted, which, like clotted hair, hang round their heads; and their body is swelled to an enormous size, by a dozen petti-

coats, of which the uppermost is always black. Their gait is as fierce as a Franciscan friar's, and their pronunciation so broad that there is no chance of understanding them.

"At Botzen, or Bolzero, every thing assumes an Italian character.—This place was formerly celebrated for its fairs; excellent confectionaries are made here, and exported far and wide. The German language here gives way to the Italian, which to the broad Tyrolese sounds like music."

The only place of consequence, or even of comfort, in this long tract, is Innspruck, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, situated in a valley, or rather bottom, on the banks of the Inn. Brixen, so often mentioned in the reports of military operations in 1797, and subsequent years, is a wretched place, scarcely deserving the name of a town. Trent is not equal to Innspruck, but contains 8000 inhabitants, and convinces the traveller by its vineyards that he is about to bid adieu to the region of frost and snow. At Roveredo, an antiquated and ill built town, the author found himself in the enjoyment of the climate as well as of the music of Italy, and it is here accordingly that he brings his narrative to a close.

Baron D'Uklanski apologizes, in a prefatory notice, for venturing to be his own translator into English, and is perfectly aware that he must on various occasions have trespassed against our idiom. Examples of such mistakes certainly occur in several places, (pp. 26. 139. 159. 239.) in the last of which we have the curious mistake of using the word *mail* in the sense of the French *malle*, a trunk: but, on the whole, he has by no means any reason to be ashamed of his progress in our language. We are more disposed to be out of humour with him when we find the date of the battle of Blenheim put down (p. 191.) in the year 1709; and the events of the Trojan war related in the description of a picture gallery, with a minuteness which seems to suppose his readers to be unacquainted with exploits that are familiar to every school-boy. In fact, these travels have little claim to public attention as literary compositions, or as indicative of erudition on the part of the writer: but they will afford amusement during a leisure hour, by a clear, and we believe, a faithful report of the manners of several countries which are comparatively little noticed in the books of ordinary tourists.

MEMOIR OF MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE "MONK," &c.

THIS gentleman was the only son of Mr. Lewis, by Miss Sewell, whose family possessed a very considerable fortune, in the island of Jamaica. After living for some years together, a separation by mutual consent took place; they both agreed however, in one point, and that was a devoted attachment to their son, who was born in 1773.

The elder Mr. Lewis, at this period, held a high and lucrative situation under government, for being a man of considerable talents, great quickness, and unexampled diligence, he occupied, during many years, the post of deputy-secretary in the war-office; supposed, during the height of the American contest, besides an allowance under the name of salary, to have produced from fourteen to sixteen thousand pounds *per annum*! A sum unexampled at the present day! At length an inquiry having taken place, and the fees being withdrawn, he thought proper to retire, on a very handsome pension.

Young Matthew received his education at Westminster school, after which he was sent abroad, with a very liberal allowance, to learn the German, having already obtained a facility in the French. So soon as he had acquired a certain degree of familiarity with the vernacular tongue, at one of the numerous German universities, he applied himself to attain a notion of its literature, the most prominent character of which, at that period, was the *wonderful*, in which he himself greatly delighted. Instead of studying history, or delighting in biography, the former of which might have stored his mind with useful facts, while the latter would have afforded many brilliant examples for his future conduct, our volatile Englishman addicted himself to romance and the drama, whence he doubtless imbibed that taste for the marvellous, which never wholly abandoned him; accompanied, at the same time, with a certain looseness of expression, which at home, produced disgust instead of approbation. Accordingly, while abroad, he composed the "Monk," a work by which he himself was ever after designated. For the story, on which it is founded, he was however indebted to his native country; it having originated from a tale in the Guardian.

This publication which appeared soon after his return to England, attracted no small degree of attention. The pruriency of several of the passages, was greatly condemned by some, while others, overlooking this licentiousness, in the first production of a very young man, praised him on account of his early genius.

It was deemed prudent, however, to call in all the copies possible to be obtained; as many parts of the story did not exactly comport with our manners, were not deemed proper for the youth of either sex, and seem but little adapted to the pen of a legislator. It has been said, indeed, that one of our societies for the protection of morals, threatened a prosecution, and that the attorney-general of that day, actually commenced one, in the court of King's Bench.

Nearly at the same time, Mr. Lewis, instigated partly by hope, and partly by curiosity, determined to obtain a seat in parliament; and he was accordingly returned for the borough of Hindon, where he was utterly unknown. But if his mind was fired with ambition, on this occasion, he experienced nothing but disappointment; for he had not been formed either by nature or education, to exhibit that popular species of eloquence, which finds admirers either on one side or another of the house of commons. He accordingly sat during a whole parliament, without attracting public notice, or even endeavouring to render himself distinguished. At the dissolution therefore, he retired, from a situation in which the expense proved both great and certain, while no possible advantage could be expected.

Mr. Lewis had no sooner retired from his political duties, than he applied himself to those of a far different but more congenial kind. Having, as has already been observed, failed in the house of commons, he now deigned to court applause in the theatre, and the ex-member for Hindon, in 1797, accordingly obtained great success in Drury Lane, by his "Castle Spectre," a musical drama, which drew crowded and applauding houses. He afterwards composed several tragedies and comedies, and on the loss of the gallant sir John Moore, published a poetical tribute to his memory.

On the death of his father, Mr. Lewis came into the possession of very considerable plantations in the West Indies, besides a large

sum in money. The former of these bequests imposed a duty upon him, and he accordingly determined to fulfil it, in a manner highly honourable to himself. On this occasion perhaps, the ardour of his imagination proved highly favourable to the best interests of humanity. He was now the master of several hundred slaves, daily subjugated to the whips of their black drivers, who were urged, perhaps, by the cruelty, the caprice, or the malevolence of a white task-master, insensible to pity, and hardened by long residence, under a scorching sun, and the contagion of example, into the grossest insensibility. Was he to remain a co-partner with these men in guilt? Was he to trust a "gang," as it is called, of negroes, entirely to their management and discretion? Was he to be a participator, although both a distant and unconscious one, in their crimes? Actuated by these generous ideas, he determined to trust no longer to the interested reports of others. Instigated by the noblest, most delicate, and most benign feelings, he resolved to encounter all the inconveniences of a long voyage, and all the dangers of an unhealthy season, in compliance with what he deemed an imperative duty! Mr. Lewis accordingly embarked in 1817, for Jamaica, and after a residence of some time there, took his passage for England. But the climate had already inflicted a mortal disease, and he died in the spring of 1818, while passing through the gulf of Florida.

He was never married, and yet seemed calculated to render that state happy; for his manners were elegant, his wit sparkling, and his conversation polished and agreeable. In his person he was small, but his face was expressive, and his eye keen and penetrating.

Thus died, at the age of forty-five, Matthew Gregory Lewis, a martyr to the cause of humanity. Instigated solely by the commendable desire of ascertaining the happiness or misery of the negro slaves on his plantations, he passed the tropic, and encountered the maladies incident to a climate but little favourable to European constitutions. Alas, the result is not yet, and perhaps never will be known. It is impossible to find either comfort or morals in a state of bondage, and this truth has been consecrated by Homer, more than three thousand years ago. The song and the dance, when the mind is diverted for a moment from its miseries,

are but very equivocal proofs of happiness: for we perceive, at this very moment, in some remote portions of Europe itself, many unhappy men, born in a state of villenage, who dance to the clink of their own chains! What the deductions made by personal inspection might have been, we are still ignorant of; but if he determined to alleviate their present sufferings, to encourage marriage, to promote morals, to afford rewards for meritorious actions, and, above all, to enfranchise, by degrees, the miserable animals (for men they cannot be called) consigned to his protection, he deserves no common degree of applause. In this case, we pronounce him to have been actuated with principles worthy of that best species of heroes—not the destroyers, but the benefactors of the human species.

At any rate, Mr. Lewis deserves a high degree of praise; for he is, perhaps, the first Englishman who ever crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of inquiring into the precise state of those consigned by Providence to his mercy and compassion. May his example incite others to follow so bright a model; and although their motive cannot be more pure, we trust that their fate will prove less disastrous!

List of the works of the late M. G. Lewis, Esq.

The Monk, a romance, 3 vols. 1795.—Village Virtues, a Drama, 4to. 1796.—Castle Spectre, a Musical Drama, 1797.—The Minister, a Tragedy, from the German of Schiller, 8vo. 1797.—Rolla, a Tragedy, 8vo. 1799.—The East Indian, a Tragedy, 8vo. 1799.—The Love of Gain, a Poem, 4to. 1799.—The East Indian, a Comedy, 8vo. 1800.—Adelmorn, or the Outlaw, a Drama, 8vo. 1801.—Alfonzo, a Tragedy, 8vo. 1801.—Tales of Winter, 2 vols. 8vo. 1804.—The Bravo of Venice, a Romance, 8vo. 1804.—Rugantio, a Melo-Drama, 8vo. 1805.—Adelgitha, a Play, 8vo. 1806.—Feudal Tyrants, a Romance, 4 vols. 12mo. 1806.—Tales of Terror, 3 vols.—Romantic Tales, 4 vols. 12mo.—Venoni, a Drama, 1809.—Monody on sir John Moore, 8vo.—One o'clock, or the Knight and Wood Demon, a Historical Romance, 8vo. 1811.—Timour the Tartar, a Melo-drama, 8vo. 1812.—Poems 8vo. 1812.—Rich and Poor, a Comic Opera, 1812.

THE ADVERSARIA.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Anecdote.—The following very remarkable occurrence is related in the preface to a French translation of Tacitus, by *Dureau de Lamalle*, which has recently been republished at Paris, by a son of the author:—

“ After the publication of his translation in 1790, of Tacitus,” says the editor, “ my father undertook to write the history of France from the time of Charles V., to that of Louis XIV. The revolution broke out in all its violence. He perceived that he could not speak the truth but at the hazard of his life. The history was therefore abandoned, and in January 1794, he commenced a translation of Sallust. This selection saved him from imprisonment and, perhaps, death.

“ He had been denounced as an aristocrat, and a revolutionary committee repaired to his house to arrest him. He was absent. The manuscript of Sallust was lying open on the table. My father had begun by translating the Jugurthine war, and he had omitted the four first chapters, which form the preface. The revolutionary cut-throats cast their eyes on these manuscripts.—They read this passage: ‘ I have adopted this subject because it shows the commencement of an insurrection of the people against the haughtiness of the nobles.’ They were then convinced that my father was a man of proper principles. ‘ He is a good citizen,’ said they as they retired. ‘ He is writing a history of our revolution, in the true spirit; we should have done wrong to have arrested him.’ ”

“ I was present at this domiciliary visit, and the observations made an indelible impression on me.”

Taylor's Elements of Civil Law.—This book is admirably well adapted to the purposes of a student whose object is to be an efficient legislator, an enlightened statesman and a patriot, unbiased by party. To a classical scholar, it must afford a rich entertainment, in the fine and numerous quotations from those patterns of eloquence, the ancient Greeks and Romans. It is not prejudice or pedantry which extols them. They are as superior

in style to most of the modern philosophers, politicians, poets, orators, and historians, as gold is to silver. Their language gave them that advantage, and the pains they took in composition, produced a solidity of thought, as well as a highly finished expression.

The authors referred to in the margin of Dr. Taylor's learned treatise, should be frequently consulted. It is not to be considered as a complete work. It is a good common-place book in civil law, and furnishes the means of procuring the best information.

Leland's Demosthenes.—Dr. Leland was a valuable man and a good writer; but his translation of Demosthenes appears to be a feeble performance. I do not say that the meaning is not faithfully preserved; but, I am of opinion, that the force and animation of the original style are not attained. Leland may be used by way of comment, where difficulties arise; or the reader may run over an oration in English, previously to reading it in Greek, in order to obtain, at an easy rate, introductory knowledge of the subject and the method. — The valuable and curious account of Demosthenes, prefixed to the edition of Wolfius, affords a complete idea of the character of Demosthenes, as it was conceived by the best judges of antiquity. It is the fountain-head of intelligence respecting the great orator, whence the moderns have chiefly derived those streams which they have abundantly diffused.

Immortality of the Soul.—The following curious illustration of an important doctrine, was used by Cupido, a converted Hottentot, who accompanied the Rev. John Campbell in his recent *Travels in South Africa, undertaken at the request of the Missionary Society, of London.* This teacher explained his subject by alluding to the serpent, who, by going between two branches of a bush which press against each other, strips himself once a year. "When we find the skin," said he, "we do not call it the Serpent; no, it is only its skin: neither do we say the Serpent is dead; no, for we know he is alive and has only cast his skin." The Serpent he COMPARED TO THE SOUL, and the skin to the body of man.

Deaf and Dumb.—A recent marriage in Connecticut, of two deaf and dumb persons, reminds us of the following entry in the register of St. Martin's parish, Leicester, Decimo quinto Februarii, 18 Eliz. regina:—

Thomas Tilsly and Ursula Russet, were married, and because the said Thomas is naturally deaf and dumb, could not for his party, observe the order of the form of marriage. After the approbation had from Thomas, the bishop of Lincoln, John Chigpendale, L.L.D., and commissary, and Mr. Richard Davis, mayor of Leicester, and others of his brethren, with the rest of the parish, the said Thomas, for expressing of his mind, instead of words, of his own accord, used these signs: first, he embraced her with his arms, took her by the hand, and put a ring on her finger, and laid his hand upon his heart, and held up his hands towards heaven; and to show his continuance to dwell with her to his life's end, he did it by closing his eyes with his hands, and digging the earth with his feet, and pulling as though he would ring a bell, with other signs approved. Concorda cum originali. S. H.

In the *Concise Natural History of East and West Florida*, by the worthy "captain Bernard Romans," we meet with "such instances of longevity," to adopt his own language, "as are not to be outdone in any part of America." Among others he mentions the case of the mother of count de Lucere, who died in consequence of breaking one of her limbs. It had been so much calcarized by the gout, that it snapped as she stepped into bed.—"She died aged far above one hundred years." The next case is that of one Mr. Francois, who lived on the river Poule. In September 1771, says Romans, I called there, and the old man told me that he was then past eighty-three years of age, that the old woman, whom I saw putting bread into the oven, was his mother; and that she was one of the first women that came from France to this country; I saw her about her domestic business in many ways, very cheerful, singing, and running from place to place, as briskly as a girl of twenty. Mr. Francois told me, that at the age of sixty, he fell out of a pine tree, above fifty feet high, with his loins over a fallen one; that he, with difficulty, recovered; and that had it not been for that accident, he would not,

as he thinks, yet have been sensible of the heavy hand of time; that he was still a hearty cheerful old man, was evidently to be seen. When I came to the river Poule, in October 1772, I met the same old gentleman fishing at the mouth of the river; on my asking him whether this diversion was agreeable to him, he told me that his mother had an inclination to eat fish, and he was come to get her a mess; he was then on foot, and had five miles to come to this place, and as much back with his prey, after catching it—a very dutiful son this at eighty-five!

Vines and Olives.—In the year 1769, one hundred and ten hogsheads of well-tasted and strong wine, were made by the French settlers in Illinois.

Hawkins' History of Virginia, 43.

Romans recommends the culture of vines, which he is confident would succeed. Ask, he exclaims, the French inhabitants, and they will tell you, that they once were in a very fair way to make their own wines at least, until an order for the suppression of the vineyards came from France; the remains of these vineyards, in many places, yet show the practicability of this scheme. The Spaniards continue the proscription—but should not we make this profitable use of a country, whose soil and climate are evidently inviting us to this attempt, and which experience has taught us are adapted to it?

These exhortations were addressed to the English nation; the hint will not be thrown away upon the enterprising Americans who now possess that country.

On the subject of olives, the traveller remarks that they were at that time only a matter of speculation, but as the wild olive was found there, and the cultivated one had already shown its propensity to naturalization, he concluded that it might be made a *grand article*.

Modern Criticism.—The following very extraordinary remarks are taken from an essay in a recent number of the (London) Monthly Magazine (January 1819), entitled *Philosophical Views of the eighteenth century*. From internal evidence we should ascribe

these singular opinions to sir Richard Phillips, the editor of the popular miscellany. In reference to what the critic says of *The Rambler*, it was well observed by a lady, that if she did not read a great number of the pages, at one sitting, it was because she was obliged to close the volume in order to meditate on the wisdom of the author.

“ Several of his (Pope's) works were deservedly regarded as models of their kind; but none of them belongs to the highest class of poetry, and they have, in general, already passed the meridian of their celebrity. The *Dunciad*, for example, is never now read, unless when put into the hands of the school-boy by his tutor, with an eulogium on the genius of Pope and Addison.

Dr. Johnson may be considered as the natural successor to Pope. He was first brought into notice by an attempt in that line of art in which the other excelled; and his effort is a proof how little of the native talent of a poet is requisite to form an eminent one of the school of Pope. The *London* of Johnson was greatly recommended by the bard of Twickenham; and it must be allowed, that, although but a coarse performance, the unwieldy doctor has darted the shafts of ancient malice, with considerable dexterity, against the vices and follies of his own time. As the author grew into repute, he became distinguished for the ponderosity of his manner of writing, and the dogmatism of his apothegms in private life: perhaps, to the latter peculiarity, he was more indebted for the distinction he enjoyed, than to the productions of his pen, for his works are fast sinking into oblivion. We have never met with man or woman, who, on their conscience, could say that they had read twenty successive pages of *The Rambler* at one sitting. His *Lives of the Poets* have, by all judicious critics, long been condemned as singular specimens of audacious petulance: and *Rasselas*, which may still be seen occasionally on the tables of well regulated families, is remarkable for the absurdity of the incidents, and the lugubrious pomposity of its moral reflections. Of all the works of this colossus of learning, his Dictionary alone survives; but in every quality, for which it was originally held up to admiration, it has been wonderfully surpassed by Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish language. Johnson's has

been too long allowed an inordinate share of public applause, and it is high time that this great pumpkin of words should be cut up.

Effects of Cabbage.—A curious reason is given in Athenæus to prove that the Egyptians were fond of wine. “It was an established rule with them to eat boiled cabbage before any other food, to prepare for hard drinking; many, for the same purpose, swallowed the seeds of the cabbage. It has been observed that the wine produced from those vineyards where cabbages are likewise planted, are flat and insipid.”

On this subject the poet Alexis has the following passage:—

“———— Yesterday
You drank too much, and what the consequence?
A heavy head to-day,—this must be cured
By a strict fast; and let some friend provide
A store of well-boil’d cabbage.”

Eubulus, a comic poet, who flourished in the 101st Olympiad, on the same subject:—

“Wife, bring the cabbage; that, I think, will cure
This heaviness which so affects my head,
If good the proverb holds.”

Anaxandrides, his cotemporary, a comic poet of Rhodes, who is also quoted by Athenæus, advises the Bacchanalian thus:—

“If first you bathe, then make a hearty meal
Of cabbage, you will ease the heavy weight,
And dissipate the clouds that so obscure
Your aching brain.”

Amphis, of Athens, offers another remedy as more efficacious:—

“Nothing so soon will dissipate the fumes
Of drunkenness, and clear the aching head,
As some immediate unforeseen disaster;
This drives, at once, all fancies, from the brain,
With wonderful effect, and better far
Than cabbage can produce.”

Theophrastus speaks of this property in cabbage, adding, that the odour only of this plant will obstruct the growth of the vine.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG the literary works which issued from the Calcutta press last year, we find Mr. Wynch's translation of the useful Sanscrit tract on inheritance, entitled the *Dyakrama Sangraha*, and the publication in original of the most approved Persian lexicon now extant, namely the *Boorkanikatin*. Also the *History of Timour*, in the original Arabic, written by Ahmud Bin Moohummud of Damascus in Syria, generally known by the name of Ibno Arab Shak; collated with four MS. copies of the work, and corrected for the press by Shykh Ahmed-oobno Moohummud il Ansaregool Yumenee Yoush Shirwanee, a native of Arabia, now employed in the Arabic department of the college of fort William, Calcutta. The present edition was undertaken, as we are informed in the preface, at the recommendation of Dr. Lunisden, the Persian and Arabic professor, who found the errors in the editions of Golius and Manger, so very numerous and perplexing, that it was only by means of conjectural emendations in every page that he was able to peruse the work. Hatim Ta, E E, a romance in the Persian language, has been published for the use of the junior students in the college of fort William. "The illustrious personage, whose marvellous adventures are recorded in the following romance, was equally celebrated among mankind for his wisdom, his valour, and his liberality. The surname of Ta, E E, which he bore, was common to his tribe. He flourished before the birth of Moohummud, and his sepulchre may still be seen at a little village called Aovaredh, in Arabia." *Preface*. The *Kuzcedu of Ibno Zhor* has been enriched with a commentary by Shykh Ahmed, the learned editor of the Kamoos, Timour, and other works. This poem is one of the most celebrated in the Arabic language, and indispensably requires to be accompanied by a commentary, without which it cannot be read by a foreigner, and scarcely perhaps, by very many of the Arabs.

We are not yet able to state whether Mr. Buckingham's *Travels in Palestine*, which we announced in our last, have been published. The authors who have written in illustration of this small

portion of the globe, from Benjamin of Tudela and sir John Mandeville, down to Dr. Clarke and M. Chateaubriand, may be thought to have so completely exhausted the subject, as to have left nothing new to be observed or recorded by future travellers. The itineraries of catholic devotees have furnished the most ample details respecting the sanctuaries and holy places; and the names of Phocas, Quaresmius, and Adrichomius, are associated with these early labours. The extended journeys of protestant scholars, have enlarged our acquaintance with objects of more general inquiry; and the names of Maundrell, Shaw, and Pococke, stand pre-eminent among these. The profound researches both of English and French writers have laid open all the stores of learning in illustration of the ancient geography of Judea; and the works of Reland and D'Anville are monuments of erudition and sagacity, that would do honour to any country; while the labours of very recent travellers would seem to close the circle of our inquiries, by the pictures which they have given of the general state of manners, and the present aspect of the country. Yet among all those who have made the Holy Land the scene of their researches, there has not been one who did not conceive that he was able to correct and add to the labours of his predecessors; and indeed who did not really notice something of interest which had been disregarded before. It is thus that Dr. Clarke expresses his doubts and disbelief at every step, and attempts to refute, with indignation, authorities, which travellers of every age had hitherto been accustomed to venerate; and it is thus too, that Chateaubriand confesses, that after he had read some hundreds of volumes on the country he came to visit, they had given him no accurate conceptions of what he subsequently beheld for himself.

In like manner, Mr. Buckingham complains of those who preceded him; and the very particular account which he gives of his own researches must acquit him from the charge of presumption in professing to add to the general fund of human knowledge, and more particularly to our local acquaintance with the country of Judea. As the cradle of our religion, and the scene of all that is venerable in holy writ; as the birth-place of classical fable, interwoven with Phœnician history; as a theatre of the most heroic exploits, during the Jewish, the Roman, and the Saracenic wars;

as a field moistened with the best blood of our ancestors, in the wild and romantic age of the Crusades; and even now, at the present hour, as a fair and lovely portion of the earth, still favoured with the dews of heaven, and blessed with the most benignant sky; it is impossible to pass through it with indifference, and equally so not to set some value on the impressions which these objects and these recollections excite.

The American character.—The following remarks on our character are from a Calcutta journal. It may not be amiss to observe that our papers are liberally quoted in those of Calcutta, and this paragraph shows that they are not read in vain.

“ We have already directed the attention of our readers to the increasing desire for theatricals that appears to pervade the United States of America, as proved by the high rates of salary that their stage managers find themselves enabled to offer for first rate performers. These scenes of amusement, together with sea-serpents, the president’s tour, act of navigation, the smuggling of arms to the patriots, and the scalping of inoffensive Indians, appear to have wrought a wonderful change in the habits and ideas of the North Americans. Formerly nothing but brawling politics resounded through their cities and villages, or were re-echoed from the surrounding mountains. Sharp discussion and emphasis, rendered superlatively emphatic, engrossed all the powers of the tongue from morning to night, with scarcely any intermission at meal-times. In New England, a democrat was regarded as a leper, while in the southern states, a federalist was almost classed as a demon. A traveller could scarcely have procured a glass of water, before he had discussed the politics of the day at length, and shown that his principles were of the right sort. Now we guess that the rabies are changed. The fury of argument is lulled at least, if not dissipated; federalists and democrats begin to shake hands together, although they maintain a distinct character; both hail such parts of the president’s character with applause as corresponds with their respective habits of thinking; newspaper philippics are less abundant and more civil,” &c.

EXTRACT from *M. Sheffer’s* suppressed pamphlet “*On the State of Liberty in France.*”

After adverting to the state of the press at Paris, and depicting, in bold and energetic language, the miserable thralldom in which it is held, *M. Sheffer* proceeds to consider its state in the departments.

“ Let us now,” says he, “ consider the situation of the departmental newspapers, if so we may term those pitiful papers that

only serve for the insertion of advertisements. They all bear the stamp of the prefect's hotel. The slavery under which they languish is such, that they are generally obliged to take from the Paris papers the news of the very towns where they are printed. Nor are they allowed to insert any foreign intelligence, without having previously forwarded it to Paris for approbation. Thus the Lisle paper gives no other news from Belgium than what it extracts from the Paris journals, and the one of Strasburg draws from the same source its information concerning Germany. Political discussions are also excluded. In one word, there are no newspapers in France but what are printed at Paris. It is only in Paris that there is some degree of freedom of the press, because the prefects are more powerful in the departments, than the minister of police is in the capital."

"I must now," continues the author, in another place, "bring forward a consideration, which cannot fail of having its due weight with all patriotic Frenchmen. If the state of the departments undergoes no change, France will soon find herself greatly inferior to Germany with respect to knowledge, and all the advantages derived from it. That country contains a number of independent universities, that spread knowledge and patriotism in every direction. More works are printed in one month in Germany, than in France during a whole year. The town of Weimar alone produces more periodical publications than all those of France. In thirty other towns the public prints are sought for and read with avidity. In the manufactories, in which many hands are employed, one of the workmen generally reads aloud the patriotic journals. From thence, the great number of well-informed men that are to be found in Germany, and that number augments with such rapidity, that the governors of that country will find it impossible to preserve the actual order of things. It is almost possible to predict the very moment of its greatness and its liberty—because the expression of public feeling is not confined to the capital, and can extend its powerful influence over the whole of the German nation."

IN the *Monthly Review* for February 1819, some notice is taken of the *Airs of Palestine*, a poem, by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, of Boston. The critic declares that he is "well disposed to receive an American poet *handsomely*." If this article is to be considered as a specimen of good manners, according to the boasted refinement of English society, we must confess that they are little to our taste. Instead of submitting to the reader a fair analysis of the merits of this poem, the critic selects six lines to show that the poet is an egotist, and that "the muse of Baltimore," the place of publication "is yet in her infancy." From the *exegi monumentum* of the

Roman poet to the "*Come list to me,*" of the British laureate, we believe that the fraternity of poets has been indulged very freely in this species of auto-biography. Indeed, some of the finest passages of poetry are those in which the poet has drawn the veil, and allowed us for a moment to visit the abode of genius, and contemplate the magician who binds us in his irresistible spells.

We are next presented with a quotation from the preface, which we shall not defend.

The critic then selects six of the very worst lines in the performance, which are added as "a few scattered flowers." And here the *review* would conclude, were it not that our certificate of copyright, a copy of which is required to be printed in the book, suggests an opportunity of uttering a sneer at our laws, which is too inviting to be overlooked. "Some of our readers," says this candid writer, "will perhaps be pleased with the sight of an American *imprimatur*, or license for publication." A copy of this interesting record, is then spread out. It seems to be necessary to inform this gentleman, who writes so flippantly on our literature and laws, that after the office of a censor of the press had been recognized in all parts of Europe, it was reserved for young America, to discern its absurdity and reject its tyranny. A proposition to introduce the system into our jurisprudence would be hooted at with the same broad laughter, that would be excited in an American court of justice by a motion that an accuser should be compelled to substantiate his charge by a *wager of battel*.

BLACKWOOD'S *Edinburgh Magazine* for February 1819, contains a sensible *Essay on the Means of Education, and the State of Learning in the United States*. That there are deplorable defects in our systems of education, and that we often satisfy ourselves for the want of a thing, by the assumption of the name, is too true. Some of our universities are indeed little more than mere grammar schools, and bad masters are sufficiently abundant. But it is not to be inferred that these evils are the result of ignorance or indifference. They proceed from the situation of the country, which is yet too young to support those wealthy endowments, by which learning is promoted in the old countries. Many of our fathers are yet tottering on the stage, who in early life were dragged from the

school-room to "the tented field," to resist the lawless encroachments of the very nation which now rails at our want of education. An army is not the fittest place to form teachers, and hence the present generation has grown up without much of the benefit of instruction. Yet we believe, that in a survey of the present state of the world, we could exhibit as large a portion of those blessings which contribute to the welfare of nations as any of our neighbours. Our captains, military and naval, have contended without fear and without reproach; our house of representatives has all the ability without any of the bribery of the house of commons; the eloquence and vigour of many of our public documents have not often been surpassed, and if we compare our courts of justice, with those of England, by such tests as the Reports of *Binney and Johnson* and the cotemporary adjudications in *Maule and Selwyn* or *Moore*, we shall not feel humbled.

The essayist mentions, as the principal institutions among us, the colleges of Harvard, Yale, and Nassau Hall. Our university is not named, though the author seems to be aware that it is nominally connected with the medical school, which is treated with great respect.

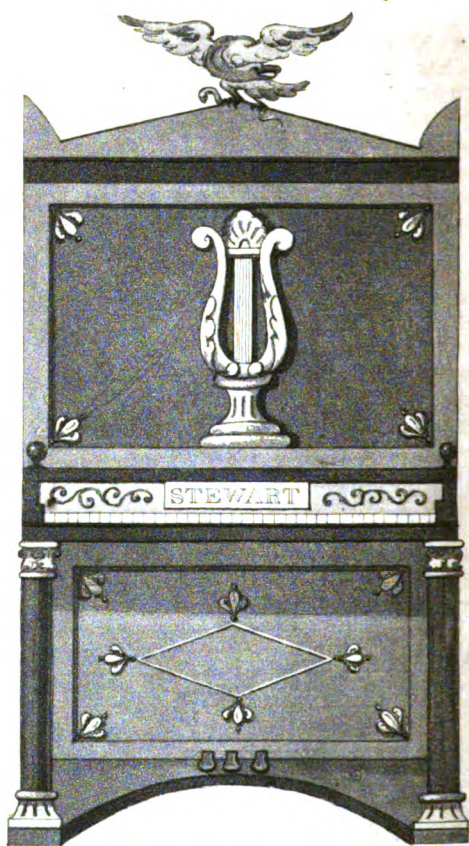
Our legal education is described as very wretched, and this seems to be imputed to the want of law lectures.

This mode of instruction never was popular in the United States. We do not believe that the science of law can be taught by lectures. The essayist is ignorant of the course which was delivered in this city by judge Wilson, and afterwards published, in 3 vols. 8vo. by his son; and he is mistaken in the statement that a course is now or ever has been given in Baltimore. In the university of Maryland, no other faculty than that of medicine is yet in operation, and it gives us much pleasure to add that the gentlemen who compose this class are rising in reputation.

Our lawyers are not only attornies and barristers, but they must practise every other branch of the profession. They do not spend their "three years in learning the forms of writs;" only one year being devoted to that subject. In New England, it is believed that the libraries of the lawyers are small; but it is not so in other parts of America; and although we are sometimes mortified at beholding "the liberal and noble profession of the law degraded into the dirty business of a pettifogger," we can assure the essayist that the

instances are extremely rare. The *village attorney* who makes so conspicuous a figure in English plays and novels is a personage almost unknown. Our lawyers may not be learned in the sense in which the essayist would employ the term; that is, they are not essentially and exclusively special pleaders. In general jurisprudence they surpass the practitioners of Westminster hall, as abundantly appears from the reports of the two countries. They rely rather upon their own resources than upon the borrowed aid of books. They care little about precedents, the very foundation of their government teaching them that principles may be trusted, though they are not consecrated by the rust of a thousand years. It may be true that tailors are sometimes transformed into lawyers among us, as butchers have been converted into bishops in England. A bishop may be a dull blockhead, who is indebted to no very honourable means for his exaltation, but who in the splendour of a rich living, and extensive patronage, may pass for a wise personage; but in the profession of the law, it is well known that the depth of a man's understanding is soon discovered. He must abstract principles from every profession, and be able to treat of every species of business which can arise in all the various dealings of his fellow men. Hence a tailor is quickly measured and dismissed if he does not suit. In reply to what is said of the bench, we can only refer again to the American reporters, and challenge a comparison between them and their English cotemporaries. Much misapprehension on this matter prevails in Great Britain, in consequence of the disingenuous trick of English travellers, who take our common squires or justices, who are to be sure, a miserable pack, as the originals from which the portraits of American judges are delineated. *Janson* who was not permitted to practise at one of our bars, because he could not produce a single person to vouch for his character, in a place where he had resided two years, revenged himself by such caricatures; and a suspicious looking chap, as *Fearon* is described by Cobbet, makes himself merry after the same fashion.

We do not think that any subject of Great Britain, should say a word on the variety, number, and proportion of deluded sects in America, when almost every arrival seems to bring us some new prophet from that enlightened island. If man be called a guessing animal in New, he is, most assuredly, a hoaxable one, in Old England.



Drawn by J. Shaw

Engraved by J. Hall

Harmonic Grand and Square

PIANO FORTE MAKER

N^o 74 South Fourth Street

PHILADELPHIA

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STEWART'S NEW PIANO FORTE, WITH A PLATE.

THE *Patent Harmonic Piano Forte*, which has recently been introduced in this city, is an improvement upon the upright on cabinet instrument. The inventor has effectually overcome that most objectionable part in the cabinet piano, which rendered it useful only as a piece of furniture. As an instrument for an amateur, it has always been considered as of no value, in consequence of the hardness of the touch and inaccuracy of articulation; two of the greatest defects that an instrument can possess. Besides, the action is so constructed that it throws the whole weight of the under hammer, the upright, the damper-lifters, the dampers, and the hammers upon the jack or grasshopper, which not only creates an unpleasant friction, but will, in twelve months use, be completely worn out, or at least become unfit for any thing but very slow music, as both feeling and expression are lost.

The dampers or levers of the cabinet, are placed on the outside of the strings, which renders the instrument so complex, that it is unfit for exportation, and it is therefore only suited for large cities where the maker is on the spot.

It is ascertained to a certainty that the cabinet is now almost out of use in England: hence it is, that so many of them like the German Pianos have found their way to this country, and are selling almost at any price.

The *Patent Harmonic Piano* differs in its construction altogether from the cabinet, both in its external appearance and interior. This instrument was invented and patented upwards of two years ago by *James Stewart*, late of Baltimore; and it has been universally admired for its full, clear, and vibrating tones and expression. The Harmonic is about four feet six inches high, and stands obliquely from the keys. The lower notes are consequently shorter than the cabinet and considerably thicker; of course is not so susceptible of change, nor so likely to break. The grasshopper is applied at the top of the striker, and has no other weight than that of the hammer. The dampers being placed behind the strings removes all the difficulty of replacing a string, which is so great an objection in the cabinet. There is a brass regulating rail in the Harmonic, which completely prevents any change of weather affecting the touch.

OBITUARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DIED, on the 30th of last April, Dr. James Philips Freeman, of this city. To recollect the loss of this excellent young man, will excite no ordinary emotions. His amiable character had endeared him to all his acquaintance; his energetic mind, and persevering industry, had created a prospect of high professional distinction; and the great advantages which he had enjoyed, excited a general anticipation of his future usefulness. Dr. Freeman completed his academical education in the university of Pennsylvania, and graduated with much credit at the last commencement, as doctor in medicine. For the last two years, he filled the office of secretary to the Philadelphia Medical society, and he was always remarked as one of its most influential members. In April, 1818, he was elected one of the house-pupils, of the Philadelphia Alma house. No one ever performed its important duties with more regularity or discretion; and in three days after his attack with the fatal disease, he would have left it with the most flattering testimonials of his skill and assiduity. But Providence had prepared him for another destiny. Not the constant exertion of the highest medical skill, nor the affectionate care of his friends, could arrest the progress of disease. The hopes of the public were not realized, the prayers of the sick and distressed whom he had relieved, were not answered. He expired on the 8th day of his disease, in the 23d year of his age. And he was prepared to die, for his life had been spotless, and his hopes were placed on a Saviour! M.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Extract of a Letter, dated Milan, January 1.

“The princess of Wales is making preparations for a trip to the Holy Land. The baron and young Austin (who is always addressed by the title of prince) accompany her royal highness, together with a vast suite. The princess told the marchioness of Douglass, that it was her intention to be absent six months; and that she meant to visit all the palaces of note in Egypt.—During the princess's absence, her new palace will proceed. Two gentlemen lately arrived from England, and had a long conference with her royal highness.”

WE are informed, says an English paper, in a quarter to which we have often been indebted for important intelligence, that a gentleman, of very high character at the Chancery bar, has visited a distinguished female in Italy, for the purpose of preparing her to expect a minute investigation of her conduct. It must be evident, that the reports which have long been in circulation, and which events are said to render more striking, loudly call for inquiry. If the lady of any nobleman in England continued flirting about the world with similar volatility, would not the husband incur censure if he did not resolutely demand investigation.

Horrible Phenomenon. GALVANISM. On the 4th of November last, various galvanic experiments were made on the body of the murderer Clydendale, by Dr. Ure, with a galvanic battery of 270 pairs of 4 inch plates. The results were truly appalling. On moving the rod from the hip to the heel, the knee being previously bent, the leg was thrown out with such violence, as nearly to overturn one of the assistants, who in vain attempted to prevent its extension! In the second experiment the rod was applied to the phrenic nerve in the neck, when *laborious breathing* instantly commenced—the *chest heaved and fell*—the body was portruded and collapsed with the relaxing and retiring diaphragm; and it is thought, that but from the complete evacuation of the blood, pulsation might have occurred! In the third experiment, the supraorbital nerve was touched, when every muscle in the murderer's face, was thrown into fearful action. The scene was hideous—several of the spectators left the room, and one gentleman actually fainted, from terror or sickness! In the fourth experiment, the transmitting of the electrical power from the spinal marrow to the ulnar-nerve, at the elbow, the fingers were instantly put in motion, and the agitation of the arm was so great, that the corpse seemed to point to the different spectators, some of whom thought it had come to life! —Dr. Ure appears to be of opinion that had not incisions been made in the blood vessels of the neck, and the spinal marrow been lacerated, the criminal might have been restored to life!

THE BARD:

FROM THE DANISH.

By professor Adam Olenstager of Copenhagen.

O great was Denmark's land in time of old!
Wide to the south her branch of glory spread;
Fierce to the battle rush'd her heroes bold,
Eager to join the revels of the dead;
While the fond maiden flew with smiles to fold
Around her returning warrior's vesture red
Her arms of snow, with nobler passion fir'd,
When to the breast of Love exhausted he re-
tired.

Nor bore they only to the field of death
The bossy buckler, and the spear of fire;
The bard was there, with spirit stirring breath,
His bold heart quivering as he swept the wire,
And pour'd his notes amidst th' ensanguined
heath,

While panting thousands kindled at his lyre;
Then shone the eye with greater fury fir'd,
Then clash'd the glittering mails and the
proud foe retired.

And when the memorable day was past,
And Thor triumphant on his people smil'd,
The actions died not with the day they graced;
The bard embalmd them in his descendant wild,
And their hymn'd names, through ages unef-
faced,

The weary hours of future Danes beguill'd.
When even their snowy bones had moulder'd
long,
On the high column liv'd th' imperishable
song.

And the impetuous harp resounded high
With feats of hardihood done far and wide,
While the bard sooth'd with festive minstrelsy
The chiefs, reposing after battle tide:
Nor would stern themes alone his hands em-
ploy;

He sang the virgin's sweetly-temper'd pride,
And hoary eke, and woman's gentle cheer,
And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and
friendship dear.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Oh! hail once more, the wild clad shore,
Of clear Passaic's stream;
Where once I lov'd, where once I lov'd,
In Fancy's youthful dream—
Welcome again, the oft trod glen,
(To me no happier rove)
The mountain steep, the valley deep,
And all my native fields so green.

Down in the shade, of yonder glade,
That fronts the river's side,
How op'ning to my searching view,
I've stray'd at evening tide.—
How bright and fair, the footsteps there,
Of childhood still appear,
And still the song, erst pour'd along,
Sounds in the branches sweet and clear.

'Neath that rude tree, where infancy,
Beguill'd each passing day,
Oft have I lain, and mock'd the strain—
The robin's plaintive lay!
But that dear strain, will ne'er again
Beguile the flying hour,
For absence long has lost the song,
That once possessed such magic power.

The tears that fell, when from thy well
And dear known scenes I flew,
Were those of pain, for ne'er again,
I thought those scenes to view!
But now, the tear that drops so clear,
Flows not from mis'ry's store;
For there's no bliss, so sweet as this,
To hail a long lost native shore.

—
From the New York Evening Post.

A LOVING EPISTLE TO MR. WILLIAM
COBBETT, OF NORTH HEMPSTEAD,
LONG ISLAND.

"Belov'd of Heaven! the smiling Muse shall
shed
"Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head!"
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

Pride, boast, and glory of each hemisphere!
Well known, and lord in both—great Cobbett
hail!

Hero of Botley there, and Hempstead here—
Of Newgate, and a Pennsylvania jail!
Long shall this grateful nation bless the hour,
When by the beadle and your d-bits pursu'd,
The victim—like fam'd Barrington, of power,
"You left your country for your country's
good!"

Terror of Borough-mongers, Banks and
Crowns!
Thorburn the seedman, and Lord Castle-
reagh!

"Potatoe tops" fall withering at your frown—
(Grand "Kuta Baga Turnip" of your day)
Banish the memory of that Lockhart's cane,
And Philadelphia "pole-cat" from your
mind,
Let the world scoff—still you and Hunt remain—
Yourself a host—the envy of mankind!

Whether, as once in "Peter Porcupine,"
You curse the country, whose free air you
breathe,
Or, as plain "William Cobbett," toil to twine
Around your brows sedition's poison'd wreath,
Or in your letter to Sir Francis, tear
All moral ties asunder with your pen,
We trace you, gentle spirit, every where,
And greet you, first of scribblers and of men.

Well may our hearts with pride and pleasure
swell,
To know that face to face we soon shall meet:
We'll gaze upon you as you stand and sell
"Grammars" and "Garden seeds" in Fulton
street!

And praise your book that tells about the wea-
ther,
"Our laws, religion, hogs, and things" to
boot,
Where your immortal talents teach together
Turnips and "young ideas how to shoot!"

In recompense, that you've designed to make
Choice of our soil above all other lands,
A purse we'll raise to pay your debts, and take
Your unsold Registers all off your hands.
For this we ask that you, for once, will show
Some gratitude, and, if you can, be civil;
Burn all your books, sell all your pigs, and go—
No matter where—to England or the devil!
CROAKER & CO.

* *Vide his letter to Lord Stanhope in his Regis-
ter.*

PARODY.

Ye Mariners of England.

Ye gentlemen and ladies,
Who live at home at ease,
In rural quiet snugly fix'd,
Among the pigs and fens.
Give ear to a Director,
And he will plainly show,
What dismay, rules the day,
When the stock is getting low.

When Congress sends committees,
To fumble o'er our books;
You'd think ten thousand pities,
To see our piteous looks;
The President and Cushman
Depress'd with care and wo,
Hop about, in and out,
While the stock is getting low.

Or if some members bolder,
Do threaten and denounce;
And on each poor stockholder,
Are ready down to pounce;
Then shivering agues seize us,
Rheumatic pains shoot through
The aching bones, of Billy J—,
For the stock is getting low.

Each cheek-book, ledger, journal,
Is now thrown open wide;
And the balance sheet diurnal,
Is in the balance tried;
The tellers, runners, watchmen,
Are cap'ring to and fro,
While the clerk, with a jerk,
Exclaims, "the stock is low."

But courage brave directors!
And never be dismay'd—
While we have cash or credit left,
We ne'er shall want a trade:
Our merchants will employ us,
To raise the wind you know;
Up we must, kick a dust.
Although the stock is low.

O.

TO SPRING.

FROM THE DANISH.

By Professor Thomas Thaarup.

Thy beams are sweet, beloved Spring!
The winter shades before thee fly;
The bough smiles green, the young birds sing,
The chainless current glistens by;
'Till countless flowers, like stars, illumine
The deepening vale and forest-gloom.

Oh! welcome, gentle guest from high,
Sent to cheer our world below,
To lighten Sorrow's faded eye,
To kindle Nature's social glow:
Oh! he is o'er his fellows blest,
Who feels thee in a guiltless breast.

Peace to the generous heart, essaying
With deeds of love to win our praise!
He smiles the spring of life surveying,
Nor fears her cold and wintry days.
To his high goal, with triumph bright,
The calm years wait him in their flight.

'Thou, glorious goal! that shin'st afar,
And seem'st to smile us on our way:
Bright is the hope that crowns our war,
The dawn-bush of eternal day!
There shall we meet, this dark world o'er
And mix in love evermore.

THE NEGRO'S SONG.

FROM THE DANISH.

By Professor Thomas Thaarup.

I will fly the social room,
I will weep in lonely sadness;
The poor negro's cherish'd gloom
Must not mar the hour of gladness;
Let my fate your sighs command,
Fetter'd in a distant land.

Say what is the negro's crime,
Ye who in our blood engrave it!
Can the colour of our clime
Plead for sin with him who gave it?
Gloomy is the negro's breast,
Robb'd of her he loves the best.

God of Christians, God of Men!
Thou canst melt the heart of scorn;
May none e'er the bridegroom chain,
From the new-spoused torn!
Let our fate thy pity move,
Robb'd of country and of love!

SENTIMENTAL AGONIES.

When first to dear Chloe I mentioned the pain,
Her coldness had left in my breast;
She call'd me her shepherd, her ghost and her
swain,
And turn'd all my sorrows to jest.

When I press'd my sad suit as we trip'd through
the dance,
Her features were clouded with wo,
And hope swell'd my bosom—but ah she ex-
claim'd,
"The deuce take the corn on my toe."

How strange is the heart of a woman I cried,
Of vanity made up and show;
They feel not the pangs they inflict on the
heart,
But feel for the corn on the toe.

Oh ye, who make women's light heart your pur-
suit,
Learn from my sad experience to know;
That he who the feelings of woman would
touch,
Must tread on the corn on her toe.

O.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE TRANS-
MITTED TO MRS. FRENCH.

O! sweet were the strains of the Lady of Song,
And sweetly they've linger'd to ravish my ear;
For my slumbers were teased through all the
night long,
With "The Echo," and with the lov'd "Ro-
bin Adair."

Whenever my fancy would point me to rove,
Not a watch of the night, but "The Echo,"
was there,
By hill-side—by streamlet—in garden, or grove
'Twas "Echo," all around me—'twas Robin
Adair."

O! who would not listen to song such as thine,
Thou lovely enchantress, with voice sweet
and clear,
If to feel but a portion of joy such as mine,
If to hear but "The Echo," and "Robin
Adair."

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